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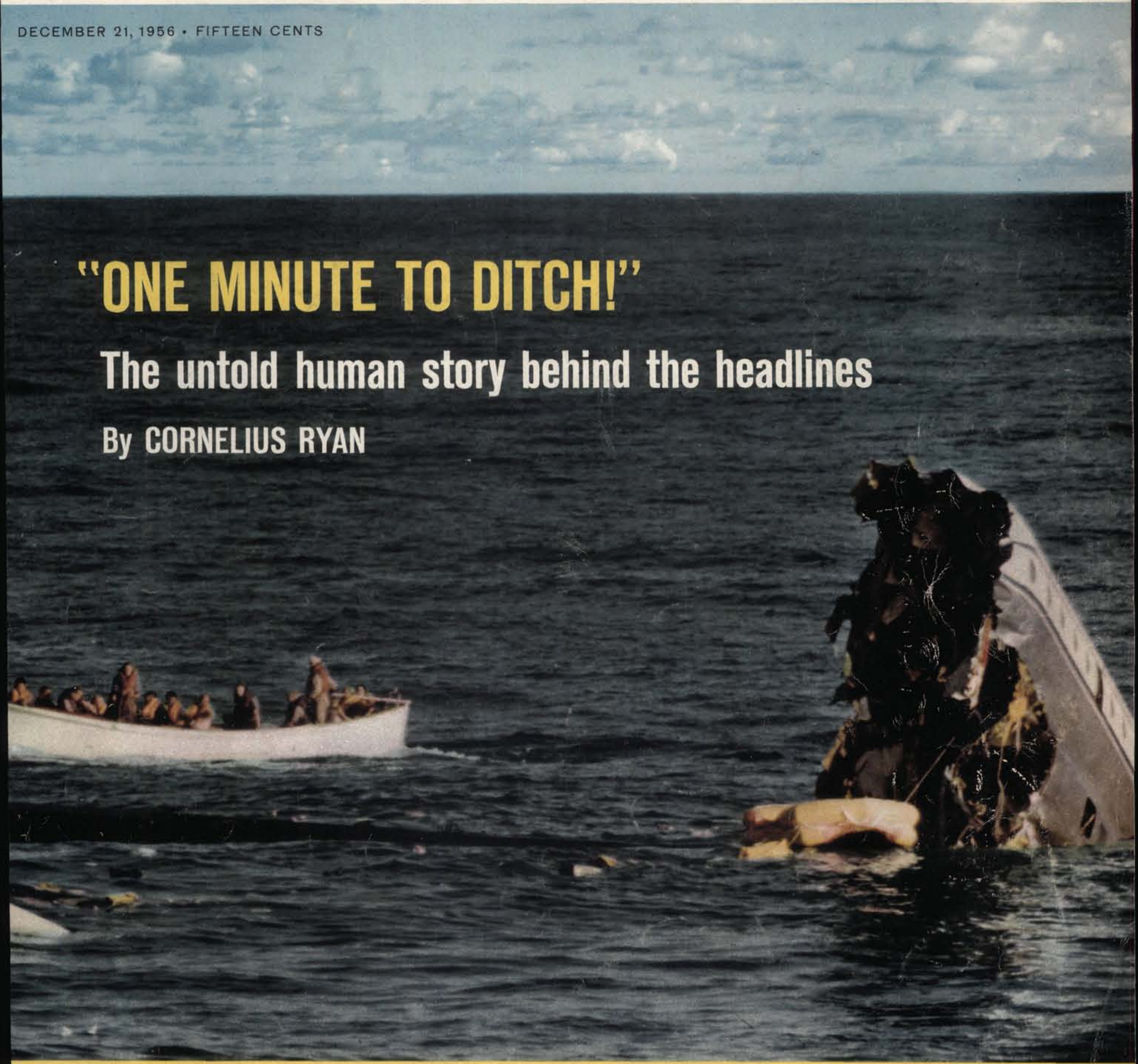
COLLIER'S

DEC 5 1956

- The secret of Slenderella
- Damon Runyon's Christmas classic—The Three Wise Guys
- 36 hours that shook the Communist world

DECEMBER 21, 1956 • FIFTEEN CENTS



"ONE MINUTE TO DITCH!"

The untold human story behind the headlines

By CORNELIUS RYAN

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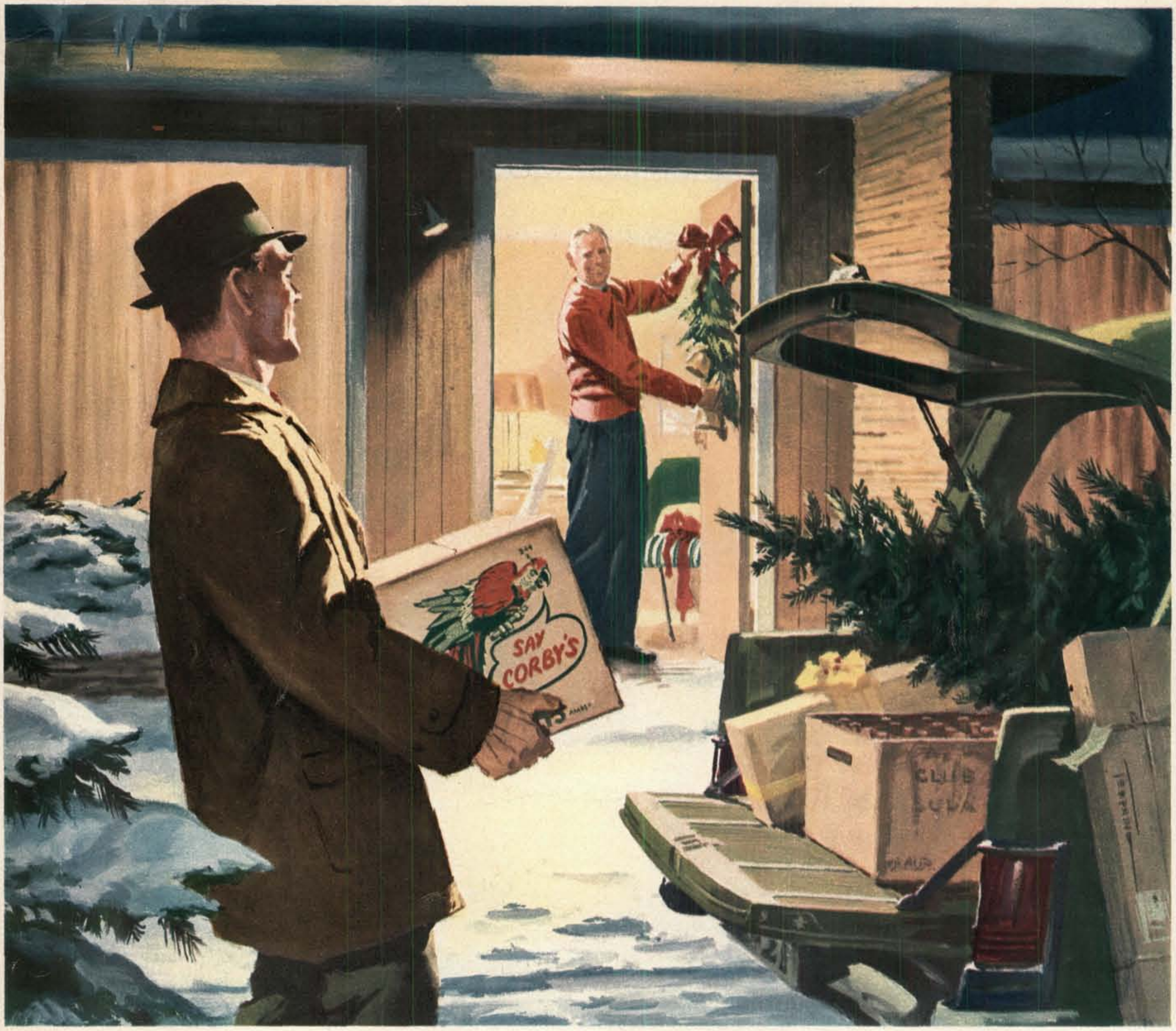
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A CARGO OF CONTENTMENT
IN THE BOWL OF ANY PIPE

December 21, 1956

COLLIER'S

Vol. 138 No. 13

INCORPORATING FEATURES OF THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

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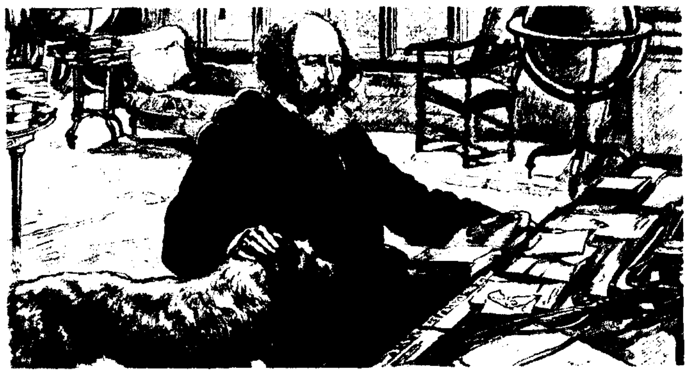
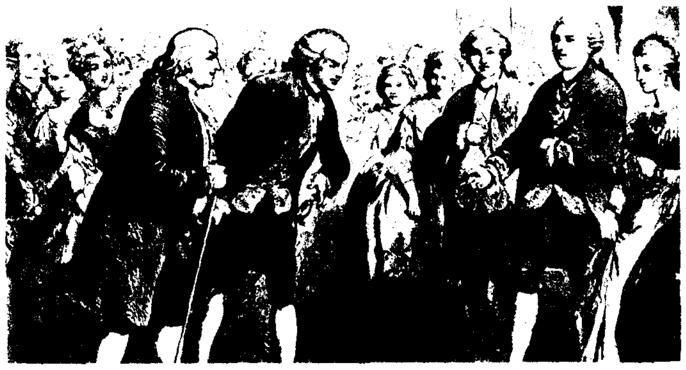
CHARACTERS in all fiction stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary.

AT 83 THOMAS A. EDISON, an inventive genius, made pioneering studies on the production of synthetic rubber.

AT 79 PADEREWSKI was still a master of the piano, giving concerts before large audiences.



AT 83 ALFRED TENNYSON published one of his most memorable poems, *Crossing the Bar*.



AT 78 BENJAMIN FRANKLIN went to France in his country's service; wrote his autobiography when over 80.

Will your later years be ones of achievement and contentment?

If you think about the many contributions which older people have made to the world...you realize how rewarding life's later years can be.

Today, we have more people than ever who are proving that the advanced years can be the time of life's greatest achievements. In fact, there is hardly a business or profession without its share of "youthful oldsters." In addition, there are thousands more who are giving a new meaning to retirement. To them, the years beyond 65 are not years to be *idly spent* . . . they are years to be *actively enjoyed!*

What will your later years be like? That is a good question to think about, because ever-increasing numbers of us are living to reach "the elderly bracket." Already there are nearly 15 million Americans aged 65 and older . . . and by 1975 they are expected to number 21 million.

If you want your later years to be healthy, happy, active ones . . . and who does not? . . . here are some important things which you should begin to do *now:*

1. Adopt the right outlook on aging

Do not worry about old age. Worry will not delay it; more likely this will hasten it. Face up squarely to the problems of aging . . . and plan your life so you can meet future challenges.

2. Broaden your horizons as you grow older

"Mental adventure," whether it be in absorbing hobbies or in activities devoted to helping others, will stand you in good stead during your leisure years. "To learn what is new is to remain young."

3. Take stock of your health

Complete medical check-ups annually after you are 35 or 40, can help assure you a healthier life in your later years. It is during this middle period of life that your doctor can do most to help you avoid or lessen the effects of many diseases, including heart and blood vessel disorders. These usually begin after middle age.

Not the least of the benefits which you will get from regular visits to your doctor is medical advice about what you should and should not do as you get along in years. You may have slipped into some bad health habits unknowingly...like overeating or not eating enough of the *protective* foods . . . or not getting enough exercise and sleep. These may seem like small matters to you . . . *but good living habits pay off, and you cannot start them too early.*

Look at the older people around you who have mastered the art of growing old gracefully. Find out what they have done to achieve health and happiness in the sunset years. You may learn a lot that will help you. Indeed, you may live to echo the sentiments of an 80-year-old man who said, "I'm not 80. I'm just 4 times 20!"

To help you look ahead and plan wisely for the satisfactions and rewards that later life should hold, Metropolitan offers a booklet *Your Future and You.* Just clip and mail the coupon below for your free copy.

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Please mail me a free copy of your booklet *Your Future and You* 12-56-C.

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COLLIER'S CREDITS

YOU CAN BE SURE that Flora Lewis knows what she's talking about in her story of the crucial 36 hours during which the brave Poles told off the Russians. As a former Associated Press newspaperwoman and the wife of Sydney Gruson, New York Times correspondent in the satellite countries, she is often called upon to help him out. In more temperate times she keeps house in Prague for her husband and their three young children.

Recently, with headlines crowding on the heels of headlines in Poland, Hungary and elsewhere, she temporarily took over the Warsaw beat for The Times, while her husband took off for another hot spot. While in the Polish capital she wrote for Collier's the inside story of the Polish "revolution."

* * *

OUR COVERAGE of the story of the ditching of the Pan American plane, Sovereign of the Skies, is something we'd like to point to with pride.

Within hours after the accident occurred, we were on our way. People sped to San Francisco from the various bureaus, and senior writer Cornelius Ryan flew there from New York to coordinate the project.

After the Coast Guard cutter Pontchartrain had docked with the survivors and the plane's crew, the job of interviewing them was begun by Ryan, by Adeline (always known as "Laddie") Marshack of our Los Angeles regional editorial office, and by Elizabeth Hufhines of our San Francisco bureau.

Dwight Whitney, of our Los Angeles office, and photographer Zinn Arthur had boarded the cutter for her voyage to her home base in Long Beach. They flew back to San Francisco a day later. From the coastguardmen they had obtained the following: a complete eyewitness account of events, exclusive color photos taken by members of the ship's crew of the ditching, and almost seven hours of tape recording of the actual conversation between the cutter and the plane while she circled and got ready to ditch.

Meanwhile, Christopher Carter and Michael Blow in Collier's New York office were busy. Blow prepared a master file of every news account that appeared on the crash, even including the detailed home-town-paper reports of the American survivors and crew members. Carter put on a bathing suit and got into the Flushing, New York, Y.M.C.A. swimming pool, actually going through a complete ditching operation Pan Am staged for him, including the inflation of one of the huge life rafts like those that had saved the lives of the people involved. Later he sat in the cockpit of a plane like the one that crashed, and pilots simulated the flight, and the movements and the activities that took place in the Sovereign of the Skies when she faltered and prepared to land in the water.

Then with all this knowledge acquired, Ryan sat down to turn out "One Minute to Ditch!" on page 27.

Let it speak for itself.

* * *

IN GETTING TOGETHER the article on the auto industry's Billion-Dollar Change, Siler Freeman found that the facts were more easily obtainable than the pictures. At the time he and photographer Gordon Tenney had to take pictures of the 1957 cars, they were scarce. Freeman says:

"We were competing against dealers' showings, transportation problems and the companies' own photographers who were also trying to get photos.

"For example, we had to take the only Continental convertible in existence at the time in Dallas, Texas, an Oldsmobile station wagon in Pasadena, California, and the Buick Caballero station wagon in Fort Worth. All in all, I think we crisscrossed the continent east and west and north and southwest several times before we got the full array shown in this issue. We had to give up going to a few good football games doing it, too."

* * *

Oscar Handlin, who contributes to our American Tradition series with his story on Valley Forge in this issue, is professor of history at Harvard, where he has been a faculty member since 1939.

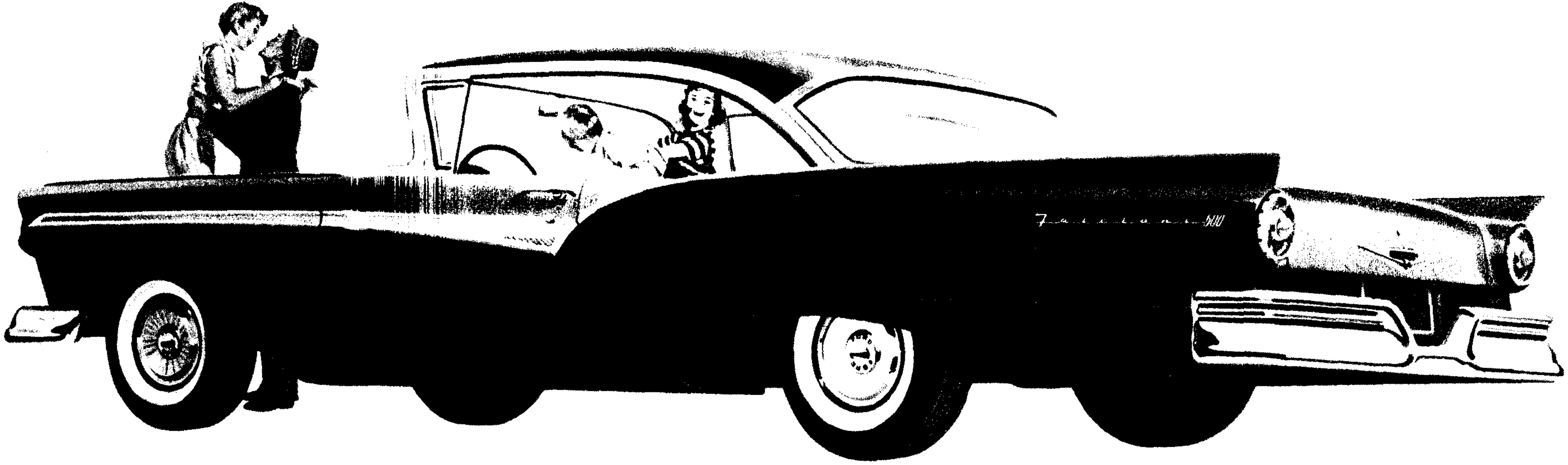
He has written numerous books and articles in magazines and scholarly journals on subjects in American economic and social history. Boston's Immigrants, published in 1941, won him the Dunning prize of the American Historical Association, and for The Uprooted he was awarded the 1952 Pulitzer prize for history. Professor Handlin's latest book, Race and Nationality in American Life, will be published next month.

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

WILLIAM I. SIMPSON

They covered the ditching: left to right, Cornelius Ryan, Zinn Arthur, Capt. Bill Earle of the Pontchartrain, Adeline Marshack, Dwight Whitney and Elizabeth Hufhines

Poetry on wheels!



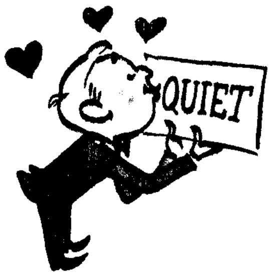
Ford's Fairlane Five Hundred (in case you wundred)

Oh, sweet chariot, swung low
You're a dream-car come true.
There's no car in your field
That is longer than you

Your trim, sculptured lines
Stretch o'er seventeen feet.
Even medium priced cars
Find it hard to compete

You, who first in your field
Went so low and so wide—
You're so heavy and big
And so roomy inside!

And you say that you come
In two sizes this year?
Why, for choice, there's no car
That can come even near!



There's no car at the price
That's so rugged. That's sure!
Your all new Inner Ford's
SOLID... SILENT... SECURE

And what car can compare
With your Thunderbird "Eight"
Or what car has a "Six"
That is so up-to-date!

To think a low Ford price
Brings all this. That's the thing
Oh, sweet chariot, swung low
You're so easy to swing!

(Of Ford's great new story—we've told but a fraction
So see your Ford Dealer... and try Ford in action!)

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Longines Christmas gift watches—left: Wellington Automatic, fully protected against all common watch hazards, 14K gold, $210; right: Symphony "D", diminutive elegance in fine 14K gold, $135. Prices include Federal tax.

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SINCE 1866 MAKER OF WATCHES OF THE HIGHEST CHARACTER

48 states of mind

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

By WALTER DAVENPORT

To Mr. Palen Loughran's amazement the Suez situation was not the sole topic of agitated discussion in Albuquerque, New Mexico, while he was there recently. Probably doesn't realize that New Mexicans are known far and wide as first-things-first folks. "Nobody," says Mr. Loughran, "talked about anything except whether stout, middle-aged ladies should appear in public in shorts and mink jackets."

IRWIN CAPLAN

★ ★ ★

That demand by Mr. Wilbur Renk for more 180-pound women to devour our mounting food pile-up (Collier's August 3, 1956) has evoked general approval. We hear expected applause from down-yonder cotton planters and get unexpected endorsements from upthisaway textile spinners. From St. Paul, Minnesota, where it's not easy to get much approval for anything, Mr. Roger Frohn plumps for plumper ladies on the additional grounds that they need more covering yardage and their increasing amplitude hastens the wear-out of the stoutest materials.

★ ★ ★

Now and then Mr. and Mrs. Steadham Sargent disagree. No mere tut-tutting nor tongue clicking about it, either. The walls of their Russellville, Alabama, home quiver with their dissensions. Mr. Sargent says so. The argument over, Mrs. Sargent sighs deeply, announces that she feels ever so much better and that she's not going to sue for divorce after all. Mr. Sargent leaves feeling pretty good. When he returns home, there's a pie waiting for him. This sort of thing has been happening in the Sargent home for the past 15 years and we hope this gets read by all those professional family counselors we're tired of.

★ ★ ★

Scraping the bottom of our Important Information barrel we find a note from Mr. F. L. Goff, Jr. He says that just outside La Grange, Illinois, you will find a highway sign reading: "Drive Slow. Pedestrians Walking on Shoulders." Seems to us to be hardly worth while going to La Grange for. But then you may be different. Also a letter from Mr. C. Spaulding, of Manchester, New Hampshire, protesting against inferences that his state is ultraconservative. Wants it understood that New Hampshire's lighthouses made no objection whatsoever when recently ordered to change their fuel from whale oil to kerosene.

★ ★ ★

In Springfield, Ohio, where this magazine is so handsomely printed, they're always thinking of additional contributions to the comfort, aid and well-being of humanity. The latest is a fire-department project. In every Springfield house wherein there are invalids or crippled persons, small reflecting aluminum strips have been tacked to the door. Thus, in an emergency, the firemen will know that rescue should start right there.

★ ★ ★

Mrs. Ralph Thompson chanced to be driving past the courthouse in Perryville, Missouri, when it began to rain, ending the drought for the moment. Hadn't rained so hard since Noah. Nevertheless, a gentleman was sitting on the courthouse lawn scowling at his newspaper. Mrs. Thompson thought she'd better tell him what was happening. "It's raining," she shouted. "So that's it," the gentleman replied. "Darned paper's getting harder and harder to read every day without any help from the weather."

★ ★ ★

At long last we're able to confirm the report that in Los Angeles, California, buses there are signs reading: "Do Not Leave Your Arm in Door upon Leaving." Miss J. Muriel Shields told the driver that it was silly, that she had no intention of doing it. He said that was fine with him because if she did he'd only have to fill in a long, perplexing report form and he was tired of filling out long, perplexing reports. So Miss Shields got off taking both arms with her only to see a hugely stocked junk yard advertising: "Stuff for Rent." But as you know, of course, southern California is full of stuff like that.

★ ★ ★

Among the things it will not pay you to do in Preston, Ontario, Canada, is knock down a tree with your automobile. No excuse will be accepted by the authorities. Mr. T. McCorkle notifies us that, should you do so, you will be required to replace that tree with another identical in size and species. That is, Mr. McCorkle says, when they manage to pry you and the tree apart.

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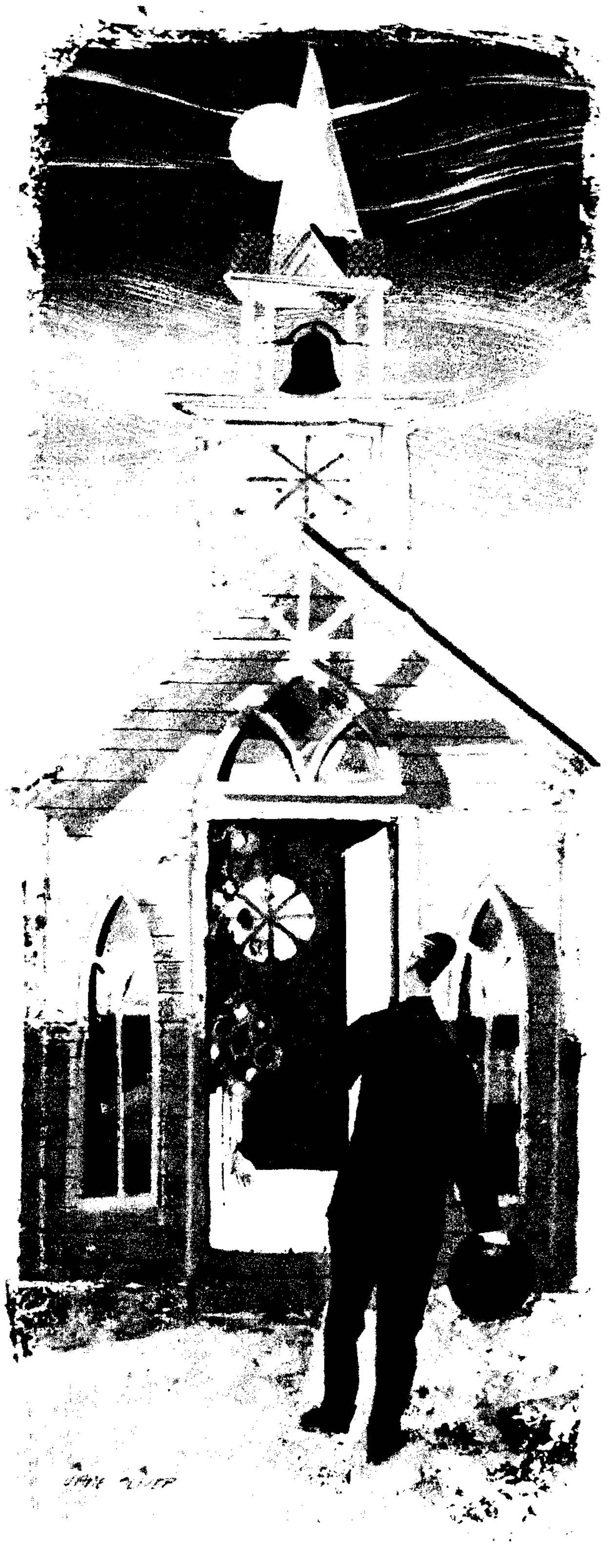
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND

BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF ★ RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

Christmas Tree

By LEE McGIFFIN



JANE OLIVER

Mr. Courtney's heart lifted as he opened the church door. Then, "What is the meaning of this?" he cried

THE Reverend John Courtney lifted his eyes from the hymnbook to the dust-blurred window of the empty weather-beaten frame church. He saw just what he had seen when he came from Albany, New York, six months ago. He saw Grayson, Texas, a dying town, with tired people on burned-out land.

In June it had seemed a challenge to a man of sixty-five after the larger parishes of the East. He had had a bout with pneumonia, and the doctor had advised a warmer, drier climate. He and his wife had driven West then in the old car, trying not to remember that they were old and alone, that their son had not come back from Korea. They had somehow missed the main road and had come to Grayson. The church had been closed for months. The job was Mr. Courtney's for the asking.

Now he knew why. He had prayed, yet the drought was unbroken. He had tended his flock with love and compassion, but death, financial failure and discouragement left more and more empty pews. Now it was December twentieth, late afternoon, and cold, with dust blowing. Mr. Courtney was wondering how he could manage to give a children's Christmas party with only sorely tried faith, small hope and too much pride for charity.

He heard the church door open, scraping the sagging floor. "You there, parson?" a voice said.

Mr. Courtney ran a hand hastily through his white hair. "Right here. What can I do for you?" he said.

A big rawboned man in work pants and Windbreaker strode down the aisle. The two men shook hands. "Sit down, parson. I have something on my mind," the stranger said.

Mr. Courtney sat down. He could see now that the man had gray hair and a lean face, lined by sun and wind. "I swear, parson, these benches are just as hard as they ever were!" he said.

"You used to live here, sir?" Mr. Courtney asked.

"No, but I sat on these benches once. I never forgot it."

"We have softer seats in the parsonage. Perhaps you would like a cup of hot coffee?"

The man smiled. "Thanks, parson, but I have to get on. Looks like Grayson is falling apart. Not even two hundred people here now."

Mr. Courtney sighed with relief. Comfort and advice cost nothing. "Yes, Grayson has its troubles," he said. "A five-year drought, no crops, farm mortgages foreclosed, wells gone dry, ranchers selling off their cattle. Folks have moved away. There's not even a doctor here any more. But if we can just hang on another year things will get better. Right now I'm trying to plan a Christmas party for the children, but I—"

The visitor turned his old Stetson slowly in his hands. "You really *believe* things will get better, don't you? You're trying to have a Christmas party in this Godforsaken town. That's what I came about, parson. I want to give the church a Christmas tree—a real one."

"We'll all be very grateful, sir; but I don't think God ever forsakes any town. It is we who sometimes forget our faith, Mr.—" the parson said.

"Never mind the name."

"As you like," Mr. Courtney said gently. He smiled. "I'll always wonder why a stranger did this for us."

The man scuffed his boots on the splintered floor. "I've never told anyone this, but I guess with a parson it's like a lawyer or doctor; maybe I'll feel better for the telling."

"Yes," Mr. Courtney said, "telling often eases the mind and heart."

IT WAS DARK NOW. Mr. Courtney could no longer see his visitor's face, but he heard the voice with the sound of West Texas in it, and he forgot that his feet were numb with cold. "Like I said, I sat on these hard benches," the man said. "Some thirty-five years ago I was a kid with no folks—wild, mad at the world and looking for trouble. I found it in Grayson. Then it was a wide-open, booming oil town full of drifters, card sharps, drunks and swindlers. I came to town, got drunk and nearly killed a man.

"Two Rangers rode in to round up the town. By midnight they had sixty of us. The jail wasn't big enough, so they marched us into this church—it was so new that it wasn't even painted—and chained us to the pews.

"It was Christmas Eve, parson, and the first time that I ever remembered being in a church. There was a sorry, scraggly Christmas tree right over there in that corner. I can still remember the smell of cedar and Christmas candles. There was a feeling left there, a feeling of warmth and togetherness and —well, peace on earth.

"I was sober by then. A hard bench can make you think. I planned my life in that church pew—the kind of life people have who sing carols and decorate Christmas trees.

"At sunup the Rangers let me go. But I made up my mind that someday I'd come back and put a Christmas tree in this church, big enough to light up the whole town. It took a long time, parson, but the Christmas tree will be here for the party."

THE DAY BEFORE CHRISTMAS, Mr. Courtney watched anxiously for the tree. Surely it would come. It had to. At noon he was called to a distant ranch where one of his parishioners was sick. He forgot about the tree until he came home at dusk and saw a large truck in front of the church. His heart lifted joyfully as he opened the church door.

Out of the dark blazed a hundred colored lights right up to the rain-blotched ceiling. But as he walked down the aisle he saw that something was wrong. This was no cedar, no balsam, no pine—only a light metal pyramid, like a caricature of a tree, and it was glittering with lights.

The man decorating it stepped back to admire his work. Mr. Courtney felt sick. Far from wanting to commemorate a feeling of "peace on earth," his visitor had meant to play a cruel practical joke on the townspeople.

"What is the meaning of this?" Mr. Courtney cried.

The man turned. "You the parson?" he asked. "Couldn't find nobody here, so I set it up like the boss said. Mighty purty thing, a Christmas tree!"

"You call *that* a Christmas tree?"

"Sure. I bet Grayson Community is the only church in Texas got an oil well for Christmas!"

"Oil well?"

"Well, I'll be jingo! You didn't *know* what you was getting?"

"The donor said a Christmas tree. I thought—"

"Parson, you must be new to Texas. In the oil fields that sort of little bitty ole mess of pipes standing up inside the derrick is called a Christmas tree."

Mr. Courtney stared at it in amazement. "It does look like a tree at that," he said.

"Sure does. Any oilman loves to see a Christmas tree. That means his well isn't just a pumper but a real honest-to-goodness flowing well. Sort of makes it Christmas every day of the year!

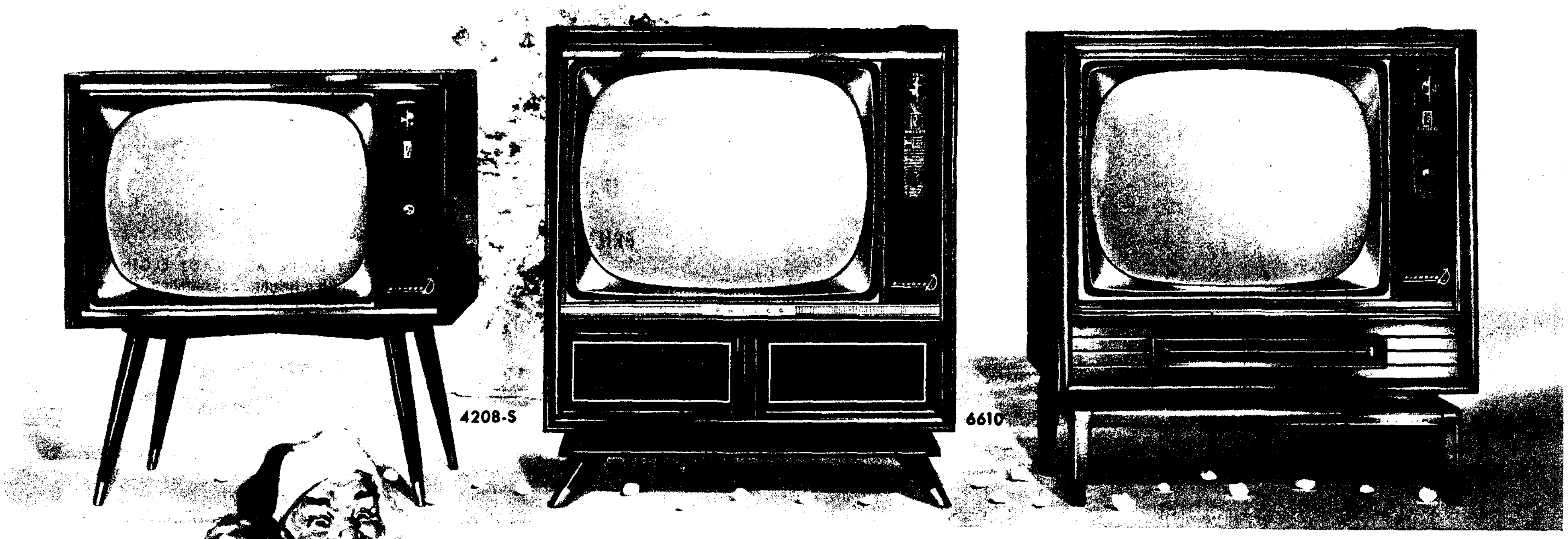
"The boss had this model made special, but it looks just like the real well he brought in last week in the Midland field. It should net the church about two thousand dollars a month." The workman picked up his hat and turned to leave. "Merry Christmas, parson!" he said.

Mr. Courtney said Merry Christmas in return, but the door had already slammed and a motor gunned noisily outside. Slowly he raised his eyes to the star on top of the derrick. Then, in the glowing light of the Christmas tree, he blew the ever-present dust from his hymnal and opened it. "Oh, come, all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant—" he began.

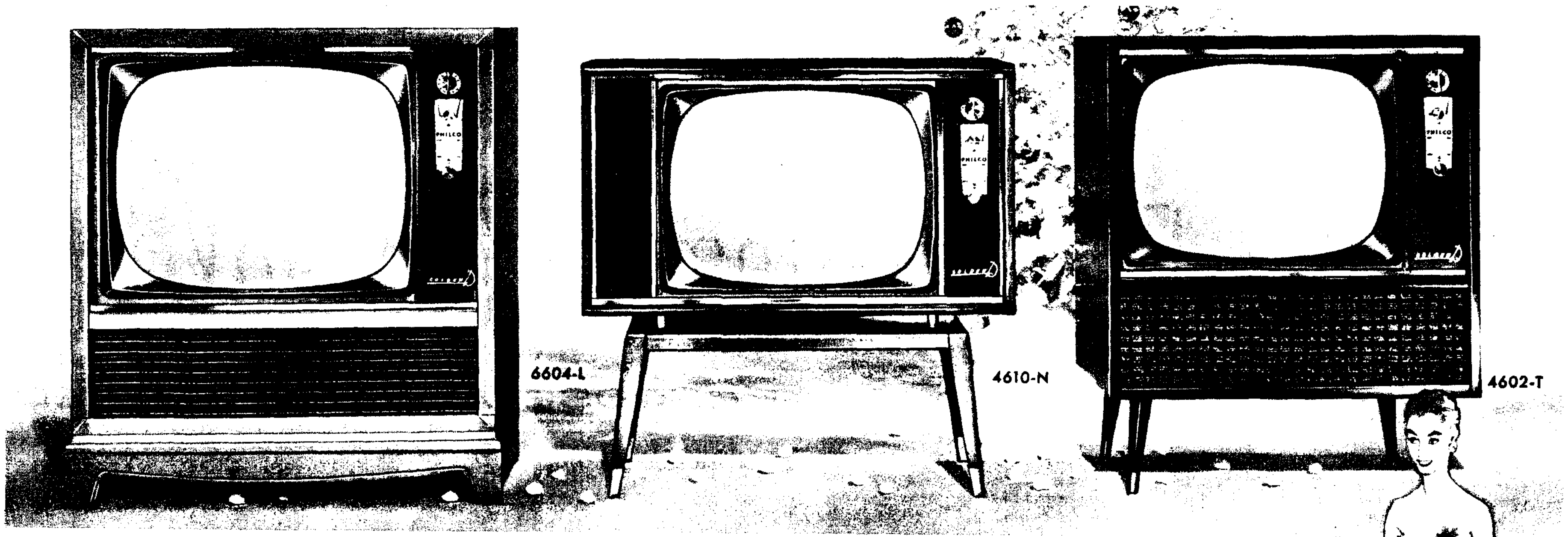
The church was quiet, and Mr. Courtney had never been able to carry a tune. He sang the age-old words silently in his heart, for it was Christmas, and Grayson was not a Godforsaken town.

THE END

COLLIER'S SHORT SHORT



"for Christmas . . . best of all, a Philco!"



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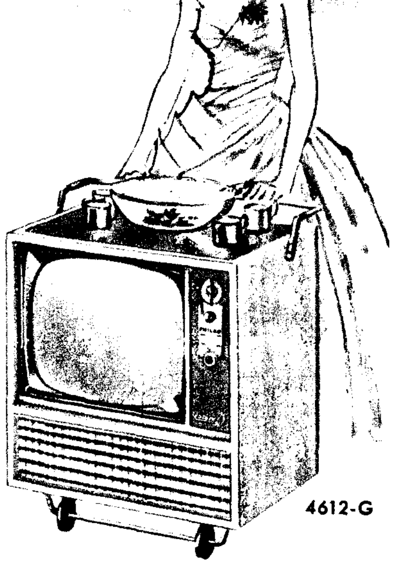

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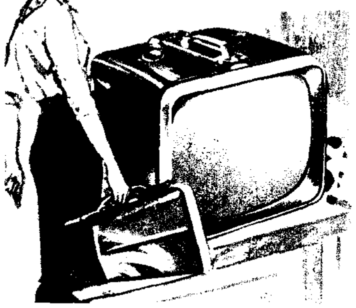
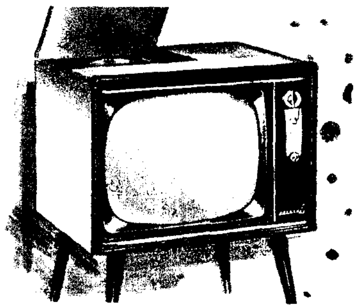
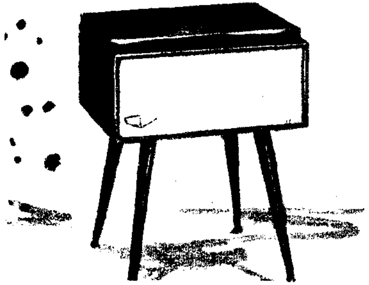


"Seventeener" Portable TV. 3034-SA



Combination TV and Phono. 4802-L

4-speed Phono, Speaker in lid. 1357



High Fidelity 4-speed Phono. 1363

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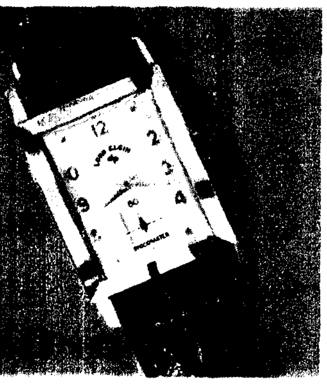

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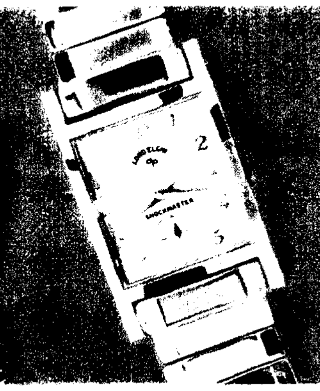

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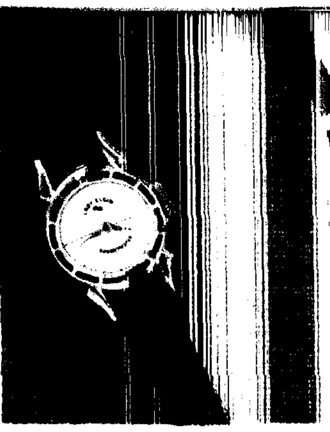

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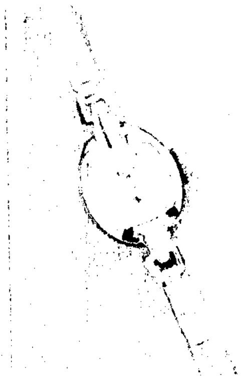

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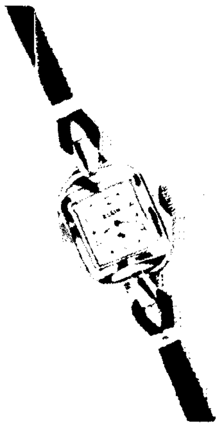

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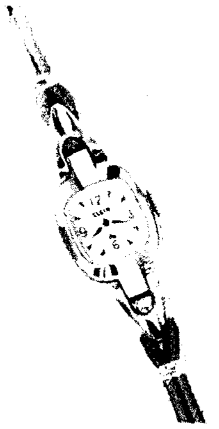

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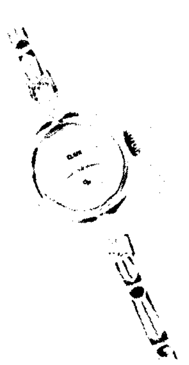

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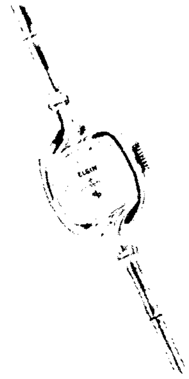

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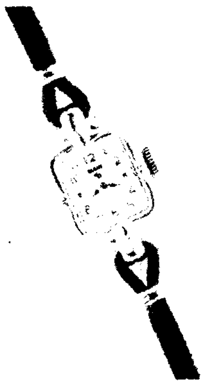

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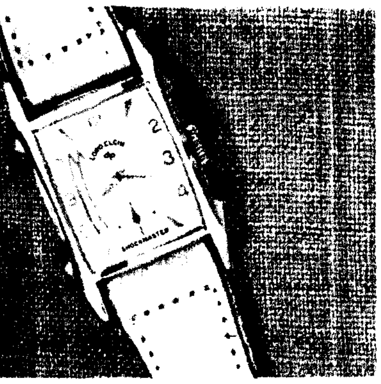

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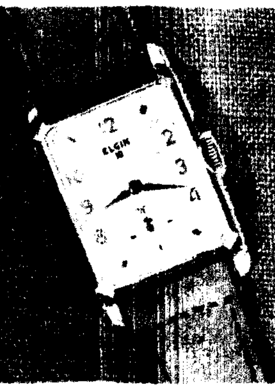

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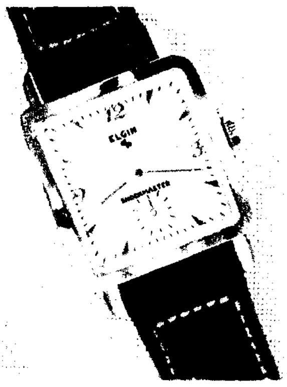

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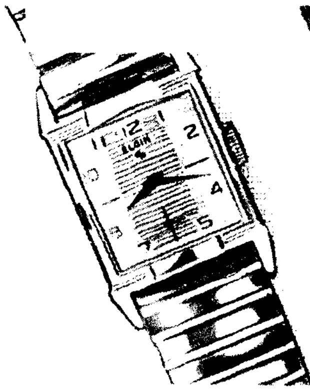

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Why don't they?

MARKET pie tins with side handles? This would save sticking your thumbs into hot pies and breaking the crust.—*Barbara Sheedy, Milwaukee, Wis.*

PLACE signs along cross-country highways showing changes in time zones, for the convenience of touring motorists?—*Evelyn Foard, Pueblo, Col.*

IMPREGNATE glass used for spectacles so that they will not fog up when you enter a hot room in wintertime?—*Marianne Wilcox, Norfolk, Va.*

INCLUDE a signal bell on kitchen stoves to tell the cook as soon as her oven has reached the desired *preheat* temperature?—*Mrs. Harold Godshall, Philadelphia, Pa.*

FIT the kitchen sink with a faucet which can be raised to fill deep buckets easily?—*Lucie L. Webb, Homestead, Fla.*

ATTACH a rolled-paper holder at the tray level of bird cages, so you can clean the cage by pulling through paper as it's used and tearing it off?—*Margaret Carey, Newcastle, Pa.*

SELL all catchup in wide-mouthed jars for easy spooning out?—*Mrs. Donald J. Moe, Kensington, Md.*

PUT a gauge on the valve stem of car tires which would indicate the air pressure in the tire?—*Mrs. Floyd McNair, Spencer, Nebr.*

PROVIDE electric mixers with a heating unit under the bowl to be used when making dishes which require beating while they are being cooked?—*Mrs. A. J. Stack, Charlotte, N.C.*

DEVISE clips for pipe stems which would enable the smoker to carry his pipe on the outside of his shirt or coat pocket?—*Mrs. Harold S. Allen, Baraboo, Wis.*

HAVE flat tops on all U.S. Mail boxes sc we can rest our packages there and have both hands free to deposit mail?—*Mrs. R. Steuben, Chicago, Ill.*

MANUFACTURE cigarettes which would produce various colors of smoke wher lighted—just to break the monotony?—*Fredric A. Honold, Manitowoc, Wis.*

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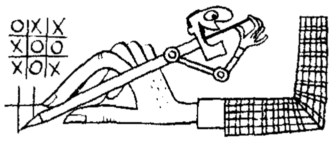
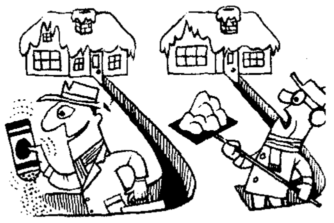

JAMES FLORA

A self-feeding pencil has been introduced. Using conventional thin lead, it works automatically to keep the point at the proper length a you write. Claims the maker: There's never an need to make adjustments and the point neve breaks.

A new *sewing-machine attachment* permits home sewers to reproduce any ar design in embroidery. It masterminds the needle's direction while you use a stylu to trace the design.

Solder now comes in a dispensing tube that lets you pull out only what you need eliminating snarls. A locking feature holds the solder rigidly and greatly simplifie working in awkward areas, and the plastic tube acts as a protective insulation whe you're working on a hot circuit.

New *roller skates for beginners* have hard rubber wheels that cut down speed muffle noise and prevent scuffing. Extra high metal backs increase safety, too, an with a wing nut controlling the extension, the disappearing key problem is eliminated



To remove snow from steps, walks and driveways, there's a new sprinkle-on, chloride-free material that dissolves the work load. It has more thawing capacity than salt and is said to melt snow and clear away ice in seconds. Effective on gutters and drains, it doesn't corrode the metal. A handful thrown under spinning car wheels provides quick traction.

A self-adjusting and self-locking wrench is on the market. With one movable ja placed against the surface of any nut, you can swing the handle, get an instant, n slip grip.

—LAWRENCE GALTO

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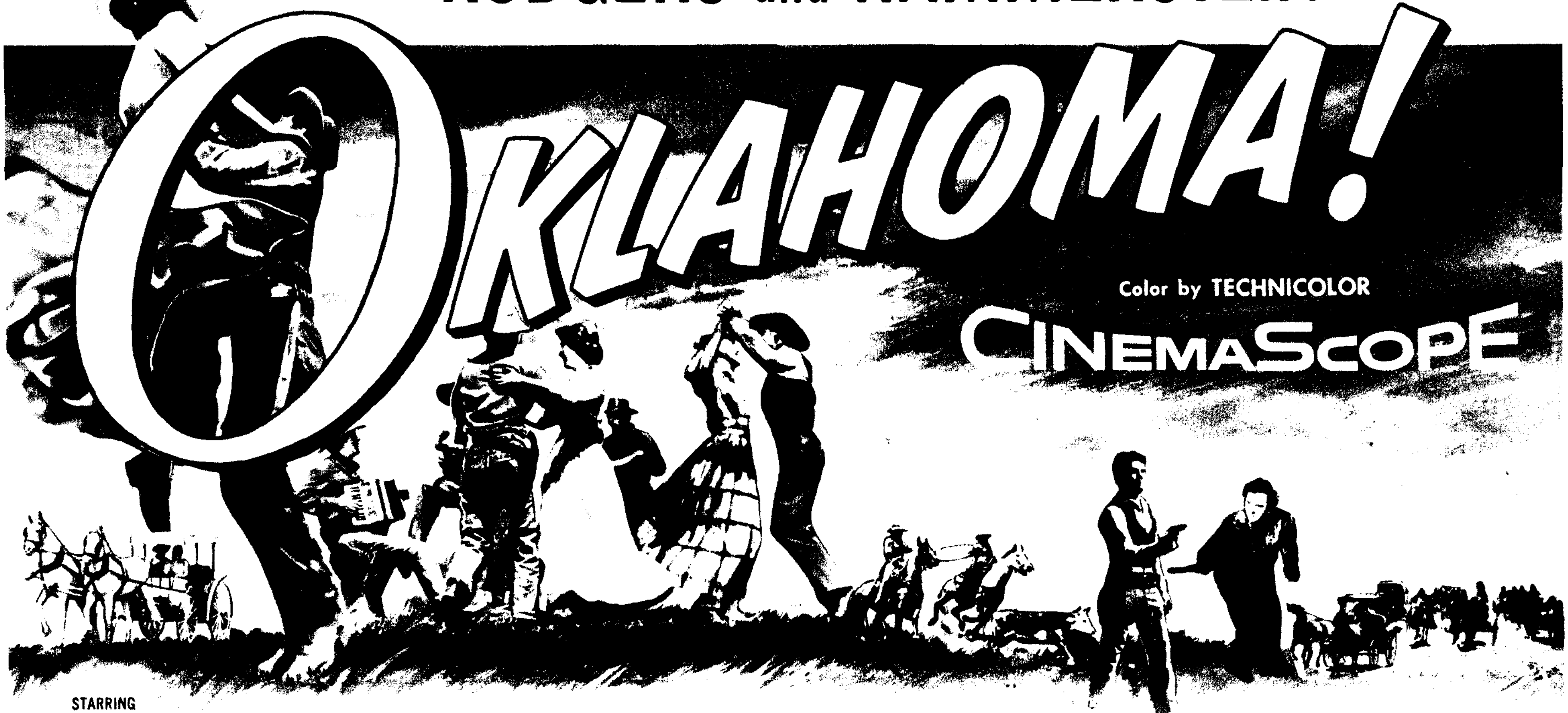

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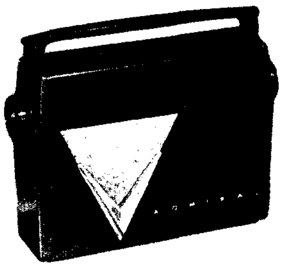

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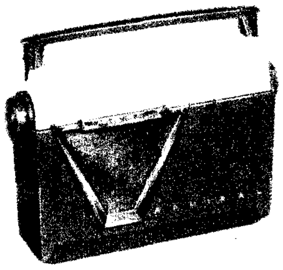

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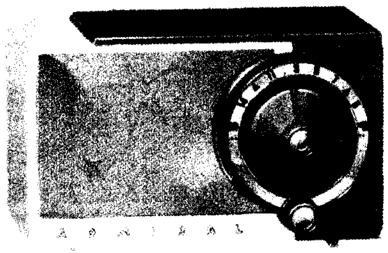

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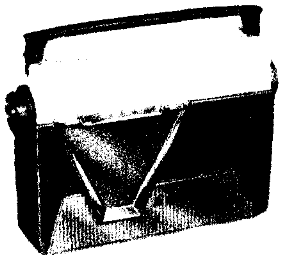

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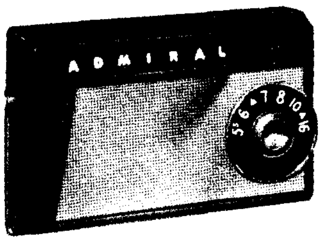

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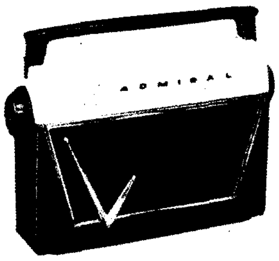

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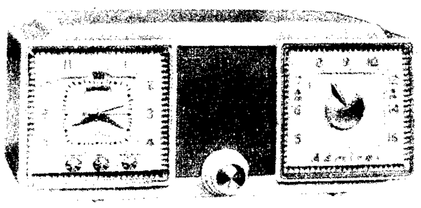

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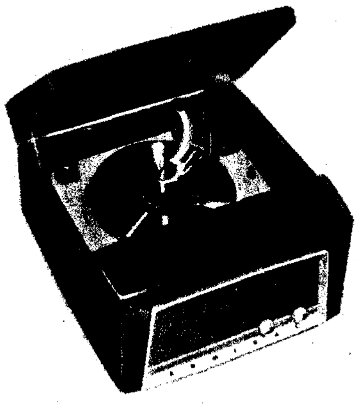

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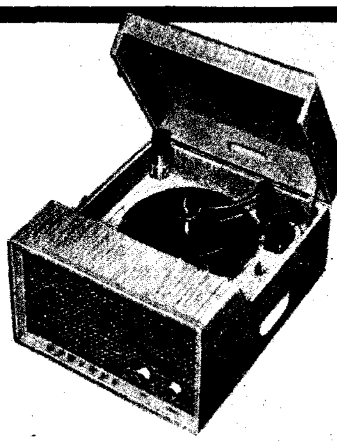

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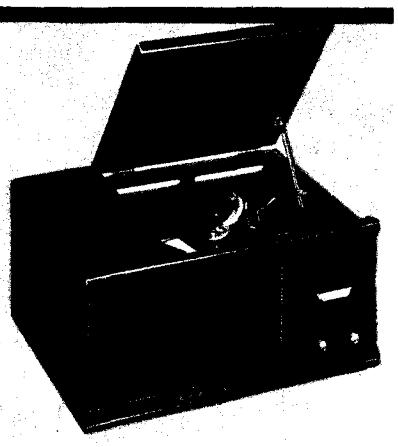

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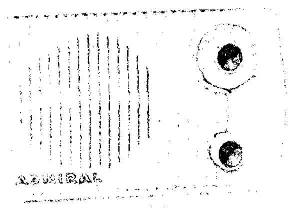
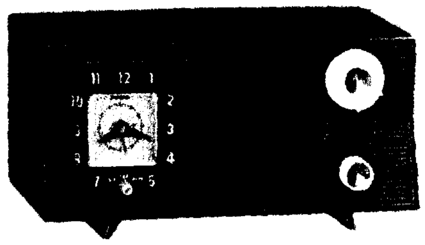
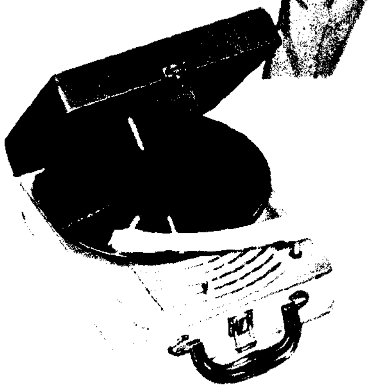


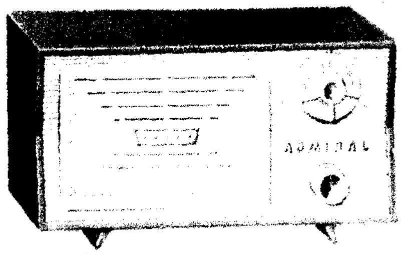
TABLE RADIO, Series 4L2. America's greatest radio value! Dependable printed circuit chassis. In ebony. $15.95. In 4 gay colors......**$17.95**



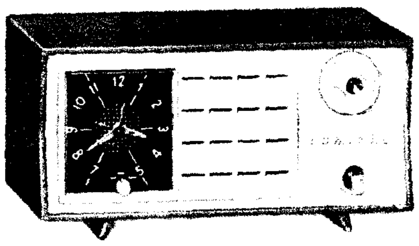
CLOCK RADIO, Series 4M2. Wake to music! Telechron clock. In mahogany. $24.95. In 3 colors..........**$26.95**



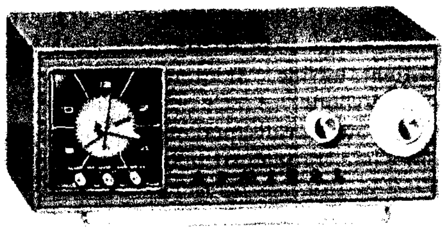
3-SPEED PORTABLE PHONO, Series 1C, 1B. Smart non-breakable case. In charcoal. $19.95. In tan. $22.95. In tan and white..............**$24.95**



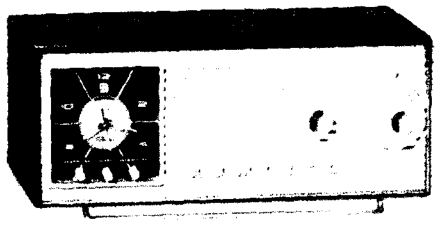
CUSTOM TABLE RADIO, Series 5C4. Automatic volume control. In ebony. $19.95. In 3 handsome color combinations.............**$21.95**



CUSTOM CLOCK RADIO, Series 5G4. Automatic volume control. In 4 color combinations.........**$29.95**

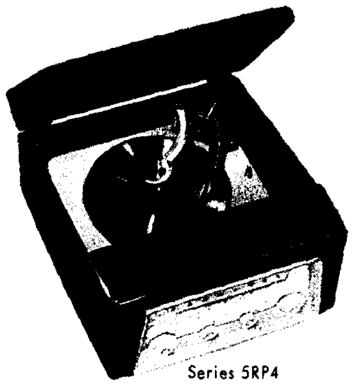


DELUXE CLOCK RADIO, Series 5H4. Turns self off. Gentle buzz alarm, too. In 3 colors.....**$34.95**



CALENDAR CLOCK RADIO, Series 5J. Tells day of week and date. In 4 color combinations.......**$39.95**

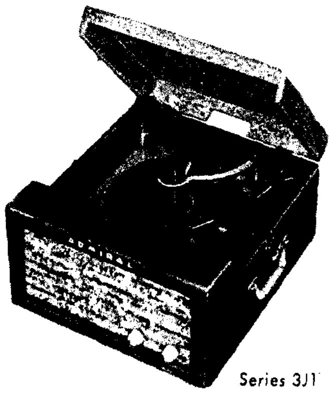
4-SPEED PORTABLE PHONO, Series 1D. In 2 colors. $34.95. Also 1E series twin speakers.....**$39.95**



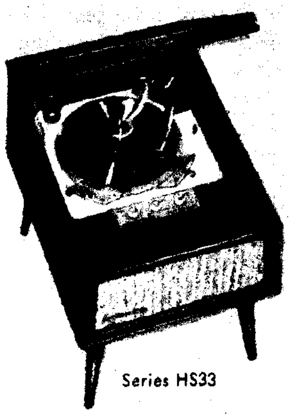
Series 5RP4

4-SPEED PORTABLE AUTOMATIC PHONO, Series 3J1. Starlight Grey. $54.95. 2-tone Tweed & Grey......**$59.95**

4-SPEED TABLE RADIO-PHONO, Series 5RP4. Fine radio—fine phono, too! In ebony. $79.95. Mahogany...**$89.95**



Series 3J1

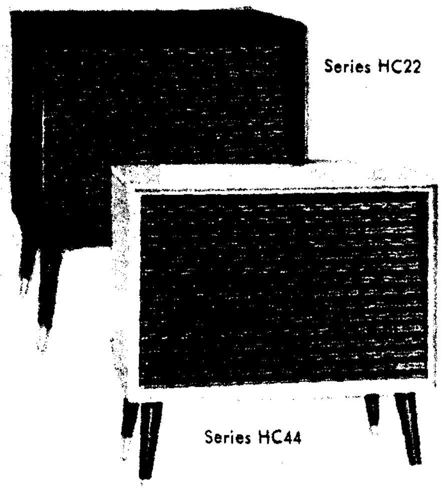


Series HS33

HIGH FIDELITY 4-SPEED CHAIRSIDE PHONO, Series HS33. 2 separate bass & treble controls. 3 speakers. In mahogany finish..........**$119.95**

HIGH FIDELITY 4-SPEED CONSOLE PHONO, Series HC22. 4-position record compensator adjusts for different record characteristics. In mahogany finish....**$159.95**

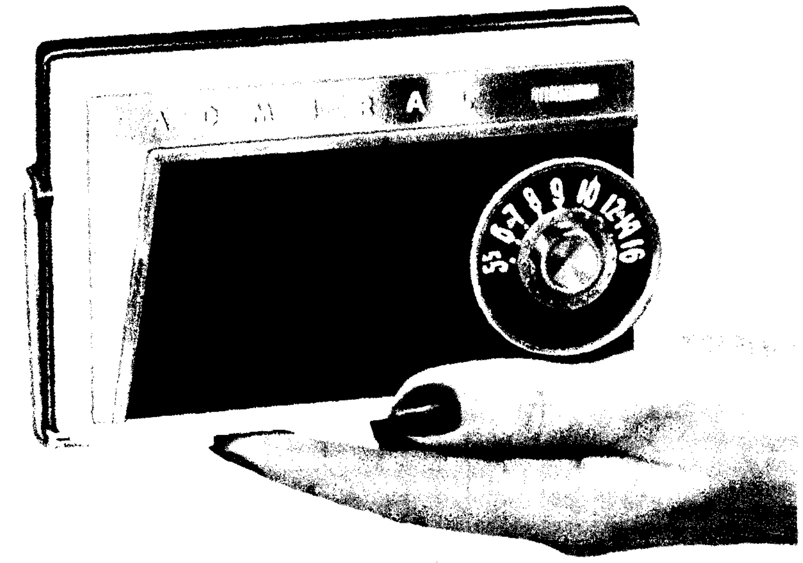
HIGH FIDELITY 4-SPEED CONSOLE PHONO, Series HC44. 20-watt, four speakers. In mahogany finish...**$199.95**



Series HC22

Series HC44

Above models also available in blonde oak, slightly higher.



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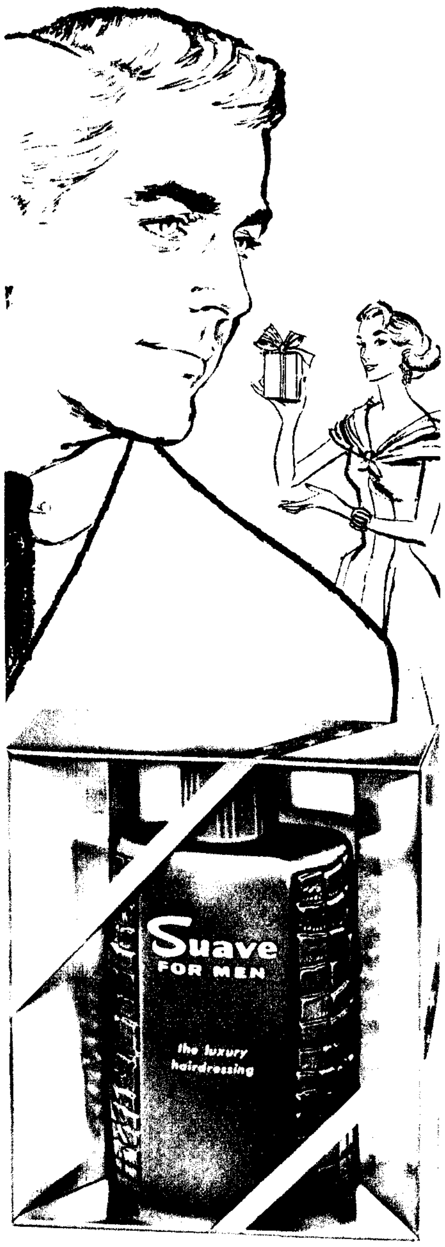

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COLLIER'S SPORTS

By BILL FAY

That thud you heard was Notre Dame. What about the future?

It looks like a long, hard winter on the football banquet circuit for coach Terry Brennan of Notre Dame. No matter where Terry travels, the multitudinous Irish alumni and fans are bound to ask some pointed questions, like: "What happened?" and: "When are we going to start winning again?"

Brennan can explain what happened to the Irish last fall. After ranking with the nation's best, season after season, Notre Dame suddenly experienced its most disastrous campaign, including successive humiliations by Michigan State (47-14) and Oklahoma (40-0), simply because it ran out of good football players. However, Brennan can't predict when the Irish will start winning again. It won't be next fall, that's definite. And even with the best of luck, the Irish are at least two years away from regaining their accustomed place among the leaders.

"We've got a big rebuilding job," the young coach frankly admits. "Our troubles started with the 1953 freshman squad. That fall, 31 boys came in on scholarships and only two of them—quarterback Paul Hornung and halfback Jim Morse—turned out to be good enough to play as seniors on the 1956 varsity. Luckily, Hornung was downright terrific. Without him, we might not have beaten anybody.

"Then, the 1954 freshmen were another disappointing group. Only four of them came through to play regularly as juniors on the 1956 varsity. As a result, we had to use a predominantly sophomore line-up this fall—and you can't beat major opposition with sophomores.

"If you look back at any of Notre Dame's great teams," Brennan adds, "you'll notice that the seniors always carried the load, with some help from juniors, while the sophomores picked up game experience a few minutes at a time. That's the pattern we must re-establish. Don't look for another good Notre Dame team until we develop a squad dominated by good senior ballplayers—and we can't do that until our good sophomores of last season develop into good seniors."

Despite the dismal 1956 results and bleak prospects for '57 (when the Irish meet Michigan State and Oklahoma on successive Saturdays away from home!), there is no inclination among Notre Dame officials to blame Brennan for the collapse. Actually, Brennan had nothing to do with selecting the sub-par '53 freshman squad; that group was brought in by Brennan's predecessor, Frank Leahy.

Ironically, Leahy always was considered college football's most astute talent scout. During his 11-year tenure, the Irish were more consistently and abundantly blessed with muscular gridiron performers than any other school, with the possible exception of Oklahoma. Under Leahy, Notre Dame won 87 games, lost 11 and tied nine for an .888 percentage. But when the time came to select the '53 freshman crop, Frank goofed.

"It could happen to anybody," Ed (Moose) Krause, Notre Dame's director of athletics, points out philosophically. "Let's say you bring in 30 to 35 players on scholarships in an average year. You expect to lose half of them before they even become eligible to play as sophomores—some get hurt, others can't make it scholastically, others simply don't develop. Out of the 17 sophomores remaining, you should find a dozen who'll keep going and play well as juniors; and out of those dozen juniors, you may develop eight or nine good seniors.

"But everything happened to that '53 freshman squad," Krause adds. "There were some extra injuries, a few more scholastic failures than usual, and the group was a bit thin on talent to start with. Even so, we might have covered up if the next frosh squad had been real good, but it proved pretty weak, too. That's what really hurt—two poor squads in a row.

"But our luck has been improving. Our '55 frosh—the kids who had to carry the load as sophs this past season—are very good and so are the frosh who came in last September. That gives Brennan two good groups to build on."

Of course, Brennan was responsible for selecting the weak 1954 freshmen, but Terry had an excuse: he was a new coach beset with the problems of breaking in a new staff. The high quality of the Brennan-recruited '55-and-'56 frosh indicates he has the all-essential coaching knack of locating good material.

"Terry was a bit naïve at the start," a veteran Irish scout commented recently, "which isn't surprising because he was only twenty-six and he'd had just four years of high-school and a year of freshman coaching experience when he succeeded Leahy.

"Terry thought he had plenty of good frosh prospects lined up in '54, but when the time came to register, the kids went somewhere else. Terry expected over 30 good boys and ended up with only 18! That's when he learned that high-school kids are skittish. You've got to work on a percentage basis. If you have 75 boys promised and 30 show up and register, you're doing pretty well.

"During the last two years, Terry has expanded his contacts—talked to more good players—and as a result he's getting more good players."

Brennan himself is confident the basic reason for Notre Dame's collapse this season has been corrected. "We have some fine young players coming along," he says, "and Notre Dame will be proud of them before they are through."

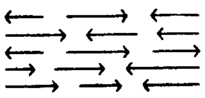
That means only one thing: the Irish themselves expect to be back in the national championship picture by 1958. But one small, nagging doubt remains. Other perennial powerhouse teams annually pass out scholarship aid to from 60 to 70 football-playing freshmen—almost double the current Irish total. Notre Dame officials firmly believe they can get all the good football players a successful team needs within their limited scholarship quota. We'll know the answer in two years.

INTERNATIONAL

Terry Brennan coached rare Irish team that bowed week after week

Collier's Sports, a new regular feature, will appear in every other issue

Only *Norelco* gives the wonderful shaving comfort of Rotary Blades!



Up to now, electric shavers have used a straight back-and-forth action. The blades changed direction thousands of times a minute. This often pinched and pulled, made irritation the price of a clean shave.

Only *Rotary Blades* can shave closely without skin irritation, and only Norelco has Rotary Blades. Norelco's blades never stop, never change direction, shave with the smooth, *continuous* stroke of a barber's razor.

This Christmas, there's a *better* way to shave . . . without soap and water fuss, without skin irritation, without razor burn, without a break-in period. Rotary Blades, exclusive with Norelco, are electric shaving's first basic improvement in 22 years. Rotating beneath stationary skinguards, they *stroke* off whiskers.

Any man on your gift list, no matter what shaving method he uses now, will welcome with enthusiasm this great forward step in shaving. He'll discover with his first Rotary Blade shave why Norelco is the largest-selling electric shaver in the world, the fastest-growing shaver in the U.S. today.

More reasons why he'll love a Norelco: 1. He can shave as close as he likes without hurting his face; blades are self-adjusting to shaving touch. 2. Blades sharpen themselves every time he shaves. 3. Genuine brush motor doesn't heat up. 4. Lubricated for life. 5. Quietest of all 4 leading shavers. 6. Designed to fit the hand. 7. Easiest shaver to clean. 8. Exclusive skin-stretcher upends whiskers for skin-close shaves no matter which way they grow.

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Model SC7759
with leather
travel case

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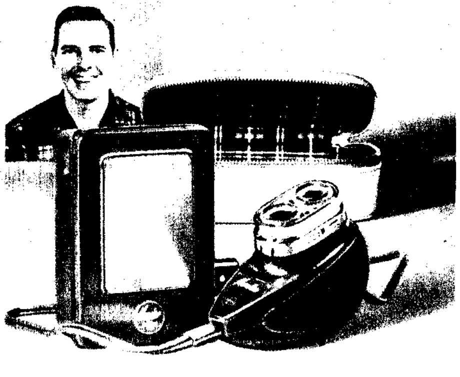
For feminine grooming . . . Lady Norelco.
Deluxe double-header. #SC7767. AC/DC. **24.95**
New Norelco Debutante. #SC7780. AC/DC. **17.50**



For outdoorsmen . . . Norelco Sportsman runs on flashlight batteries or plugs into car lighter (6-volt or 12-volt). #SC7750......**29.95**

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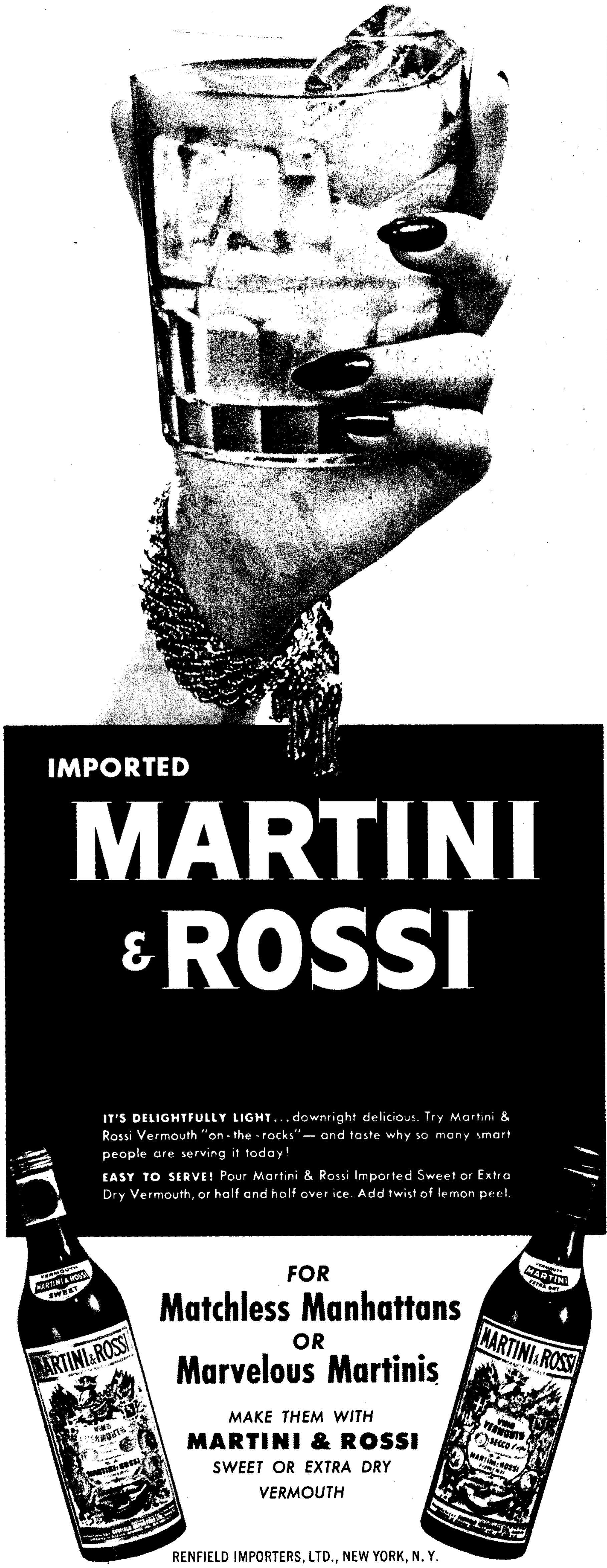
See Norelco's Exciting New TV Spectacular – "THE JAZZ AGE" – story of the Roaring Twenties – Thursday Evening, December 6, NBC-TV Network.



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LETTERS

Danny's Okay

EDITOR: Danny Kaye talks about his "little world of laughter" (Ambassador-at-Large, by Danny Kaye, Nov. 9th). He's wrong! It's a very large world and Danny's is a wonderfully large heart. With more such men and women, we could conquer war.
SUZANNE SHARP, Fort Worth, Texas

. . . I work with sick children and I know how much they understand love, kindness and laughter . . . Danny speaks their language. ARTHUR M. AIBINDER, New York, N.Y.

DAVID LEES

Danny greets Turkish friend

. . . The photos of Danny by David Lees were an extra treat for all Kaye fans. . . .
MRS. WILLIAM GALLINNIS, Salem, Ore.

. . . Your cover, Danny with the child, is unusually fine. . . .
MRS. D. N. FRANKLIN, New York, N.Y.

A Little Knowledge . . . ?

EDITOR: Dr. McHugh has barely scratched the surface on sex (What Americans Need to Learn about Sex, by Dr. Gelolo McHugh with J. Robert Moskin, Nov. 9th). In a supposedly Christian country where thousands of couples live together in common-law marriages, where thousands of children are born each year out of wedlock, where promiscuity is popular among married couples . . . I think we need to narrow, not broaden, our viewpoint on sex. I say narrow it all the way down to one of the basic commandments: "Thou Shalt Not Commit Adultery."
M. M. KNOWLES, Eugene, Ore.

. . . Teaching sex doesn't make lasting marriages. This was proved long ago when sex was little known and marriages were more enduring.
ELMO MENETRE, Oklahoma City, Okla.

. . . How can there be any sex ignorance in the United States? Pseudoscientific articles like Dr. McHugh's have been gaining increased circulation for the past 20 years.
RUTH DUDLEY, Chicago, Ill.

. . . As a former high-school teacher I read your article with great interest. It is very obvious to me that today's youth want the correct answers and want sex education . . . I fully agree that most parents, for various reasons, aren't capable of giving their children this information. . . . DONALD E. WATSON, Canistota, South Dakota

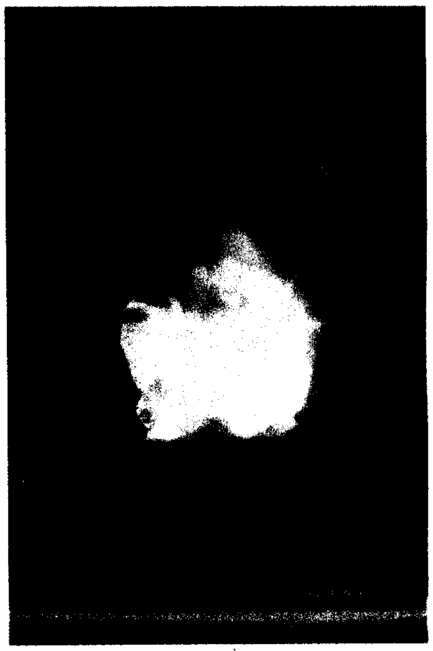
. . . I'm very much impressed. My daughter, nearly fourteen, needs educating and so do I! Are there any particular books that Dr. McHugh recommends? ELIZABETH T. CLEMENTS, Sparta, N.J.

For adolescent readers Dr. McHugh recommends The Stork Didn't Bring You by Lois Pemberton, Facts of Life and Love by Evelyn Duval, and Growing Up to Love by Clair Armstutz, M.D. Beyond these, Dr. McHugh will be glad to reply to any inquiries about books addressed to him c/o College Station, Durham, N.C. He will also be pleased to give the names of qualified doctors, ministers, psychologists and teachers in various parts of the country who, without charge, counsel on sex and marriage.

Hope and Holocaust

EDITOR: Thank you for A Lesson in Power (Collier's Comment, Oct. 26th). For too long I have been unable to think of the Germans except as Nazis. Now, having read this and Love Helped to Heal the Devil's Claw Marks (by Gloria and Peter Kalischer, Oct. 26th), I will start thinking again about these two former enemy nations. The inspiration of these Hiroshima maidens has jolted me to a point of necessary re-evaluation—and I'm glad.
ENID KASS NORMAN, Phoenix, Okla.

. . . Your article on the Hiroshima maidens was in very poor taste. To portray America as a loving benefactor for treating the scars of 25 Japanese girls can never erase the greater scar of the hundreds of thousands killed in the Hiroshima holocaust. There can be no atonement . . . only the conviction that such inhuman measures must never be used again.
M. D. BARTOLETTI, St. Louis, Mo.



LOS ALAMOS SCIENTIFIC LABORATORY

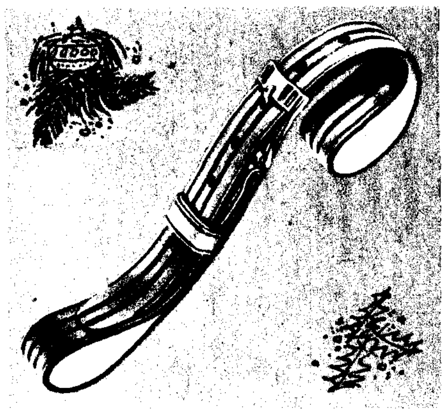
. . . I am one of the millions who have believed that, as long as two boys fight, war is inevitable. But, A Lesson . . . has given me something to hope about. It was strong, impressive, understandable. Best of all, I believed in it.
MRS. EDWARD MAHAN, Quincy, Mass.

Sir Winston

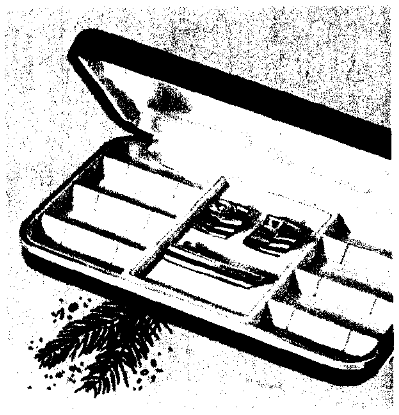
EDITOR: Thanks for Drew Middleton's excellent article on Winston Churchill. (Churchill at 82, Nov. 9th.) Without

holiday gifts
for the
U.S. MALE

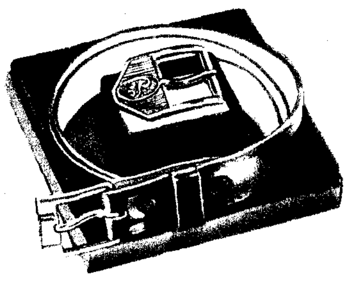
SHOPPER'S GUIDE
FOR COLLIER'S READERS



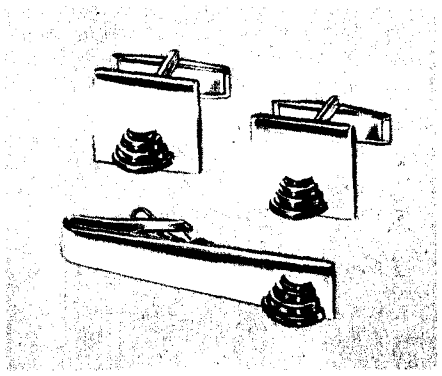
Comfort plus: The "Caliente" Stretchway®—hidden spring g-i-v-e-s and t-a-k-e-s with every motion. In vibrant fashion colors. 2.50



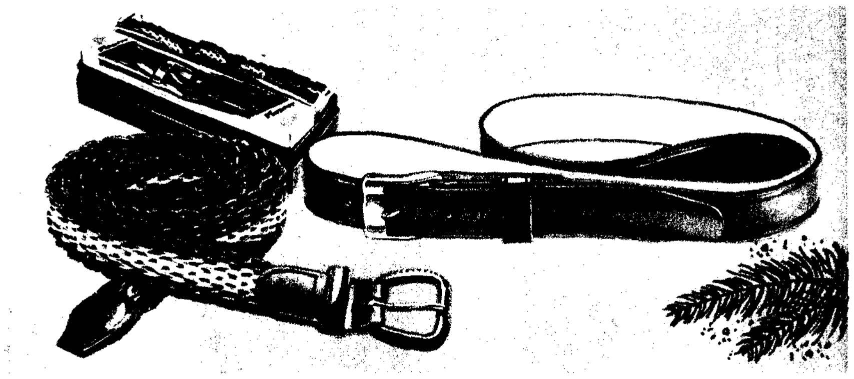
Three for the tree: Cuff link caddy box with magnificent tie bar and cuff link set—the perfect holiday gift. Complete, 5.00



Doubly personal: Rich cowhide belt with detachable buckle, and his extra "holiday" golden initial buckle. Monogrammed gift box. Set, 3.50



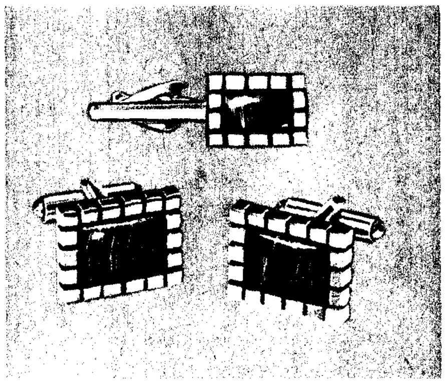
Happy thought: Flattering, contemporary jewelry creation in the Pioneer manner. Cuff links and tie bar set, 3.50*



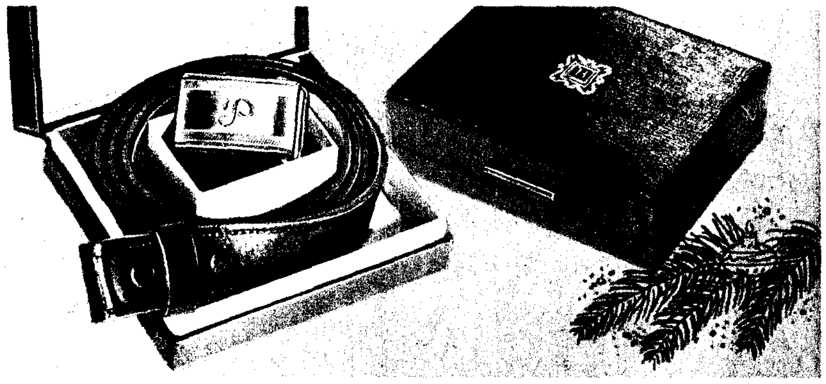
Two for the money: For business, for casual wear—combination leather and elastic belt set, in Pioneer Twin-Pak box. Custom crafted cowhide belt and "Ombre" elastic belt, choice of colors. Set, 5.00

Fashion five: He'll appreciate the rugged elegance of these bright Pioneer gift ideas in natural grain buffalo calf—a new fashion leather . . . (a) "Diplomat" wallet—removable pass case, secret pocket. 5.00* (b) Shaving Kit—razor, blades, comb, *everything!* 4.95* (c) Money Fold—slim, trim . . . and very practical. 2.50* (d) "Fashion League" braces in smart striped elastic. 2.50 (e) "Barbazon" belt—masculine as a fine briar pipe! 3.50

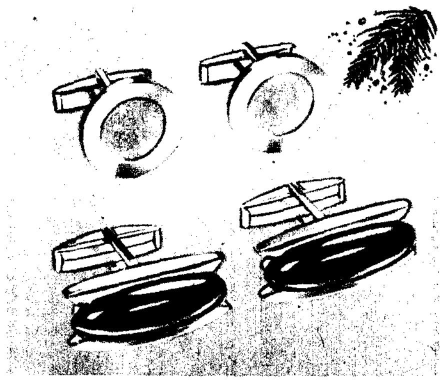
Top honors: The incomparable "Royal Family" calfskin belt, by Pioneer . . . Season's new fashion shades. 5.00



Soft lights: The "Midi"—rich glowing black and gold stone encased in spiked square frame. 5.00*



His alone: Bridle belt with beautifully engraved initial buckle, gift packaged in monogrammed box. Set, 5.00



Many splendored things: (top) "Constellation" cuff links of heavy sterling. 5.00 (bottom) "Novae" cuff links, with Hematite stones. 3.50

Gentlemen prefer: His personal cuff link caddy box. Deep black leather-grained; spacious, elegantly appointed interior. 4.95*

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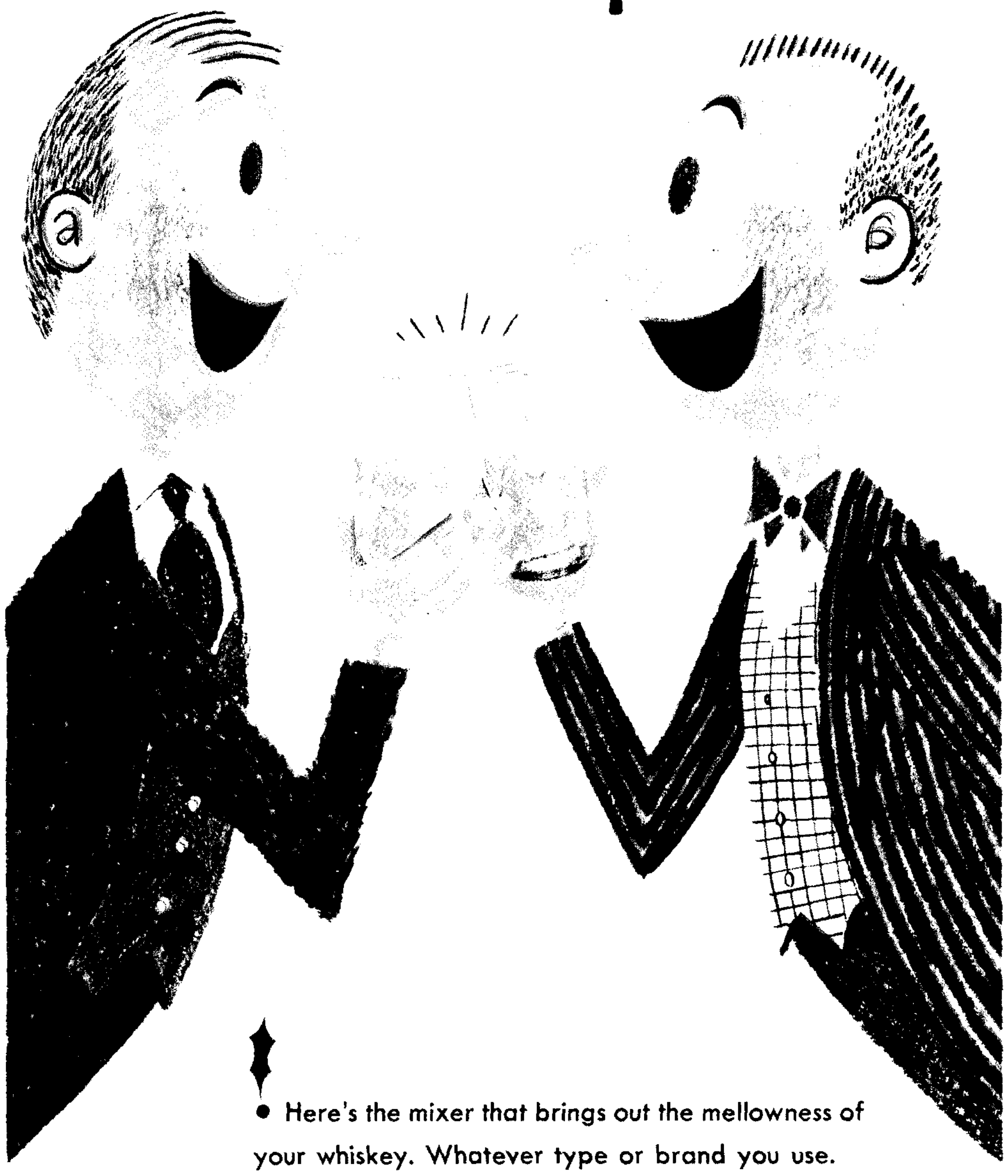
May all your highballs be mellow ones!
(They will be—with
Seven-Up!)



● Here's the mixer that brings out the mellowness of your whiskey. Whatever type or brand you use.

Just see. Mix a drink with 7-Up! Wait a minute while it *stirs itself*. Then take a sniff. Even the aroma of a 7-Up highball is more delightful. And sip it. You'll taste a highball at its best. Superbly smooth, with all the good, rich whiskey flavor you like—and pay for. Why not make *all* your highballs mellow ones—with Seven-Up!

Nothing *does it* like Seven-Up!

Save that sparkle! Always serve *chilled* 7-Up. Then, tilt the glass and pour gently down the side.

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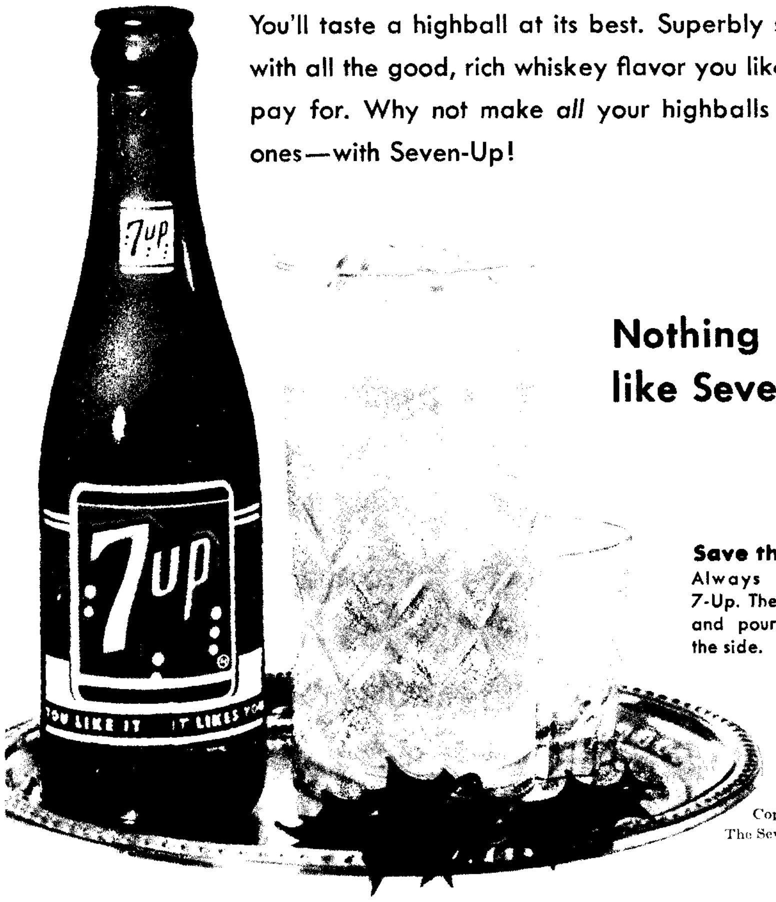

LETTERS continued

doubt Sir Winston is one of the greatest statesmen of our time. . . .
MRS. EARL JOHNSON, Fort Leonard Wood, Mo.

. . . Congratulations. . . . However, one minor error. You say that Churchill, as a young man, "led the lancers of Queen Victoria against the mail-clad emirs of the khalifa." Churchill served in the Fourth Hussars, and Hussars were not armed with lances.
P. M. CHISWELL, Victoria, B.C.

In the spring of 1898 Churchill was stationed in India with the Fourth Hussars. However, Lord Kitchener's campaign against the dervishes in the Sudan was impending and Churchill was desperately anxious to see some action. Accordingly, he was reassigned to the 21st Lancers and it was a squadron of the 21st that Lt. Churchill led in the charge at Omdurman.

The Oklahoma Land Run

EDITOR: Thus the Frontier Vanished, by James D. Horan (Nov. 9th), has caught the thrill and drama of the Oklahoma Land Rush.
RAY E. GARRISON, Keokuk, Iowa

. . . It was a *run* not a *rush*. The word *run* is peculiar to Oklahoma, like *sooner*. California and Alaska had *rushes* for gold; as *rushes*, these movements had no fixed date or place of beginning, no certain end. People went when they liked and where they liked for as long as they liked—often for years. Above all, there was no special government regulation.

The Oklahoma *run*, on the other hand, was as you described it: begun at a specified hour, over in one afternoon and regulated by Presidential proclamation and the U.S. cavalry. . . .
ZOE A. TILGHMAN, Oklahoma City, Okla.

Title Bout: Round Two

EDITOR: Thanks for your Pat Boone story (Pat Boone vs. Elvis Presley, by Thomas C. Ryan, Oct. 26th). Since then Pat has been named personality of the year by the Variety Club of Washington, D.C., which has been making these selections since 1949. The seven others chosen in the past: Al Jolson, Arthur Godfrey, Joe E. Brown, Perry Como, Jane Froman, Eddie Fisher and Steve Allen. Pat is the youngest of these. He got it because of his overwhelming success in the record field and his exemplary professional and personal conduct. Now, who's Top Singer?
ALLAN GRANT, Philadelphia, Pa.

. . . You criticize Elvis because he isn't married. Well, lots of people aren't. . . .
MARILYN BUCCI, Silver Lake, Wis.

. . . Elvis is always quoted with his Southern accent and this makes him seem not so bright. But he most certainly is bright. . . .
SHIRLEY MARTIN, Waukon, Iowa

MARVIN NEWMAN

Pat gets Variety Club award

. . . As for Elvis buying five Cadillacs . . . he bought four: two for his band, one for his parents, and one—plus a Continental—for himself. We'd all do the same thing if we suddenly got rich.
JUDY FELD, Jenkintown, Pa.

. . . Frankly, I think parents, especially fathers, are jealous of Elvis. Most of them never had a girl holler and scream over them. . . .
LOU ANN PARKINSON, Los Angeles, Cal.

. . . As a grandmother, let me say that Boone is a pale replica . . . he doesn't have the terrific masculine appeal of Elvis. Everything Pat has, Elvis has more. . . .
MRS. O. E. MCKINLEY, East Lynn, Mass.

. . . I am a foreigner and I can't understand how the youth of the United States can make an idol out of Elvis Presley. His exhibitions are simply dreadful . . . the lowest kind . . . Frankly, if that is the crazy way your adolescents act, American youth is going to the dogs.
TERESA CALERO, Mexico City, Mexico

My Story—?

EDITOR: In your Nov. 9th Letters, Mrs. Harold Tomlin comments on Ed Sullivan's Story: "I—I—I. Has Sullivan ever heard of humility? My O Me."

How does Mrs. Tomlin think an autobiography can be written without using such words as "I—me—my and mine?"
JUNE ANN SMITH, St. Louis, Mo.

The Cover **William L. Simpson**

The final group of survivors of the Pan American Strato-Clipper Sovereign of the Skies pulls away from the sinking, tailless hull some 15 minutes after the plane dramatically ditched in the mid-Pacific. The rescuing whaleboat is heading for the Coast Guard cutter Pontchartrain, waiting less than a half mile away. This vivid picture of the scene was taken by the Pontchartrain's young ship's cook. Only nineteen, Simpson was the only man on the cutter with a telephoto lens for his camera. The moving story behind the ditching starts on page 27

MONY
Expander Policy
GROWS UP WITH YOUR CHILD
at no increase
in premium

BIRTHDAY	AMOUNT OF INSURANCE On policy anniversary nearest indicated birthday.
21 AND OVER	$5,000
20	3,106
19	3,025
18	2,945
17	2,868
16	2,792
15	2,717
14	2,645
13	2,574
12	2,504
11	2,436
10	2,369
9	2,304
8	2,241
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6	,118
5	058
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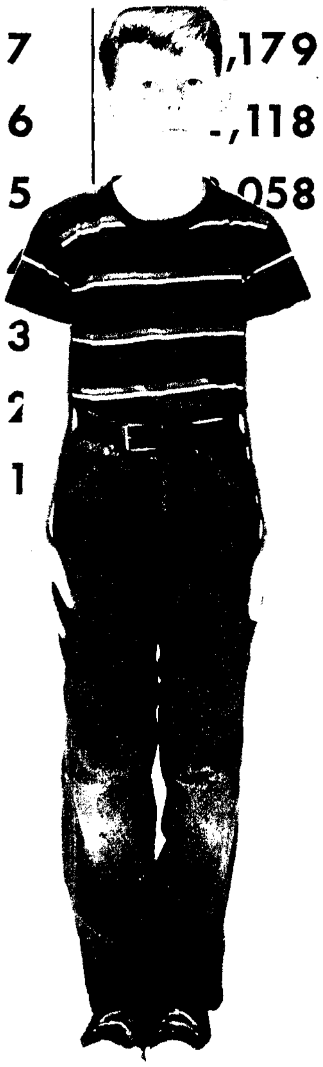

A lifelong gift for your child that guarantees a low rate all his life!

This new MONY Expander Policy makes it possible for your child—or grandchild—to have *permanent* life insurance that "grows up" with him . . . yet always remains "child-size" in cost!

The chart shows you, in actual figures, how one unit of this policy, bought when the child was 5 years old, grows bigger year by year. The amount of insurance shown will vary, depending upon the child's age when the policy was issued. In any case, the amount of insurance protection expands to its ultimate face value of $5,000 per unit on the policy anniversary nearest his 21st birthday.

At age 5 the annual premium is only $56.92—and it never increases. Further, at the end of the second year, dividends are expected to begin. As they're declared, they may be used to *reduce* the already modest premium.

Years later, after you have turned the policy over to him, the premium he will pay will be the same as it was the day you took out the policy.

The Expander Policy builds high cash values, too—important if money is needed later for education, business opportunities or emergencies. It's available in one or more units, for children from birth to age 14. Look into it *now*—because the sooner you start, the lower the premiums.

Note: Different policy provisions and rates apply at the younger ages in New York State and Canada.

Chart shows benefits at issue age 5. If you desire information as to the benefits for a child of a different issue age, MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

Mutual Of New York, Dept. C-126
Broadway at 55th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

I would like FREE information about your unusual MONY Expander Policy for my child or grandchild.

Your Name__________

Address__________

City______ County or Zone______ State______

Child's Age______ Your Age______

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THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK

Life Insurance—Accident and Sickness—Hospitalization—Retirement Plans . . . FOR INDIVIDUALS AND EMPLOYEE GROUPS

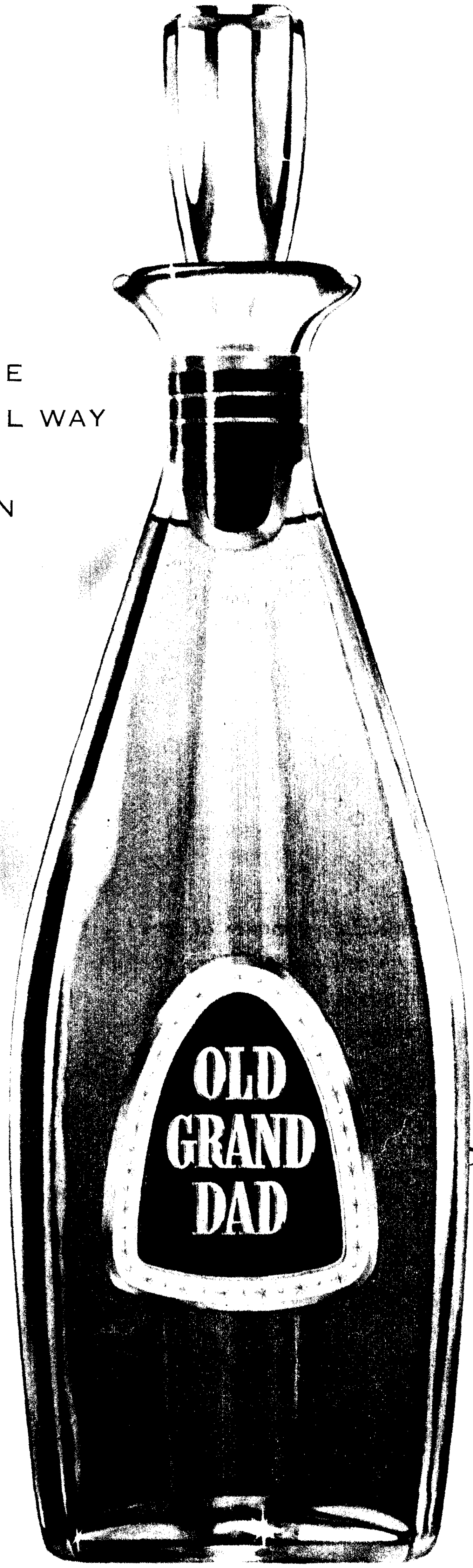
MONY offices are located throughout the United States and in Canada.

MONY TODAY MEANS **MONEY** TOMORROW!

OLD GRAND-DAD

For your holiday gift-giving, Old Grand-Dad is presented in the most beautiful of all decanters. Selling at the same price as the standard bottle, it contains the same measure of the same fine bonded bourbon whiskey. It is your annual opportunity to honor the true bourbon fanciers among your friends.

THE
MOST BEAUTIFUL WAY
TO GIVE
FINE BOURBON



Classic Decanter

FOR 1956

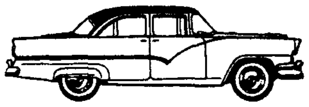
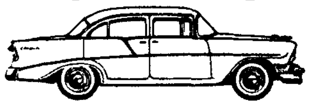
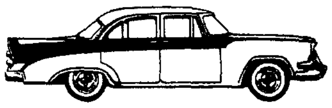
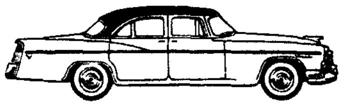
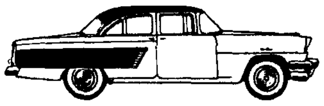
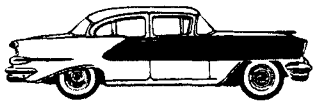
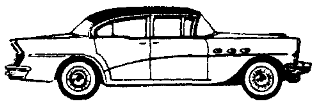
Old Grand-Dad Classic Decanters or regular bottles are also available in Presentation Cases of one dozen, designed to match the individual holiday cartons. A most generous gift for the top people on your list! Of course, Old Grand-Dad is also available in the regular bottle with a beautiful gift-carton.

**OLD
GRAND
DAD**

TUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY · 100 PROOF · BOTTLED IN BOND · THE OLD GRAND-DAD DISTILLERY CO., FRANKFORT, KY., DIVISION OF NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION

Champion spark plugs power 111 out of 115 stock car winners!

BOX SCORE OF 1956 NASCAR WINNERS

		Short track	Convertible	Grand National	Total
FORD		6	20	9	35
CHEVROLET		18	9	2	29
DODGE		1	10	9	20
CHRYSLER		0	0	17	17
MERCURY		2	0	5	7
OLDSMOBILE		1	0	1	2
BUICK		0	1	0	1

Tremendous record compiled by seven different makes of cars proves that Champions are best for your car, too! If you've gone about 10,000 miles without a change of spark plugs, they can boost your road horsepower by 24%!

What could be more dramatic proof of Champions' amazing performance?

Out of 115 winning stock cars in 1956 NASCAR† races, *111* were powered by Champion Spark Plugs!

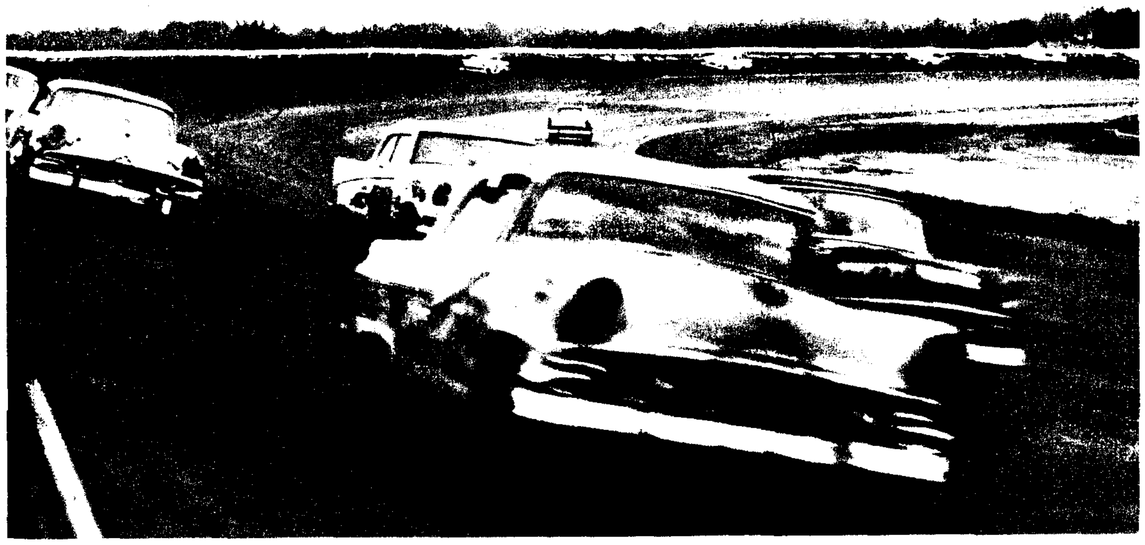
This kind of performance shows that Champions are best for *your* car, too.

In fact, tests by independent engineers show that if you've gone about 10,000 miles without a spark plug change, new Champions can give your car an *immediate* gain in road horsepower—*a gain that averaged 24% in tests with all major makes of cars!*

If you haven't had your spark plugs checked recently, chances are you don't realize how much power you're losing. For spark plugs should be checked every 5,000 miles—and changed every 10,000 miles—to assure maximum performance from your car.

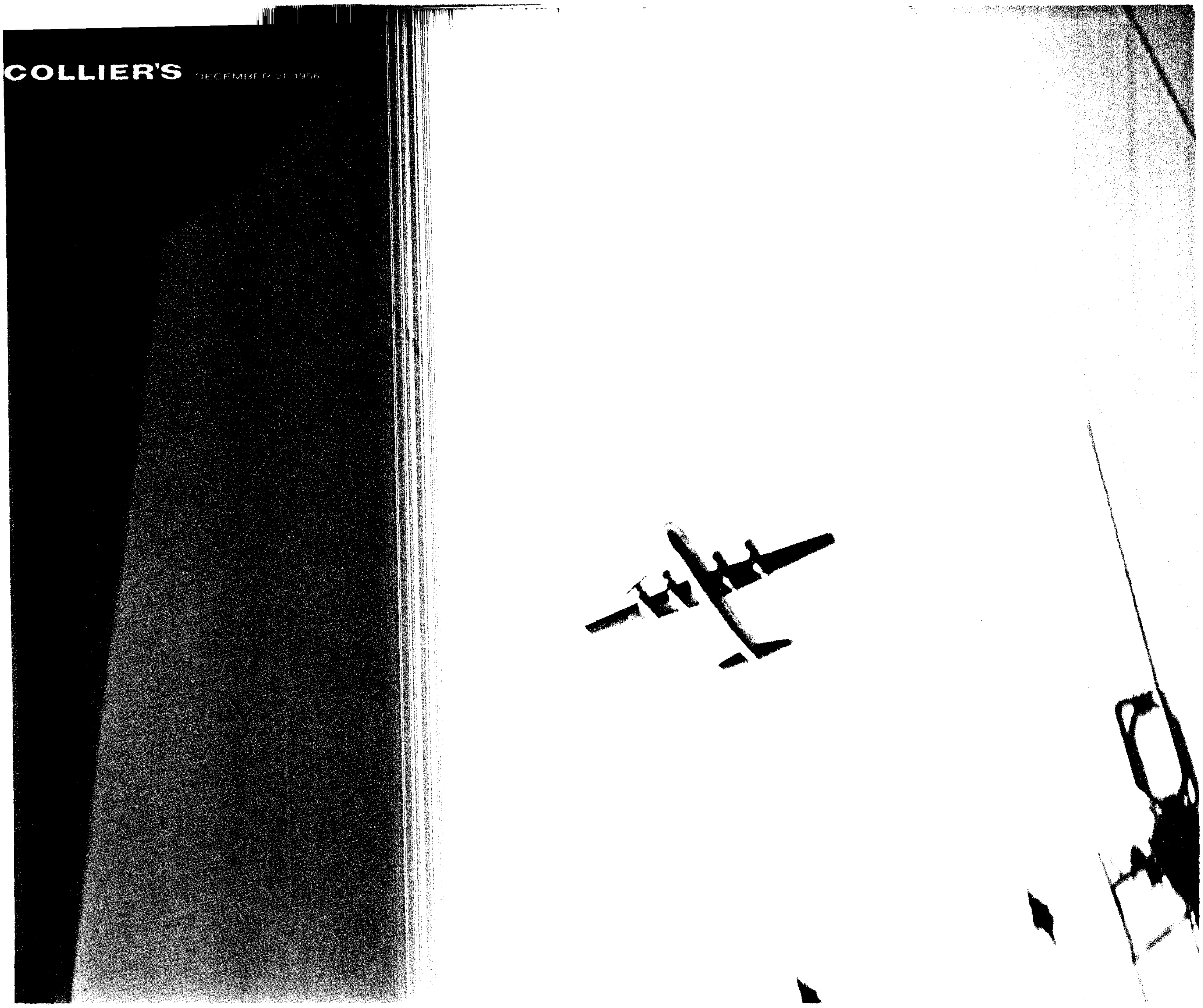
Replace *your* old plugs with new 5-rib Champions—and get more road horsepower *instantly!*

†National Association for Stock Car Auto Racing



Cars that win stock car races are no different from the cars you drive. But the men who race them know how to take advantage of every last ounce of horsepower their engines can deliver. That's why the overwhelming majority of winning stock cars—better than 96%—are equipped with Champion Spark Plugs. *Tests show new Champions can increase road horsepower by 24%!*

CHAMPION
CHAMPION
LOOK FOR THE 5 RIBS



With one propeller stopped and another out of control, *the airliner passes over the Coast Guard cutter Pontchartrain just after dawn and just before ditching*

"ONE MINUTE TO DITCH!"

On the pages that follow, illustrated by exclusive color photographs, is one of the year's most dramatic and moving stories: a minute-by-minute account of the tense last hours of the crippled Pacific Stratocruiser Sovereign of the Skies—and the warm, human story of the 31 courageous men, women and children who rode her safely into the tossing sea

By CORNELIUS RYAN

"ONE MINUTE TO DITCH!"

Their car was still a long way from the airfield when they first saw the plane. Relaxed and rested after a 46-hour layover, Pan American's Captain Dick Ogg and his flight crew drove rapidly through the tropical evening toward Honolulu's International Airport. First Officer Lee Haaker nudged Purser Patricia Reynolds and, pointing with his cigar, said, "Bet you fifty cents that's our baby."

As they rolled up to the terminal building, they saw he was right. The plane, standing alone in the loading area, was the only Stratocruiser (Pan Am calls it a Strato-Clipper) on the field. High on the nose, in big white letters, was her name: Sovereign of the Skies.

Haaker's brick-red face broke into a triumphant grin. "Okay, Pat," he said. "Pay up."

It was a jovial, good-humored crew that entered Operations for the preflight briefing a little after six. Within a few hours they would be far out over the ocean, heading for San Francisco and home.

All over the field, in half a dozen places, other men and women were preparing Flight 943 for its 2,395-mile hop across the Pacific. Through the windows of the Operations office, the flight crew could see workers crawling all over the 72-ton, double-decked Clipper. She had landed at 6:09 P.M., only a few minutes before, having flown 4,280 miles from Tokyo, with a pause at Wake Island for fuel. Now eight mechanics, six ramp crewmen and two cleaners, under the direction of brittle-tempered Phil Chase, were busily grooming the blue and white Sovereign of the Skies.

She was a proud matron; she had come off the Boeing assembly lines in 1949, when she was purchased by American Overseas Airlines for the Atlantic service at a cost of $1,500,000. In 1951, American Overseas was merged with Pan American, and some time later the plane moved over to the Pacific run. In her lifetime she had flown 19,800 hours, most of it at a speed of about 320 miles an hour. Her engines had been changed many times; one had flown fewer than 300 hours, another more than 1,300.

She needed trivial repairs. Chase, good-natured, but without patience for anything less than perfection, personally supervised the changing of a mixture control—like the choke on an automobile—on number four engine. Several other minor adjustments were made before he was finally satisfied. "Over water," Chase had told his mechanics again and again, "you can't take a chance on anything."

The refueling gang filled the wing tanks up to 6,410 gallons. The cleaners brushed the royal-blue upholstery and swept the gray carpeting in the cabin and lower-deck cocktail lounge. Fresh food, fruit and choice liquors were loaded into the galley, back in the tail. Meticulously, the Clipper was readied for the journey.

But sometimes nothing man can do is enough. The ground crews didn't know it, but they were preparing the luxurious Sovereign of the Skies for her last flight.

IN OPERATIONS, Captain Ogg and his crew listened soberly as dispatcher Denis Sunderland briefed them on the flight plan. For the first half of the trip they would fly at an altitude of 13,000

The ditching. While the plane was still plowing through the water, one wing tip dragged, slewing it around, and the tail flew off just behind the passenger compartment feet. At the halfway point, almost over "weather station November"—the Coast Guard cutter Pontchartrain—they were to climb to 21,000 feet. Sunderland droned off the weather conditions they might expect—at San Francisco, at Sacramento, the alternate landing area, and at Honolulu, should a return become necessary.

He also told them the conditions they would probably find at sea level if they had to ditch.

"Any questions?" he asked.

Ogg shook his head. The tall, forty-three-year-old captain, with almost 20 years of flying experience, knew it was a routine flight, with good weather all the way.

Out on the ramp, Dick Schaub, twenty-seven, Pan American's Honolulu cargo controller, wondered about the weather, too. He was shipping 44 cases of canaries, two dogs and a parakeet on the flight.

Schaub was particularly taken by one of the dogs—a tiny snow-white spitz named, improbably, Fido. But, in the exasperating bustle of feeding and watering the more than 3,000 twittering canaries, Schaub had little time to get to know the spitz.

The blue parakeet, Tippy, was going home to his owner, Coast Guard Chief Boatswain's Mate Cecil Green. A fluent talker, Tippy enlivened the proceedings as the animals and birds were loaded into the clipper's forward cargo compartment. He chirped over and over, "Chief go bye-bye—where's the chief?" Schaub hoped the flight wouldn't be bumpy.

IN THE BARNLIKE terminal building, thirty-two-year-old Bob Reece, Pan American's traffic supervisor, was watching the processing of the 25 passengers booked on Flight 943. Only 10 were boarding at Honolulu; the other 15 were in transit from Tokyo. The plane was only half full, but even so the processing was involved and time-consuming because there were passengers of many nationalities. Besides 13 Americans the passengers included four Filipinos, three Japanese, two Chinese (one from Formosa, one from Hong Kong), one Dutchman, one Frenchman and one Indonesian. They were being shuttled from one area to another for inspection by customs and others.

Reece, who no longer really hears the languid Hawaiian music that flows out of the airport loudspeakers 24 hours a day, strolled into customs. Everybody seemed cared for and happy—except Mr. Man Ow, the Chinese passenger from Hong Kong.

Ow had run into trouble. On his declaration form he had valued a two-carat diamond at only $400. The customs officer was not satisfied.

"But diamonds are cheap in Hong Kong," protested Ow. "Anyway, I am not stopping in the United States, I'm going to Caracas, Venezuela."

The officer was still not satisfied—Ow would either have to pay the duty or have the diamond bonded and returned to him in Venezuela. But the documentation required for bonding would take some time; Ow would not be able to continue on Flight 943.

Reece conferred with the customs officer. Then he came up with a solution. "How about taking Flight 806?" he asked Ow. "It's leaving at ten and it will arrive in San Francisco within fifteen minutes of the Strato-Clipper."

Ow agreed. He bowed politely to Reece. Flight 943 now had only 24 passengers—including the crew, a total of 31.

Reece next turned his attention to Richard and Jane Gordon and their twin daughters Maureen and Elizabeth, aged two and a half. Little "Momo" and "Beth" were restless and uncomfortable after their long journey from the Philippines, where their father, a U.S. Information Service official, had been stationed. "Can they go ahead with their mother while I go through customs for all of us?" Gordon asked. Reece promptly got permission from the customs officer.

The rest of the passengers, through with all the formalities, moved into the busy main passenger lounge with its hurrying porters, ticket counters, telephone booths and shops, to await the boarding announcement.

Over by the main entrance, Mrs. Louise Walker, fifty-eight, of Oakland, California, glanced at her watch and wondered if she'd have enough time to rush back to Honolulu. She'd priced four rings—one for each of her daughters—at a jeweler's the day before. Now, on impulse, she decided to get them. She glanced at her watch once more and rushed out of the airport.

A few passengers chatted with friends and relatives who had come to see them off. Others looked at souvenirs and trinkets at the gift shop; some took out insurance policies from the automatic dispensing machine. But Tjong Soen Lie, forty, from Djakarta, Indonesia, on his first trip away from home, wasn't quite sure what he'd get from the machine. He decided against it.

Jingling the bright silver American coins in his hand—the first he'd ever seen—he put one of them in a candy machine instead.

Mrs. Rebecca Jacobe, thirty-four, from the Philippines, carrying her three-year-old daughter Joanne in her arms, searched the lounge for a mailbox. She couldn't find one, so she decided to mail her letters and cards when she arrived in San Francisco.

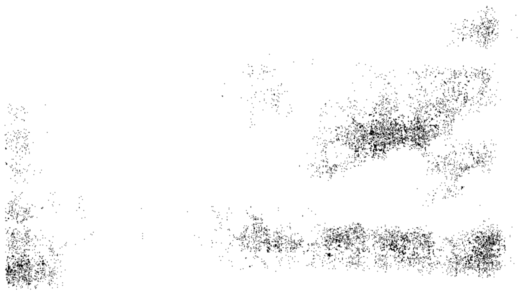
Near the telephone booths, Commander Kenneth Strickler, forty-one, of the U.S. Navy Supply Corps, was trying to decide whether or not to call his wife Betsy in Piedmont, California. He knew she had long since become reconciled to his traveling—in the previous eight months he'd flown 89,000 miles and this was his fourth trip across the Pacific this year. But tonight an old uneasiness came back to plague him. He was worried about the youngest of his four children, six-year-old Chuck. The Stricklers live on a Piedmont hillside beside a curving road. It was Chuck and this road—a favorite with the local hot rodders—that often worried Strickler. But he didn't call his wife. After all, he told himself, he'd be home in about 10 hours, assuming the plane left on time.

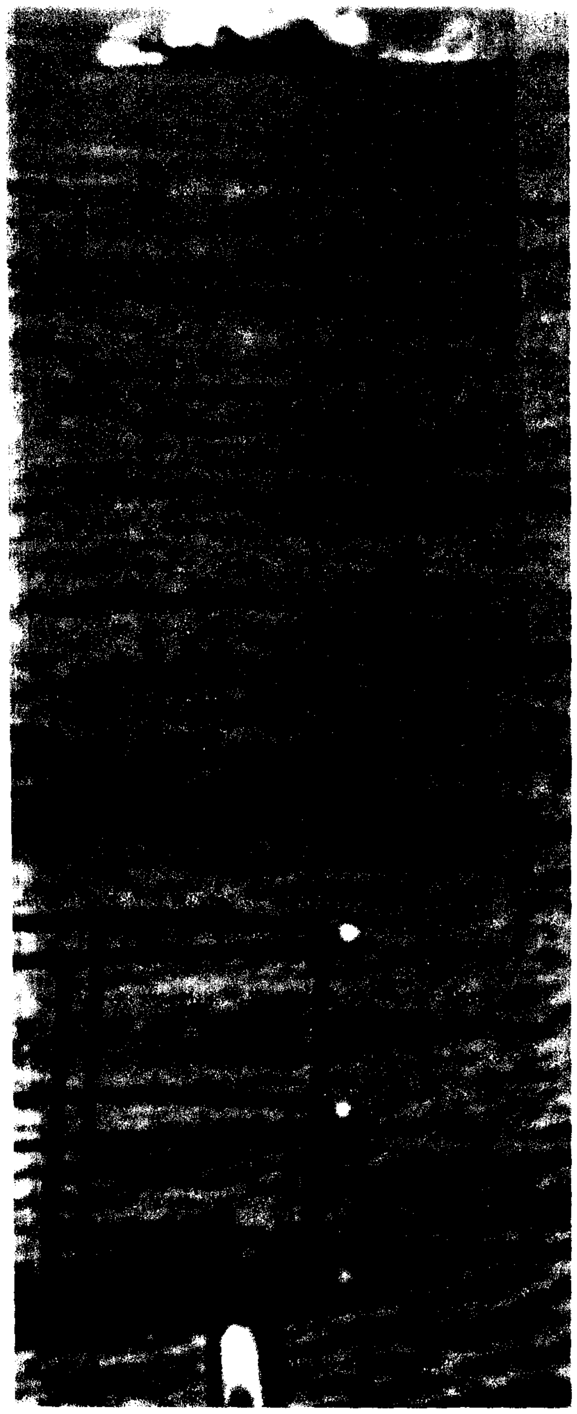
But at least one man—Herbert Ho, a middle-aged Chinese-American businessman with homes in both Malaya and Los Angeles—was sure the plane would never leave on time. He had encountered delays ever since he left Hong Kong. He was becoming fatalistic about it. Standing with Chich-Ren Chu, a young student from Formosa en route to Stanford University, Ho gazed at the clock through his pink-lensed glasses and noted that it was already 7:20. Flight 943 still hadn't been announced and it was due to leave in 10 minutes.

JUST THEN MRS. WALKER returned, breathless but triumphant. On her left hand she wore four rings, each with a different stone symbolizing her daughters' birthdays. She needn't have rushed. Ho was right. Flight 943 was going to be late.

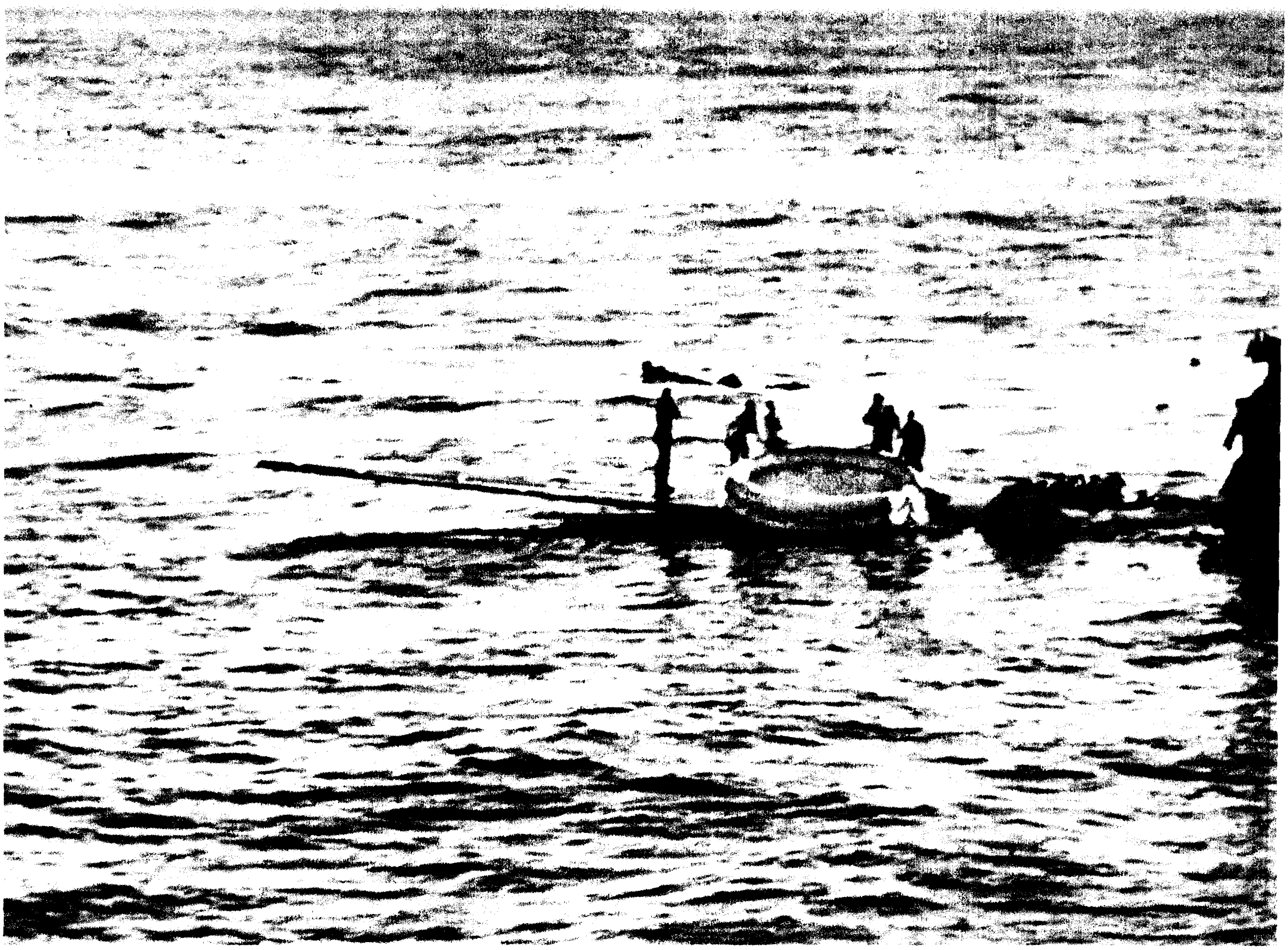
The passengers continued to wait a little impatiently, doing the things that ordinary people do when they are caught up in circumstances beyond their control. It was after 8:00 when the loudspeakers blared: "Flight 943 for San Francisco now loading. All aboard, please."

The 24 men, women and children trooped out to the plane. Mrs. Jacobe and her daughter were helped by two fellow Filipino passengers, Dr. Cleto Cortes and Dr. Manuel Pangan. Between them the





WAYNE S. HOKOM



This striking photograph shows the passengers and the crew of Sovereign of the Skies launching their life rafts while waiting for the arrival of Coast Guard rescue bo

[*Continued from page 29*]

doctors carried Mrs. Jacobe's two flight bags, which contained her few priceless possessions—an oil painting, hand-embroidered luncheon and dinner sets made of exquisite gauze silk, delicately carved giant opalescent shells carrying native legends and dainty hand-embroidered dresses for herself and Joanne.

One of the last to head for the plane was pretty, forty-four-year-old Mrs. Ruby Dami, of Oakland, California. Around her neck she wore seven leis in a variety of colors.

An old friend, Manuel Guiterrez, called after her, "You must throw away a lei before leaving and you will return."

Mrs. Dami turned back. *"Aloha,"* she said, and placed one of the leis around his neck. Then she boarded the plane.

AT THE TOP of the loading steps the passengers were greeted by the two stewardesses, trim in their blue-gray suits. Honolulu-born Katherine Araki, twenty-three, showed the 13 tourist-class passengers to their seats in the forward section, directly behind the cockpit and extending halfway back over the wings. Lynn Daniel, twenty-five, ushered the 11 first-class passengers into their section, back of the wings and separated from the tourist class by a bulkhead.

In the cockpit, Captain Ogg and First Officer Haaker finished the long pre-take-off check. Haaker had already switched on the *Fasten your seat belt; no smoking* sign back in the passenger compartments. Now, Flight Engineer Frank Garcia, sitting behind the pilots, started the four 3,500-horsepower engines, one by one.

As the engines came to life and the plane moved away from the terminal building, Purser Pat Reynolds, thirty, made her routine announcement over the cabin loud-speakers: "Good evening, ladies and gentlemen . . . Welcome aboard Strato-Clipper 943 . . . Your stewardesses, Miss Araki and Miss Daniel, are now going to demonstrate the type of life jacket carried aboard this plane . . ."

Sixteen-year-old Paul Bird, a first-class passenger who had boarded the plane in Tokyo, turned to his seat companion, a Dutch businessman named Hendrik Braat, and said, "Oh, no! Do we have to go through all this again?"

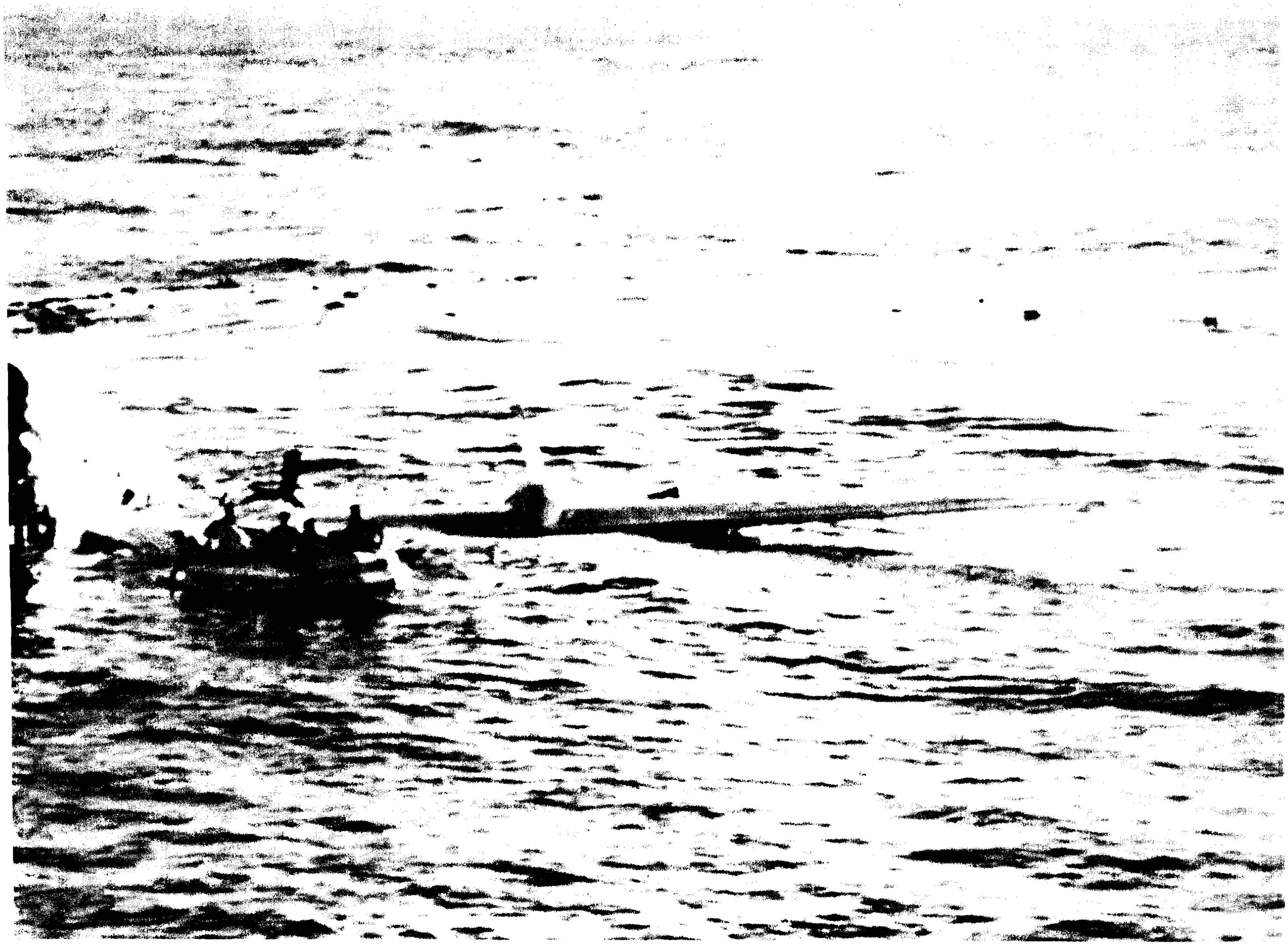
Over the loud-speakers, Miss Reynolds's voice continued: ". . . a pamphlet entitled, Emergency Instructions. Please read . . . at your earliest convenience . . ."

As Haaker revved up the engines, the stewardesses showed the passengers where to locate and how to put on their "Mae West" life jackets. Then the two young women took their seats as the Clipper turned onto runway number four and prepared for take-off. Captain Ogg turned to Haaker and said, "Okay, Lee, take her up." A few moments later, Sovereign of the Skies rumbled down the runway and rose gracefully into the air. It was 8:26, Honolulu time.

ON THE DARK PACIFIC, halfway between San Francisco and Honolulu, the Coast Guard cutter, Pontchartrain, was beginning its third and last week on station. The patrol had been uneventful and lonely—as usual. Weather data had been collected and navigational assistance given to more than 800 planes. Now, the 127 bored men on the cutter were looking forward to home.

In the officers' wardroom, the ship's captain, forty-year-old Commander Bill Earle, was playing bridge. He and his partner, Lieutenant Commander John McCurdy, the chief engineer, were once again trouncing Lieutenant Commander Bill Kesler, the executive officer, and Ensign Dick Abrahams.

Bill Earle preferred duty on the rougher Atlantic. "It presents much more of a challenge," he had once told civilian weatherman Ray Valente. But



WAYNE S. HOKOM

ng to the spot from the Pontchartrain, nearby. The plane actually stayed afloat 21 minutes, giving ample time for everyone to get clear with nothing worse than wet feet

tonight he was feeling good, on this, his first patrol in the Pacific.

On the deck, many of the crew were watching Rory Calhoun in the movie Powder River.

In his bunk, the Pontchartrain's cook, nineteen-year-old Bill Simpson, was curled up with a paperbound book—George Gamow's Birth and Death of the Sun. He had just reached the chapter explaining the construction of the atom.

Nearby, fireman Brad Endersbe rooted through a pile of paperbacks. He had read all except one: Barbary Slave, by Kevin Matthews. He smiled at the blurb on the back. "Sold into slavery . . . It was unthinkable that innocent Eve Doremus of Boston would be forced to parade her naked beauty in a Barbary Coast slave mart . . ."

As Endersbe climbed into his bunk to learn more about Eve, he hoped that the captain wouldn't call another practice ditching drill, as he had the previous night. It was 10:26, San Francisco time.

ON THE CLIPPER, climbing steadily at more than 500 feet per minute, Hendrik Braat carefully turned the hands of his stainless-steel-cased watch two hours ahead to San Francisco time. In the tourist section, Katherine Araki collected Mrs. Dami's leis to put them in plastic bags and keep them fresh in the refrigerator. Mrs. Dami's seat companion, Mrs. Walker, decided to hold on to her white orchid corsage. Removing it from her navy blue traveling dress, she carefully pinned it to the window curtain. And forward in the cockpit, thirty-nine-year-old Lee Haaker, piloting for the first two hours, held their whole world steady in his big, capable hands.

As soon as the *No Smoking* sign went out, some of the first-class passengers climbed down the spiral staircase to the lower-deck cocktail lounge. In the galley, Lynn Daniel began laying out the trays with the "Aloha Champagne Supper." For the first-class passengers the menu included Rock Cornish Game Hen with Wild Rice Farci, a choice of Belgian Spring Carrots or Baby Brussels Sprouts and Champagne Brut-Almaden. The tourist-class passengers were served Braised Sirloin Tips for their entree. They could buy wines and liquors if they wanted.

In the comfortable bigness of the airliner, the passengers began to relax. Strangers made new friends and conversations begun on the way from Tokyo were resumed. And for all the passengers there was the underlying excitement of the flight itself and the arrival in San Francisco the following morning. To the stewardesses, as they cared for the passengers, there came the soft hum of many voices speaking many languages.

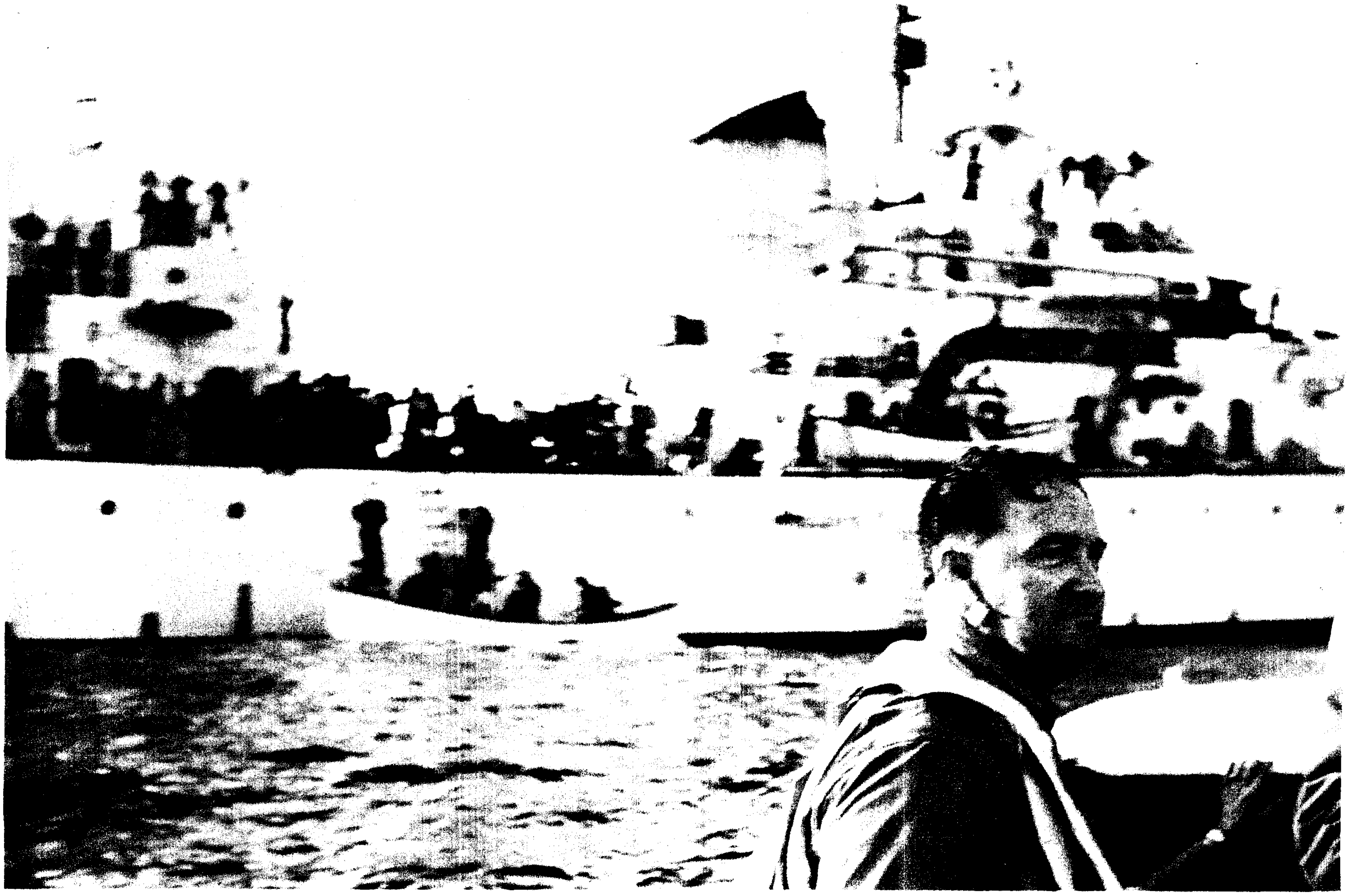
By the time Sovereign of the Skies reached her cruising altitude of 13,000 feet, the stewardesses were ready to serve dinner. But just then the big Clipper ran into a layer of heavy cumulus cloud and the flight became unpleasantly bumpy. Conditions were so bad that some of the passengers became airsick and Pat Reynolds postponed the dinner.

MAKING HER WAY forward to the cockpit, she spoke to Captain Ogg. "How long is this going to last?" she asked. "I want to get dinner over so my passengers can retire." Ogg, looking out over a fluffy gray field of clouds, some directly in the path of the plane, others towering on either side of it, said, "I don't know, Pat, but I think we'll be out of this stuff pretty soon."

The bumpiness soon ended, but perhaps because of it, many of the passengers didn't eat very well. By a little after midnight, San Francisco time—two hours after leaving Honolulu—dinner was over and Flight 943's passengers settled down for the night.

Because only 13 people were traveling tourist class in a section designed to carry 35, the passengers were able to take advantage of the extra space. By removing the intervening seat arms, the passengers were able to stretch out full length.

Bidding Mrs. Walker "Good night," Mrs. Dami



ROBERT H. TREMLETT, JR.

In this picture, taken from a lifeboat, Cmdr. Kenneth Strickler appears in the foreground, bleeding from a cut ear. In the background is the Coast Guard rescue ship

"We'll have breakfast ready for you," radioed the cutter captain. "Don't worry about anything"

Aboard the cutter, crew members cluster around to care for the survivors as they are brought up from the lifeboats. One of the Gordon twins is shown as she is carried on deck; coastguardmen at left wait with warm blankets

WILLIAM I. SIMPSON

[*Continued from page 31*]

left her assigned seat. She crossed the aisle, took off her earrings, and stretched out on two seats with her feet resting against the glass of one of the windows. The gentle vibration from the side of the plane lulled her to sleep.

But Dr. Marcel Touzé, a French army surgeon, returning to France on a vacation after three years in Indochina, didn't bother to move. He took two quick-acting sleeping pills—French compounds known as Ammernoctal—and quickly dozed off.

In the first-class section the passengers pulled the leg rests from under their "Sleeperette" chairs. Four berths were let down from the Clipper's curved ceiling. The Gordons and their twins, comfortable in sleeping bags, occupied two of them. Hendrik Braat and Commander Strickler had the others.

Braat climbed the aluminum ladder up to his berth, undressed and went to sleep in pajamas. Strickler removed his shoes and stretched out on the foam mattress in the clothes he was wearing—slacks and a red and brown Aloha shirt.

Before he fell asleep, Commander Strickler said a prayer. He had said it for many years when aloft, ever since his first flight. "Dear God," he began, "grant this pilot and his assistants the utmost in skill. Look after this plane and its engines—and if we have to go down, grant that all of us will be saved from disaster . . ."

The overhead lights were out now, and in their place pinpoint spots sent a soft glow down the center aisle of the big plane.

In the semidarkness of the cockpit, illuminated by the faint glow of the white, red and green instrument lights, Captain Ogg relieved First Officer Haaker. Haaker made his way back to the crew bunk, switched on the reading light, and lighted up a cigar. Across the aisle, Second Officer Dick Brown plotted the plane's course across the dark Pacific. The night closed in about Flight 943.

But there was no rest for Captain Ogg. A little after 2:30, San Francisco time, he handed the controls back to Haaker. Then Ogg sat down at the navigation desk and studied the charts. They were nearing the halfway mark—the point of no return. Soon, they would pass over the weather ship Pontchartrain. Ogg said to Haaker, "It's time to take her up."

Haaker gently pulled back on the wheel and increased power, and the Clipper began its long climb to 21,000 feet. Shortly after 3:00 they reached altitude and leveled off. The second half of the flight had begun.

AT PRECISELY 3:23 A.M. the soles of Mrs. Dami's feet, planted against the plane's window, began to tingle. The sensation surged up her legs and she awoke in terror, her whole body shaking violently. In the darkened cabin, everything seemed to be "shaking to pieces." The nightmare was accentuated by the high, harsh whine of a propeller gone berserk.

In the cockpit the noise was deafening. At the controls, Haaker had to yell to make himself heard: "Runaway prop on number one! Watch out for fire!" The governor controlling the speed of one of the props had stopped working, and now the propeller was racing madly, straining the engine and twisting the plane to the left. In the cockpit, the control column vibrated like a live thing in Haaker's hands. Immediately, he eased back on the throttle. With an uncontrollable propeller they could not maintain 21,000 feet: Sovereign of the Skies began to lose altitude.

"Hit the button!" Haaker yelled. Quickly Captain Ogg was beside him. Ogg pushed a gang bar which activated a number of emergency switches, simultaneously forcing fire-extinguishing foam into number one, cutting off its fuel supply and triggering a motor to feather the propeller—stopping the blades and turning them so as to offer the least possible resistance to the wind.

Together Ogg and Haaker held the vibrating controls. Ogg yelled back to Flight Engineer Frank Garcia: "It isn't feathering! It isn't feathering!"

Garcia could hardly hear him over the noise. But he had seen from the dials before him that the propeller wasn't responding. Needles on the dials of the other three engines held steady at 2300 rpm, but on number one, the needle had shot past 2900. It could go no farther.

"Freeze it! Freeze it!" Ogg and Haaker yelled together. Garcia instantly shut off number one's oil supply, to force the engine to stop.

Ogg suddenly was aware that Pat Reynolds had entered the cockpit. Quickly he told her what had happened. "That engine may catch fire," he said. "Go back into the cabin and watch it for me."

Even before Miss Reynolds left the cockpit, Ogg was sending the first distress message into the night. A few minutes earlier the plane had passed over the Pontchartrain. Now Ogg's voice was calm as he said, "Ocean Station November. Ocean Station November. This is Clipper 943. We are having emergency engine trouble and may have to ditch alongside you. Please prepare to assist us."

Far below, across the quiet waters of the Pacific, general alarm suddenly sounded aboard the Pontchartrain.

Coastguardman Endersbe struggled up out of a sound sleep and, pulling on his pants, mumbled angrily, "I knew it. I knew it."

As if in answer, Commander Earle's voice came over the loud-speaker: "This is no drill. There is a plane in the area that may have to ditch."

Ditching is the dread of all pilots who must fly over water. Although a runaway propeller—a rare mechanical failure—is considered an emergency, Ogg hoped the prop could be controlled and feathered, and that he could continue to San Francisco on three engines.

But it was not to be.

With a sudden jarring thud the propeller uncoupled from the "frozen" engine and, now free, windmilled. Suddenly the noise and vibration stopped. But now they still had the drag of the propeller to contend with—as if a flat plate were fixed perpendicular to the wing, buffeted by the wind.

In the darkened cabin, most of the passengers were awake, but as yet unalarmed. Albert Spear, a husky Navy Seabee, returning from leave to his unit in Davisville, Rhode Island, guessed that the situation was serious. But all he could think of was that he wouldn't make his plane connection to New York. Resignedly he said to his seat companion: "I'm sunk. Now I'll be AWOL."

Whatever immediate fears the tourist passengers had were partially allayed by the quick return of Pat Reynolds from the cockpit. She stood, a small shadowy figure, leaning over the arm of a seat peering into the darkness at the outside engine on the port wing, watching for fire.

Just then the voice of the captain came on the loud-speakers: "Ladies and gentlemen, this is Captain Ogg. We have an emergency. There is a possibility that we may have to ditch. But there is no cause for alarm—there is a Coast Guard cutter nearby. Please put on your life jackets, fasten your seat belts and follow the instructions of the stewardesses. Thank you."

Pat Reynolds switched on the overhead lights and the shadows of a few moments before became people. There was no panic, then or later, no outburst of alarm. Quietly the stewardesses helped passengers into life jackets.

As Tjong Soen Lie struggled into his tough, rubber life jacket, he thought about the machine that sold insurance in Honolulu. He wished he'd bought some. Across the aisle, Hendrik Braat climbed down from his berth. Still drowsy, he was irritated by just one thing: his sleep had been cut short.

Commander Strickler, coming down from the next berth, wasn't too upset. He'd been in emergencies before over the Pacific. Earlier in the year he'd been aboard a United Airlines plane which was forced to turn back to San Francisco because of a dead engine. Strickler stayed calm.

Nearby, the two Japanese passengers, Mitsugu Shin and Hiroshi Shiga, remained impassive. They weren't sure what the captain had said.

In the tourist section, Mrs. Jacobe awakened her sleeping daughter, Joanne. She couldn't stop thinking that earlier she had been strongly tempted to remain overnight in Honolulu. Numbly she watched as Drs. Pangan and Cortes took out their rosaries and began to pray.

A few seats away, Mrs. Walker sat dry-mouthed with fear. She searched her purse, found a LifeSaver and put it into her mouth. Suddenly she said quietly, to nobody in particular, "Dear God, how can this happen to us?"

To all the passengers it seemed as though the emergency had begun a long time before. Actually it had been only five minutes.

IN THAT FIVE MINUTES the Pontchartrain, below them, had erupted with activity. Men streamed out onto the deck and manned their stations. In the combat information center, the radar men had swiftly picked up the ailing Sovereign of the Skies and plotted her course.

On the aft deck, Machinist Warrant Officer Doug Walker was earning himself a new nickname: "One-man Gang." Tumbling out of his bunk at the general alarm, he rushed to the deck locker containing the water flares. It was locked. Walker grabbed a sledge hammer and smashed the lock. As the cutter, its great searchlights pointing directly up into the sky, shot ahead at full speed, Walker and his crew tossed the lights overboard to mark a ditch path for the plane. Behind them, the flares bobbing up and down on the water illuminated the liquid runway. At the same time, the Pontchartrain's guns, loaded with illuminating star shells, pointed skyward and began firing.

Walker was so busy he didn't notice he had upset a large can of bright orange dye marker. The crews rushing to man their various stations tracked it all over the ship.

In the plane, Haaker was the first to notice that number four engine had begun to falter, too. He leaned forward and tapped the dial, hoping against hope that the needle was stuck. But there was no doubt about it. "Number four losing power," he

ZINN ARTHUR

Capt. Ogg's wife awaits him at dockside

KEITH DENNISON, OAKLAND TRIBUNE

Captain and Mrs. Ogg embracing just after his arrival

[*Continued from page 33*]

said. Ogg and Haaker turned to the engineer. "What's wrong?" they asked.

"I don't know," Frank Garcia told them.

Ogg was still hopeful they could stay aloft. Even if he lost number four he thought he might reach San Francisco on two engines—provided his fuel held out. The big problem was still number one's windmilling propeller. It was costing them speed and, therefore, precious fuel. They had to decide quickly whether to ditch or try to make it to San Francisco. Ogg, Haaker, Brown and Garcia began to worry out the problem together.

It was still dark. Ditching even in daylight was a risky business, but at night it was extremely perilous, with a chance for as many as 50 per cent casualties.

"What's our fuel consumption?" Ogg asked. Garcia quickly calculated that the two and one half engines were consuming 600 gallons an hour, and that the plane had more than 3,000 gallons left. Ogg, Haaker and Brown calculated that by limping along at the slow speed of about 160 miles per hour and with absolutely no reserves for further emergencies, they could fly for a little more than five hours.

It was Haaker who said, "We'd be short by about 200 miles—either way, from the States or Honolulu." Nobody said anything. They turned back toward the Pontchartrain, and Ogg raised the cutter on the radio: "This is Flight 943. We will have to ditch. Over."

Back came the reply: "Roger. Roger. We are prepared to assist you."

A FEW MINUTES LATER, far ahead and below, Captain Ogg and First Officer Haaker saw the first of the Pontchartrain's star shells—a fountain of lights shooting upward and outward. The clusters hung there for a moment and then they were gone.

In these critical minutes the passengers could only sit and wait. But now Ogg called Pat Reynolds and told her to move the passengers into the center of the plane where he felt they would be safest. He was afraid the tail might snap off when they ditched.

Pat returned to the cabin and began to make preparations for a crash. First, she assigned the passengers to their new seats. At the same time she asked several men and women to watch out for the children during the ditching, in case anything happened to their parents.

Next, all the loose hand baggage, brief cases, coats, parcels and books—anything that might fly through the air on impact—were thrown down the spiral stairs and into the lower-deck cocktail lounge. Then the equipment in the galley—the aluminum food cans and liquid containers, trays, plastic plates, cups, saucers, glassware and cutlery—were stacked in the rest rooms.

One of the passengers asked Katherine Araki for a plastic bag to keep personal possessions waterproof. The idea seemed a good one to the other stewardesses. So all of Mrs. Dami's leis were taken out of their plastic cases and the bags distributed. The leis, in brilliant orange, pink and purple, were tossed down into the lower-deck lounge to hang limply on the clutter of baggage.

Captain Ogg suddenly announced over the loudspeakers: "There's the cutter below." Although it was still dark, the Pontchartrain, like a brilliantly lit miniature island, was a reassuring sight. But how soon would they ditch?

IN THE COCKPIT, Ogg was wrestling with the problem. Haaker had suggested that they wait until daylight. He'd been able to reduce their speed to about 150 miles per hour and he was confident that at this low speed they'd have enough fuel to remain in the air until after dawn.

Ogg liked the plan, but he wondered about the passengers. "Psychologically," he said, "they're prepared for the ditching now. If we wait we may have trouble." There were other considerations. The ocean swells were calm at the moment. Would they be the same at dawn?

He finally decided in favor of a dawn ditching and immediately informed the passengers. "The Coast Guard cutter, as you know, is beneath us," he said. "They have been fully informed and they're standing by."

Then he added: "By the way, there's nothing to worry about—the temperature of the water is 74 degrees and the coastguardmen tell me they went swimming yesterday. So relax now and enjoy a cigarette."

In the cabin Braat lighted up and inhaled deeply. To Commander Strickler, his new seat companion, he said: "Boy, that tastes good." They had now sweated out the ditching almost an hour.

The captain's words brought immediate relief to the passengers—even though they all knew that the decision was merely a temporary reprieve.

In the hours that passed they talked, prayed and remembered—they'd started the trip as strangers and now they were drawn together by a common danger.

Dr. Touzé, looking out the window at the feathered propeller of number four engine, was coldly realistic about their chances of survival. He believed that the impact would kill many. For himself, he didn't mind dying, but he had a horror of being crippled. He expected that many would suffer broken hips—where the seat belts crossed the body—as well as broken backs and fractured skulls. He decided that when the time came he would fasten his seat belt just above his hips.

He began thinking about his wife. But for an argument with her before he left Indochina, she might at that moment have been sitting beside him. She had wanted to return to Paris by way of India, Greece, Italy and Germany. Touzé had always wanted to visit the United States. Furthermore he had been invited to deliver a speech on his specialty—liver abscesses—at the Bethesda Naval Hospital near Washington. The Touzés had quarreled and finally each decided to go his own way back to Paris. Madame Touzé had reached the French capital two weeks before. Now Touzé was glad of that.

But his paper, Surgical Aspects of Amoebic Hepatic, the result of three years' work, was somewhere in his baggage. Suddenly he remembered with a wave of relief that a copy had been mailed three weeks earlier to a student in Paris who was preparing a thesis. Dr. Touzé went back to sleep. The last he remembered, until much later, was the droning plane endlessly circling the lighted cutter below.

In the plane the waiting went on. Up in the cockpit Haaker banked the big plane once more. As they completed another swing he grinned at Second Officer Brown—the "baby" of the crew, who'd been with Pan Am less than a year. "How do you like the airline business?" he asked. Brown just looked at him.

Beside Haaker, Ogg was on the radio perfecting details of the ditching with Commander Earle.

Separated by only a mile of air, the voices of the two captains began to take on a warmth that was unmistakable even through the stilted correctness of their conversation.

EARLE: "This is the captain again, Mr. Ogg. We have everything under control down here. Your ditch heading of 330 degrees is an excellent one. We have two motorboats and all sorts of rescue gear. We're quite confident. We'll have breakfast ready for you. Don't worry about anything."

OGG: "Fine, Captain. I'll pass that word on to the passengers. We're not absolutely sure how near to your boat we'll be when we come to a stop. We're going to try to stop close, but we might be 2,000 feet off."

EARLE: "Roger, 943. We'll have both our motorboats alongside. We'll steam out there with the vessel in short order and then put the boats in the water right beside you."

OGG: "That sounds fine, Captain. There may be injured people inside the aircraft, due to seats tearing loose on landing. We'd like to have somebody come on board to help us evacuate."

EARLE: "We'll be prepared to come on board."

OGG: "That's good. I'm going to launch our rafts as if no one was there, until you arrive."

EARLE: "Roger. I would recommend that the best thing is to get your people out of the plane as quickly as you can."

OGG: "That's correct. There'll be some people coming out of both wing exits and some out of the cabin door. There'll be children getting out first."

EARLE: "Okay, fella. We're all set. We'll need some advance word so we can get that foam path laid for you."

OGG: "Roger. I'll try to make it at least 10 minutes ahead of time—unless we lose another engine. Then we'll give you the word at once."

IT WAS GROWING LIGHT NOW. Herbert Ho, the American businessman, sat with the young Formosan student, Chich-Ren-Chu. They were conversing in Chinese about Man Ow missing the plane. "It shows you," said Ho, cleaning his glasses, "how God looks after people." He looked directly at Chu. "Mr. Chu," he said mildly, "would you mind if I asked a personal question?"

Chu shook his head.

"Are you a Christian?"

Chu said, "No."

"It's not too late to become one," Ho said quietly.

Then, warming to his subject, Ho began, "Now you should realize there's a God . . ."

The Clipper droned on, forever circling the Pontchartrain.

"It's like waiting to have a tooth pulled," Braat said suddenly to Strickler.

Others were getting nervous, too. On the Pontchartrain the tension was becoming unbearable. In the combat information center Ogg's voice crackled over the radio, answering Lieutenant (jg) Frank Molin's queries. The little nerve center was jammed, each of the 15 men working there intent on his own vital job. The air was heavy with cigarette smoke. That reminded Chief Petty Officer Bob Southern. "I would like it to be noted," he announced loudly, "that up to now I've donated two and one half packs of cigarettes to the officers."

Mrs. Jacobe (left) and daughter Joanne, and Mr. and Mrs. Gordon and their twin girls, on the Pontchartrain

LONNIE WILSON, OAKLAND TRIBUNE

UNITED PRESS

Haaker and his wife grin, daughter Sue weeps, in relief

Pat Reynolds, stewardesses Araki, Daniel

Coast Guard Commander Earle

Pan Am Captain Ogg

On the decks, the boat crew waited. Then, as fingers of light crept over the horizon, they saw Sovereign of the Skies for the first time.

Almost as quickly, Captain Ogg made out the cutter below. He pressed the button on his microphone and said: "Your boat is sure a beautiful sight." Back came Lieutenant Molin's reply: "Thank you. We think so. Glad it's a comfort to you. We've got your bacon and eggs on the fire."

For the first time now, Ogg could see the gentle swells of the Pacific. But he knew that even the gentlest could rip the Clipper open if he didn't ditch exactly right.

He checked on the fuel supply. It was going fast. Then he called the crew together: "Is everybody clear on exactly what to do?" he asked them. The answers were affirmative. "Okay," he said. "Better get the passengers ready."

Pat Reynolds went back into the cabin and went through the ditching drill with the passengers. Again, she repeated that they were to remove all sharp articles from their clothing, bow their heads into pillows in their laps and clasp their hands beneath their knees.

It was at this moment that Commander Strickler reached a decision. He got out of his seat and climbed down the spiral stairs into the lower-deck lounge, choked high with baggage. He rooted through everything until he found his uniform case. Then he returned and walking down the aisle he went into the men's rest room. A few minutes later he came back to his seat wearing his uniform. If I should die, he thought, I want to die in my uniform.

Just then Ogg's voice crackled over the cabin loud-speakers. "We're going to ditch soon," he announced. "Everything is prepared—there's nothing to worry about if you follow instructions. I will give you ample warning at 10 minutes, five minutes and one minute before ditching."

Mrs. Dami carefully put on her diamond earrings. Mrs. Walker put her money, paper and glasses into the front of her dress. Dr. Touzé showed Mrs. Jacobe how best to wear the seat belt and hold her daughter. Pat Reynolds told all the passengers to take off their shoes to avoid ripping the life rafts—and then perversely decided to leave on her own.

Below them the cutter began to lay foam on the water to mark a landing strip. Ogg began making practice runs. Everything was nearly ready.

Commander Earle, watching the Clipper, spoke to Ogg over the radio for the last time: "This is November talking again . . . I want to again assure you that we're all set and we'll do the best we can . . . I have every confidence that things will go along without trouble . . . Good luck and God bless you."

Ogg replied: "Thank you, Captain. I have every confidence in you, too."

Five hours had passed since the emergency had begun. And now Sovereign of the Skies swung away on one more turn to begin the ditching run ending its last flight. There was silence in the cabin. Albert Spear suddenly decided to get his wallet from his overnight bag in the lower-deck lounge. He had just reached the spiral stairs when Captain Ogg's voice came over the loud-speakers: "One minute to ditch!" Spear quickly returned to his chair.

Normal procedure is for pilot and copilot to share landings and take-offs. Now, in the cockpit, Haaker spoke to Ogg: "Dick, this is my landing."

Ogg said, "Lee, let's make it together."

IN THE PONTCHARTRAIN'S combat information center there was a hush as Ogg's voice came over the loud-speaker: "Definitely coming in this time."

Molin said: "Good luck, buddy."

In the passenger compartment, Braat and Strickler shook hands. "Good luck to you," said Braat. Strickler replied: "God bless you." Then, like the other passengers of Flight 943, they bowed their heads into their pillows.

In the cockpit, Ogg and Haaker dropped the plane lower and lower and suddenly they were on the water. The plane struck once, then once again with terrific force. In the engine room of the cutter it sounded as if a depth charge had exploded right beside the ship.

In the plane's cabin, Braat felt his seat belt break. Strickler's side of the seat went up, swung to the right and the commander's head smashed down on the arm of the chair. Mrs. Walker felt water spraying onto her. She looked up—and suddenly she was kicked in the head by Dr. Pangan, who sailed over her and landed several seats away, on his face. Behind Pat Reynolds, the Clipper's big tail snapped.

Ogg and Haaker were pitched forward in their chairs. The plane swerved drunkenly and came to a stop. When the pilots looked up they were under water. Then the Clipper sluggishly raised its nose and they could see out again. Below them, the ocean had already filled the cargo compartment, with the animals in it.

The men in the cockpit climbed out of their seats, Garcia leading the way out. He reached the divided Dutch door leading into the passenger compartment. The lower part was jammed closed. One after another, they climbed through the upper portion to safety.

By the time Ogg reached the cabin, moments later, the passengers were lined up at the main door. Some were already loading into rafts, which had been hastily launched from the plane exits. He made a complete tour of the plane down to the gaping opening where the tail had been. Confident that everybody was out, he came back. Commander Strickler, blood pouring down from his right ear, met him. "Everybody's out," he told Ogg. The captain made one more check. Then he and Strickler boarded the last raft, where Mrs. Jacobe was kneeling, her hands together, praying, giving thanks.

From her raft, Pat Reynolds counted heads. Everybody was accounted for. She had lost one shoe in the ditching. She swung a wet silk-stockinged leg over the edge of her raft and kicked the other shoe high in the air. "We made it!" she yelled.

On the cutter, coastguardman Frank de Aguilar ran to the rail and threw up.

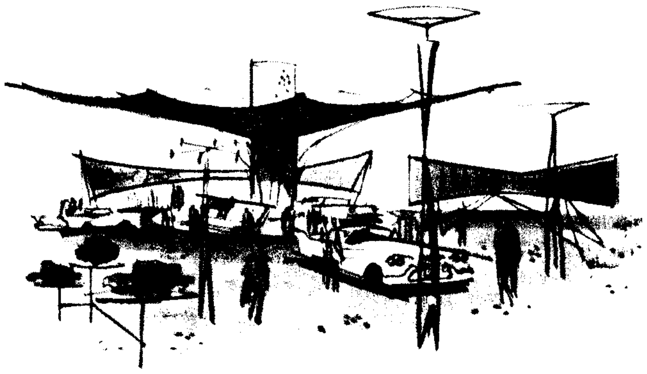
Twenty minutes later, the Clipper's passengers and crew stood on the deck of the Pontchartrain. Earle left the bridge and came to meet Ogg.

"Captain Earle," said Ogg.

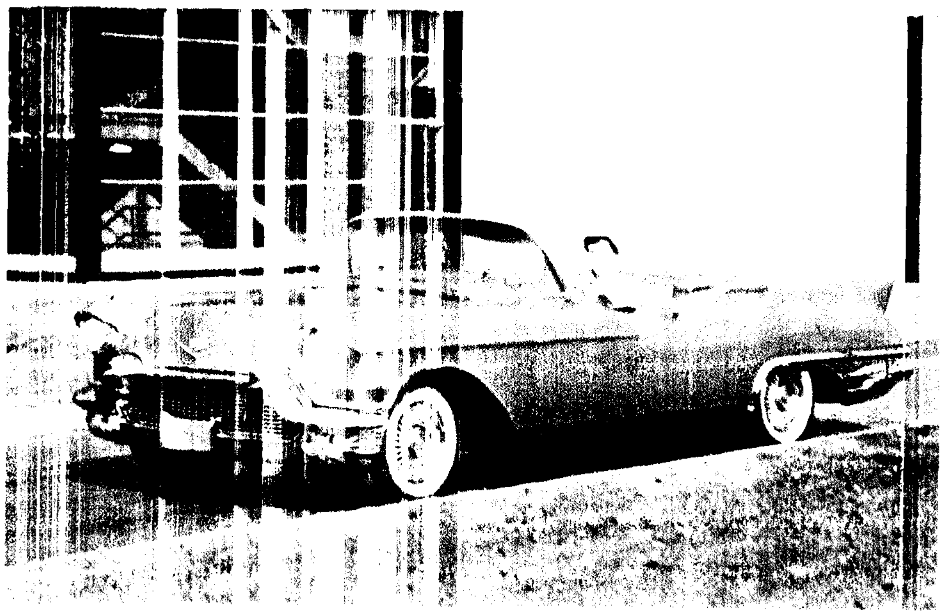
"Captain Ogg," said Earle.

They shook hands firmly.

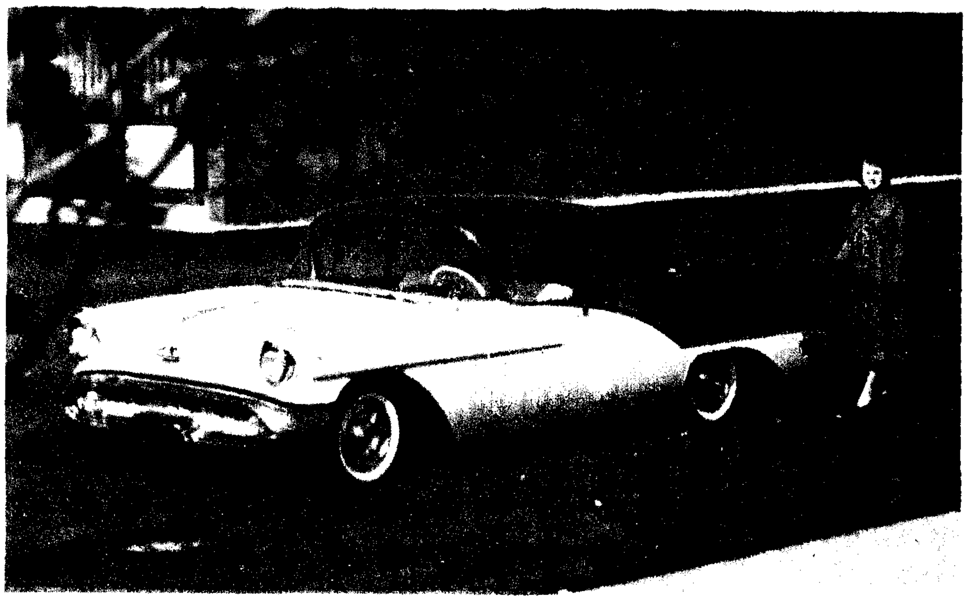
THE END



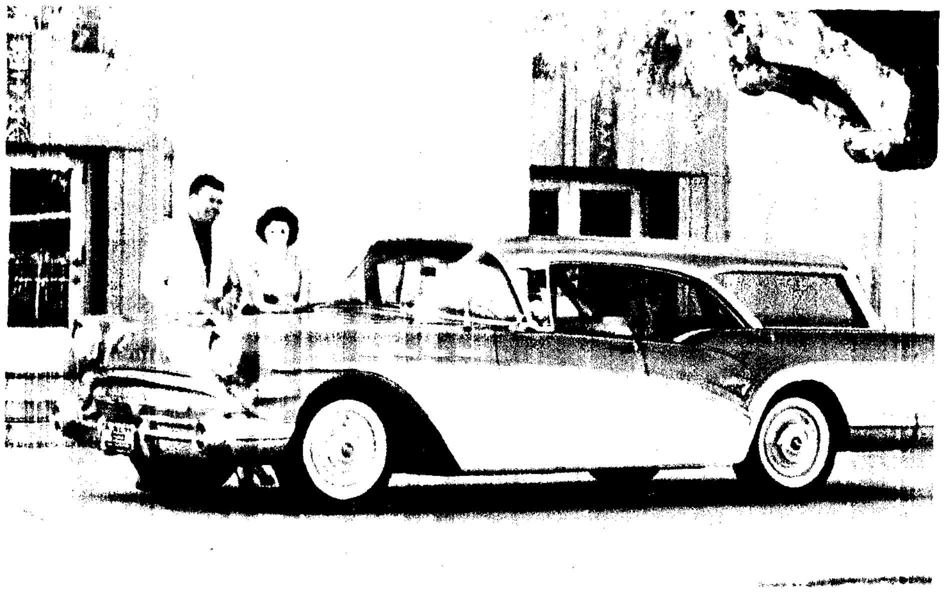
GENERAL MOTORS



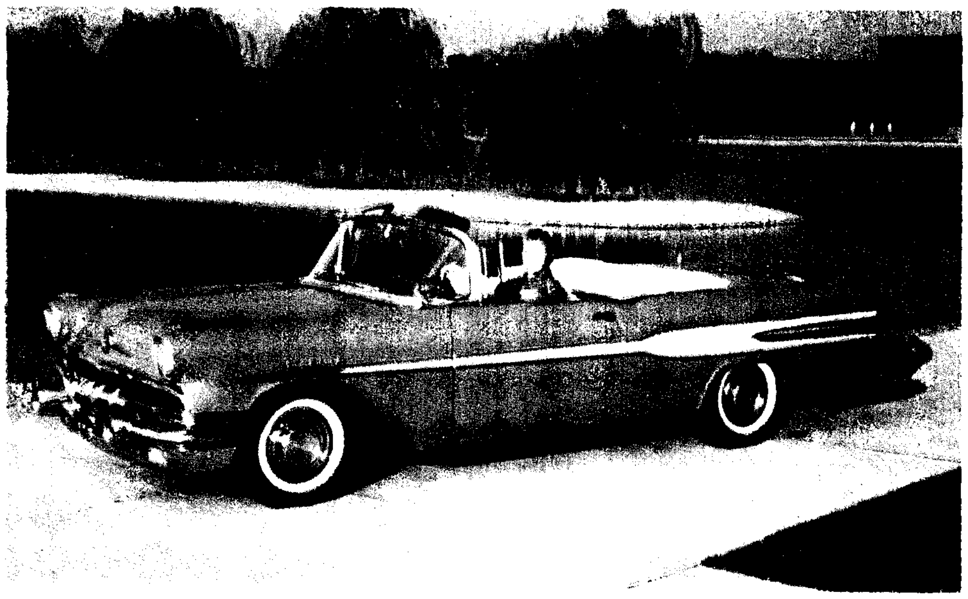
Cadillac Eldorado Biarritz Convertible



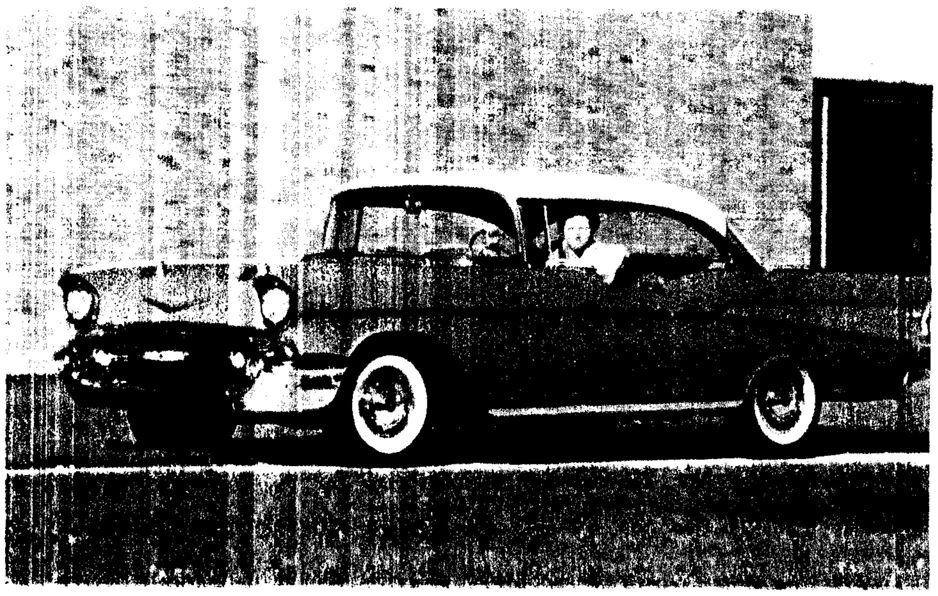
Oldsmobile 98 Starfire Holiday Sedan



Buick Roadmaster Caballero Estate Wagon



Pontiac Star Chief Convertible

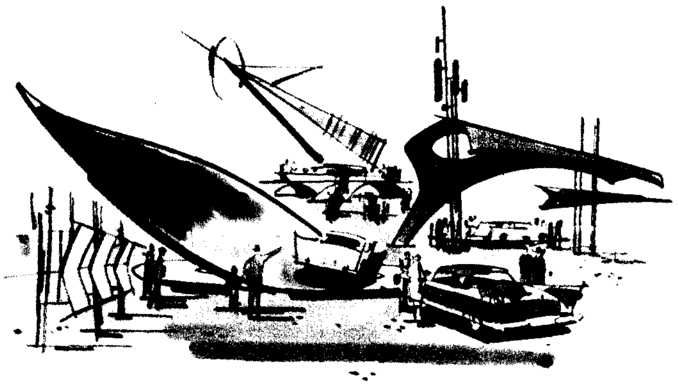


Chevrolet Bel Air Sport Coupe

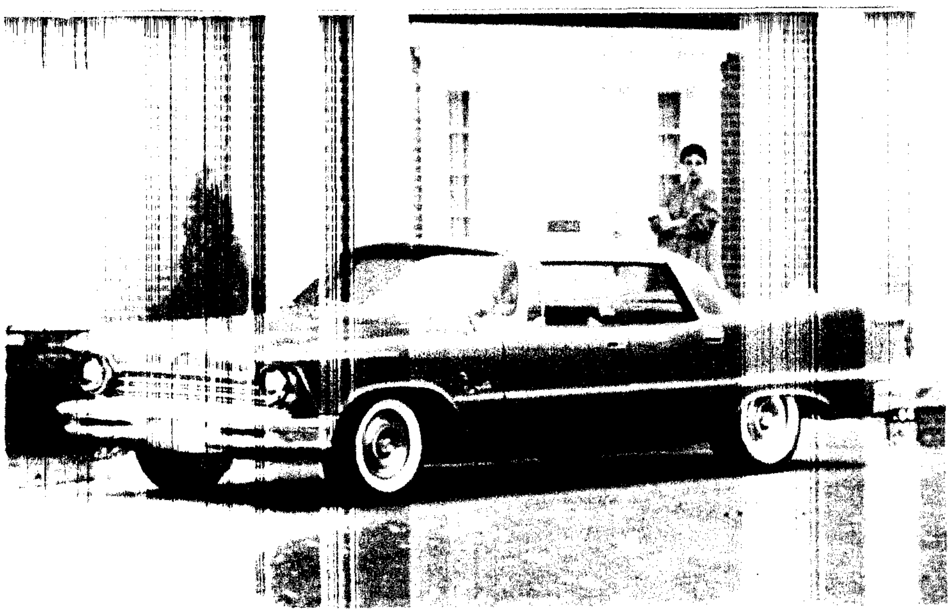
By SILER FREEMAN

THE BILLION-DOLLAR CHANGE

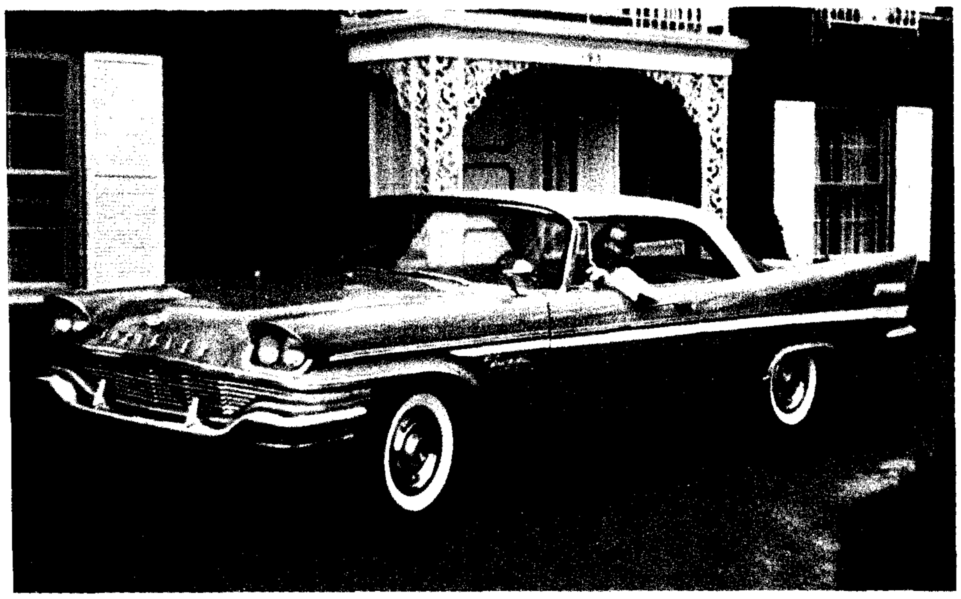
Never before has the U.S. auto industry spent so much in a single year to improve the look and performance of its cars. The objective: to boost sales back toward the 7,000,000 mark



CHRYSLER

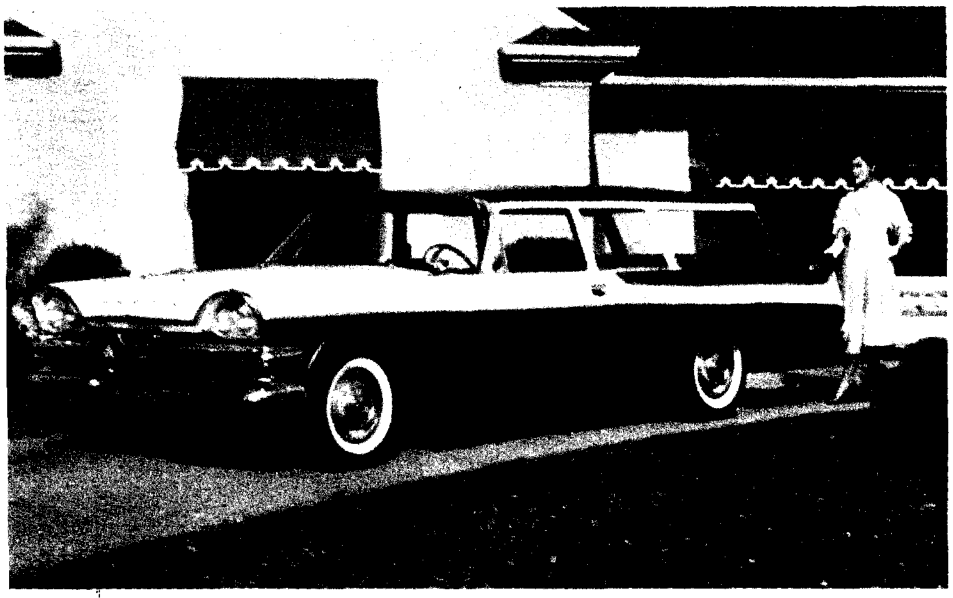


Imperial Crown Four-Door Southampton Hardtop

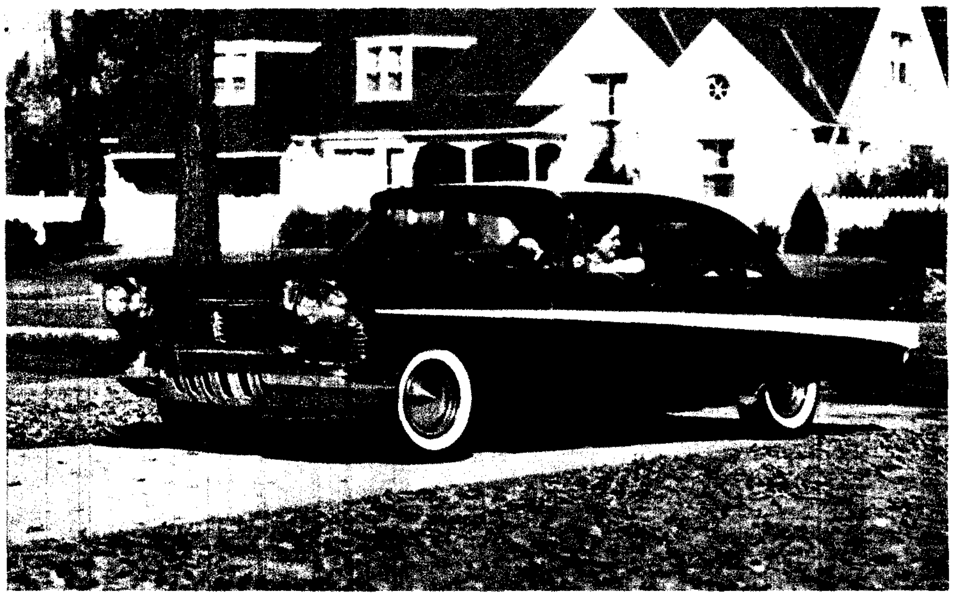


Chrysler New Yorker Hardtop

De Soto Fireflite Four-Door Hardtop Sportsman



Dodge Suburban Station Wagon



Plymouth Belvedere Sedan

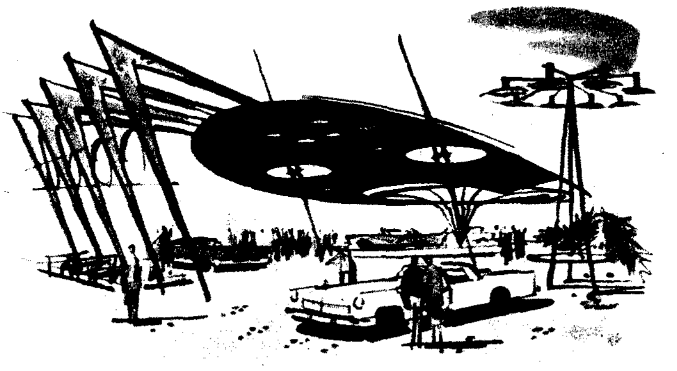
This is the year of the billion-dollar change in the automobile industry. Never before in its 63-year history has so much been spent in a single year to enhance the appearance and improve the performance of American motorcars. But the auto makers figure their billion-dollar investment will pay big dividends; they are counting on the longer and lower look of their streamlined 1957 models to send sagging sales zooming back toward the 7,000,000 mark.

The postwar era of no-holds-barred competition is over, though. The cost was too high. Although frantic selling methods boosted 1955 sales to a record high of 7,200,000, the motoring public just couldn't absorb that many new cars again in 1956 and sales plummeted to 5,900,000. The free-for-all also had two other sobering results. With neither the funds nor the facilities to match the Big Three's sales campaigns in recent years, four independent auto makers have given up the fight and either closed shop or merged with other hard-pressed independents. And Justice Department and Congressional investigators have begun to look into the industry for evidence of monopoly and unfair business practices.

Chastened by the 1956 slump and the threat of government intervention, the five surviving auto makers have decided on a new sales approach for the 1957-model year. Competition will be just as intense, but emphasis will be on the merits of the product—the redesigned cars—rather than on artificially inflated dealers' quotas and big customer discounts. The "wild sell" of 1955 has given way to the "hard sell" of 1957.

The initial step in the new sales approach is the revival of the National Automobile Show. For the first time in 16 years, all U.S. car manufacturers are putting on a multimillion-dollar exhibit of their products under one roof. From December 8th through 16th, nearly 125 passenger cars and some 65 trucks are being shown at the new New York Coliseum, the city's biggest exposition hall, under auspices of the Automobile Manufacturers Association. The show had been held annually for 41 years, until World

PHOTOGRAPHED BY GORDON TENNEY



FORD

War II. After the war, the auto makers felt no need for a national exhibit; they were selling as fast as they could produce. When competition increased, several manufacturers staged their own shows.

Credit for reviving the industry-wide exhibit goes largely to George Romney, president of American Motors, smallest of the five manufacturers (along with Studebaker-Packard, American Motors shared 4 per cent of the 1956 market). He cornered the heads of the Big Three—General Motors, Ford and Chrysler—and broke down their resistance with two convincing arguments: first, after the 1956 setback, some spectacular marketing move like the all-industry show was needed to kick off the 1957 sales year; second, the time had come for the industry to present a solid front against attacks.

First to go along with Romney was Chrysler, whose share of the market has slipped to around 16 per cent in 1956. L. L. (Tex) Colbert, Chrysler president, gave up his company's plans for an all-Chrysler show at the Coliseum in December so that the industry-wide show could be held there during the choice pre-Christmas period.

Then General Motors (with 54 per cent of the 1956 market) agreed to abandon its own Motorama show, scheduled for January in New York, to join in the national effort. Last to go in was Ford (with 26 per cent of the 1956 market). Although Ford had never been a member of the Automobile Manufacturers Association and had taken part in only one other national show (1940), it agreed not only to participate but to join the AMA. The auto makers had closed ranks for the assault on the 1957 market.

How successful the campaign will be depends largely now on how well the public takes to the new look of the 1957 models, shown on these pages. Some of the new features:

GENERAL MOTORS—All cars are lower, wider, slightly longer. Chevrolet offers fuel injection, a triple-turbine transmission and a hill-retarder for mountain driving. Pontiac features a lower hood and bigger windshield. Buick has added an estate wagon to its Special and Century lines. Oldsmobile is bringing out its first station wagon in recent years, the Fiesta. Cadillac is three inches lower, and slanting roof panels and dipping hood make it look even lower.

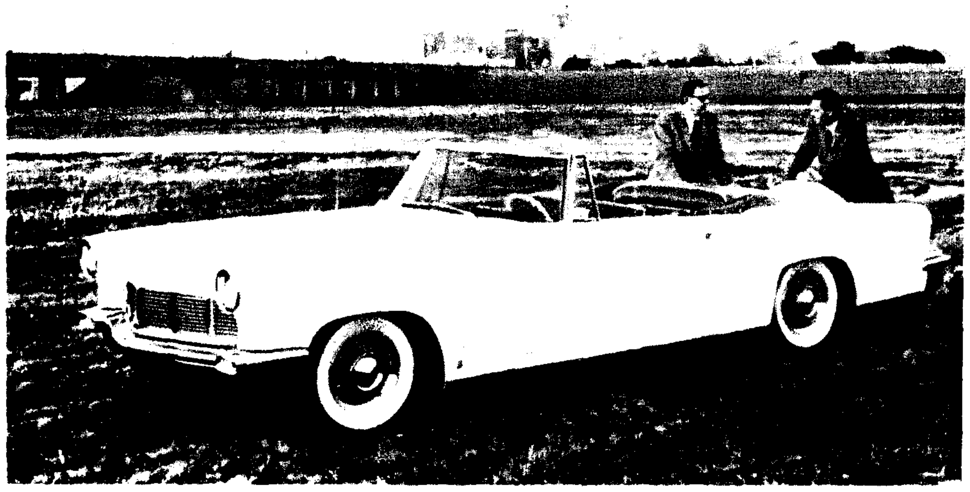
FORD—Ford, offering three different-lengthed lines, has added three inches to the wheel base and nine inches over-all to its Fairlane models, and reduced height by three to four inches. Mercury's Turnpike Cruiser line has an overhang rear roofline to shade passengers in the back, a rear window which lowers into the deck, and a windshield which dips into the roof with two ventilating air intakes at the top. Lincoln is two inches longer and has a nonslip differential to ease the problem of starting on ice or deep snow. Continental has added a convertible.

CHRYSLER—All lines are four to five inches lower, have larger engines, a new Torsion-Aire suspension system, larger windshields and extended jetlike fins. Plymouth features 118-inch and 122-inch wheel bases. Dodge, lowest of all Chrysler cars, with one model only 54 inches high, has a stepdown frame. De Soto has added a lower-priced line, the FireSweep. Chrysler has sandwiched a Saratoga in between its Windsor and New Yorker lines. Imperial has a double wrap-around windshield and curved side glass.

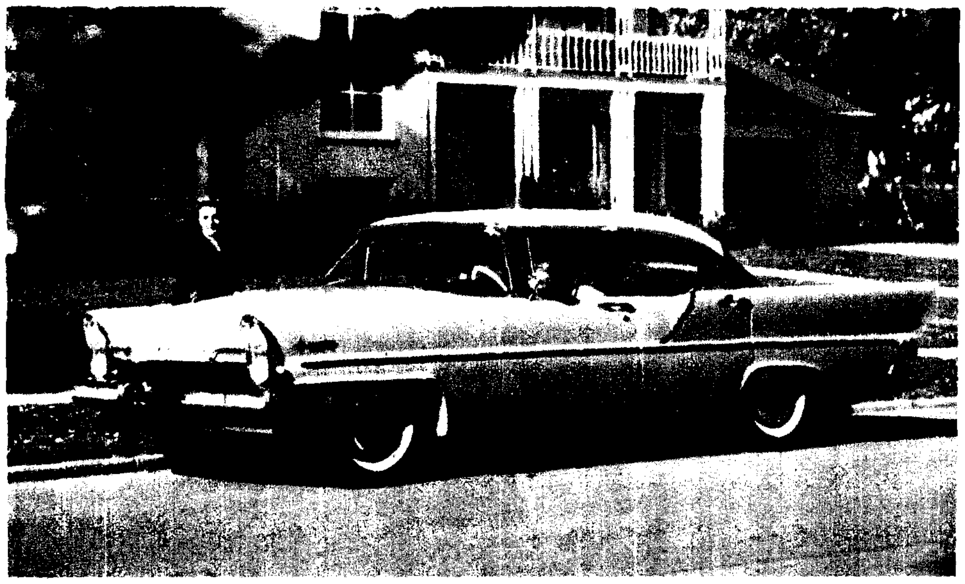
AMERICAN MOTORS—AM for the first time is offering its own V-8 engine on all lines, including the Rambler. (Previously AM had used Packard eights.) Hudson Hornet now has tail fins and a silver-textured aluminum body panel. Nash Ambassador has mounted two headlights vertically in each fender, claiming it gives 100 extra feet of illumination in the road. Rambler, making its bow as a separate division, has a redesigned grill.

STUDEBAKER-PACKARD—Studebaker offers variable-rate front springing to give the same soft ride for one to five people. The Golden Hawk uses a supercharged V-8 engine. Packard will bring out its new Clipper in January, with a Studebaker V-8 engine.

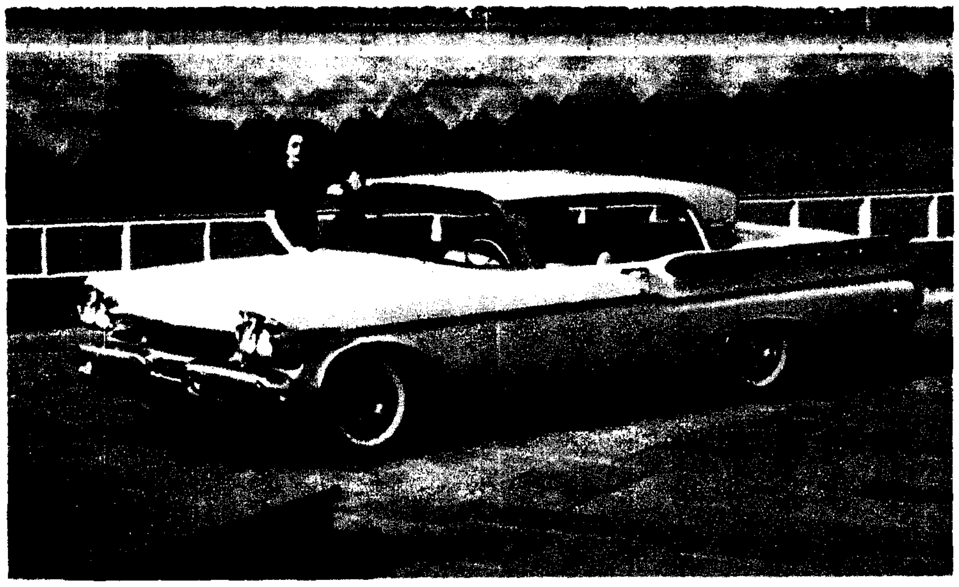
IVAN MASSAR



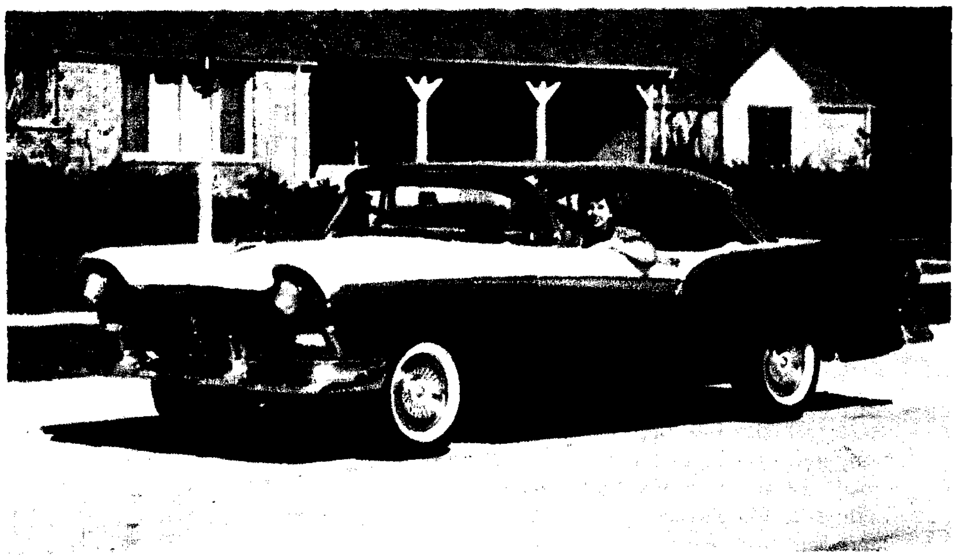
Continental Mark II Cabriolet Convertible



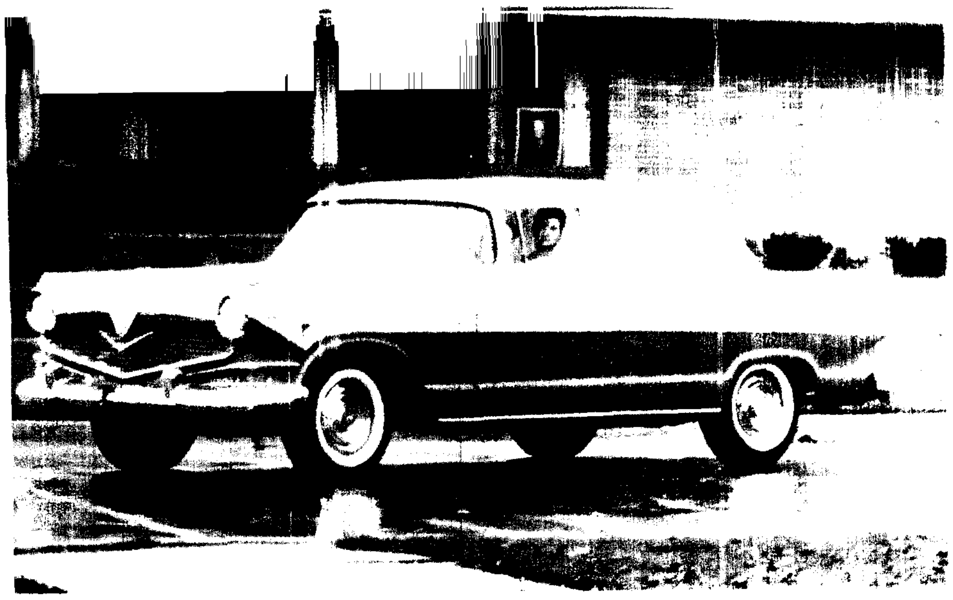
Lincoln Premiere Landau 4-Door Hardtop

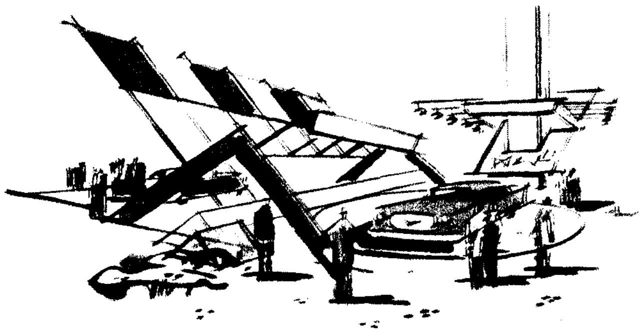


Mercury Turnpike Cruiser Hardtop



Ford Fairlane 500 Club Victoria Hardtop

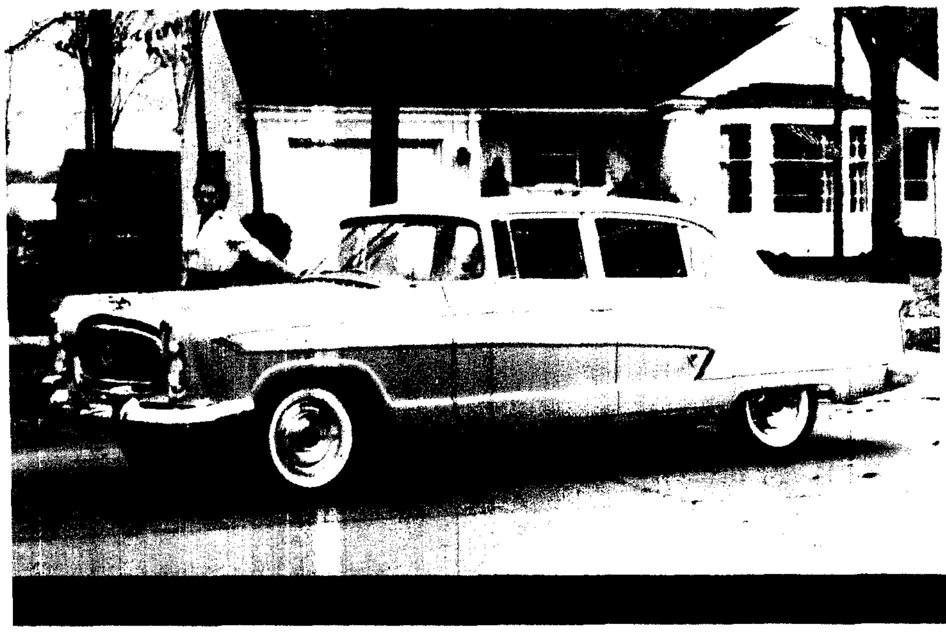




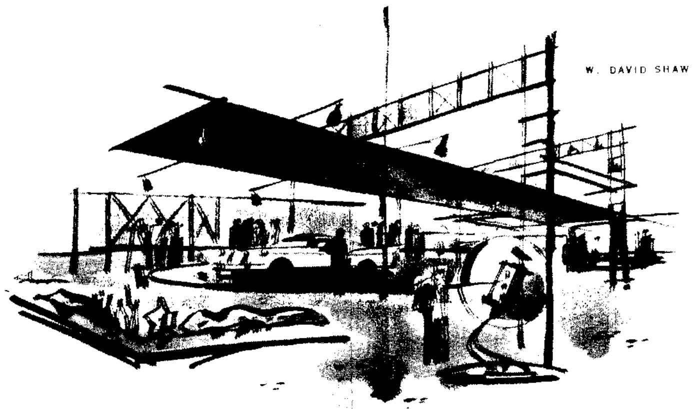
AMERICAN MOTORS

Above: Hudson Custom Sedan. Below: Nash Ambassador Custom Sedan

Rambler Custom Cross Country Station Wagon

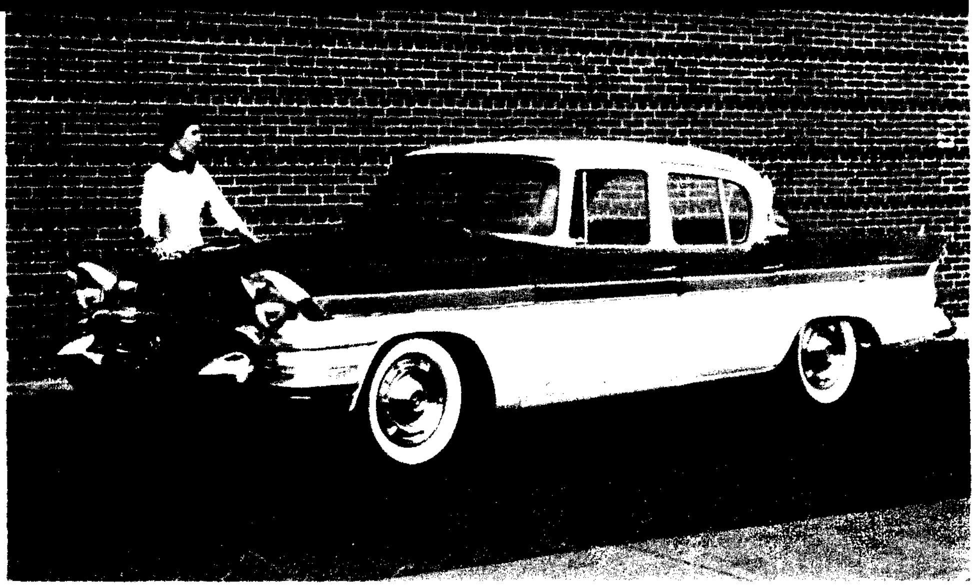


JOE CLARK

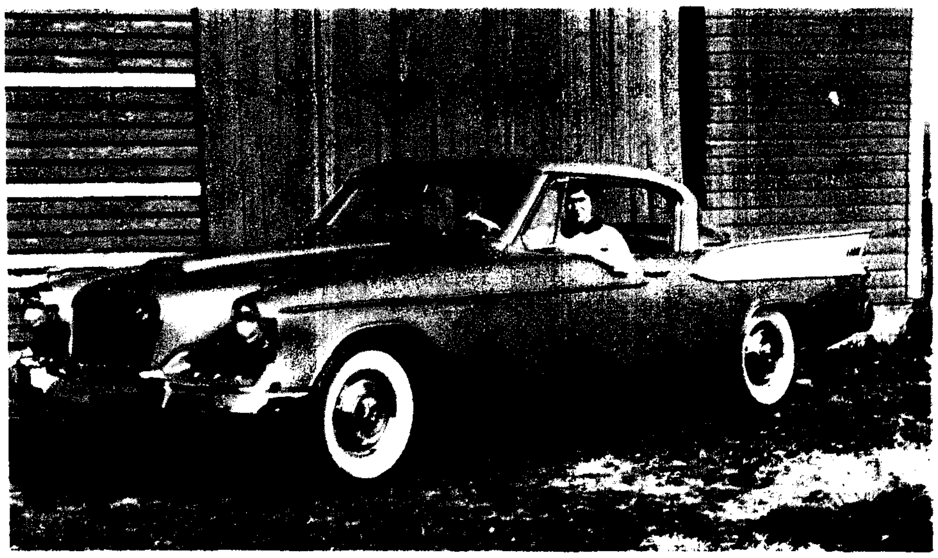


W. DAVID SHAW

STUDEBAKER-PACKARD



Packard Clipper Sedan



Studebaker Golden Hawk Hardtop

Studebaker President Classic Sedan

The secret of SLENDERELLA

By ROBERT O'BRIEN

It seems that the way things are in America, if you hook up to a dream or a longing it is better than striking uranium, and here was the scene to prove it —the sunny day and the sparkling Sound, the white, ocean-going Slenderella gently nudging her pilings at the Stamford, Connecticut, yacht basin; and, in the luxurious wheelhouse, Lawrence L. Mack, her thirty-eight-year-old owner, sitting back about to tell how it all began.

He wore a dark sport shirt, perhaps of Italian import, an Ascot scarf of maroon foulard, impeccably tailored slacks and smart, rope-soled yachting shoes. He was short, refined in bone and structure. Something about him as he relaxed on a stool suggested a boxer, in control and coasting, between rounds.

The interviewer started a tape recorder on the table next to the stool, and switched it to "Record." In a drawl as soft as corn silk, Mack started out:

"I was born May 20, 1918, in Kansas City, Mizzurah, and I lived there the early part of my life—I had a regular American boyhood. I'd say I'm about the most American American you could find—a guy with a real red-white-and-blue background . . ."

Now and then his angular features broke unexpectedly into a smile, as if to say, "See?—wasn't that simple?" The fragile tapes took down a twentieth-century fairy tale—the story of how Larry Mack created Slenderella.

In plainest terms, Slenderella International is a way of life for women—young, middle-aged or in their eighties—who have figure problems, and the desire to solve them.

Now this is indeed common ground for us all. Doctors warn that as a nation we are eating ourselves to death, and impress us into the campaign of the calories. Most of us make sorry troops. We deny ourselves the second helping of roast beef and gravy, then hold out our plate for that sugary piece of hot apple pie, that rich wedge of chocolate cake.

The women who go to Slenderella aren't kidding. They confess their frailty and yield rotundity to the measuring tape. They join a sisterhood of the last resort. "We are pumpkins!" they cry. "Wave your magic wand, and turn us into a golden coach!"

And the white-gowned technicians of Slenderella say to them, as the fairy godmother said to the scullery maid, "Now if you do just as we tell you, and ask no questions, you shall see what we can do."

It may be a secretary starting to spread, a fashion-conscious matron who wants to get in shape for a sheath, a college girl ballooning on dormitory pastries, or a chorus girl whose dance routines work wonders for her legs, but do nothing at all for the superstructure.

They come in a thousand shapes, sizes and ages, but the average prospect is a little past thirty. She had a good figure once and was proud of it. She has had a couple of children, her metabolism is slowing down, she is eating more than she used to, and her tennis racket and golf clubs are gray with attic dust. She has taken a good look in the mirror. "Part of me," she has said to herself, "has got to go."

At the Slenderella salon, a willowy receptionist welcomes her with a sympathetic smile, and offers her a trial run on a Slenderella table and a free figure analysis. That, says the neophyte grimly, is what she is there for.

She follows a white-gowned technician from the chic *décor* of the reception area into a back room filled with curtained booths. The room is half-lit. Piped-in music plays softly. She gets the impression of someone behind each curtain, lying privately in the dimness, as in a Pullman sleeper at 3:00 A.M.

They come to her own empty booth. She loosens her bra. If she is wearing a girdle, she removes it. Otherwise fully dressed, she stretches flat on her back on a narrow table, padded and covered with white leatherette. She grasps a bar an arm's length behind her head.

The technician flicks a switch. A surface about 10 inches broad and as long as the table is wide quivers beneath her shoulder blades. At the end of a seven-minute cycle and one minute of pause, it vibrates in the opposite direction. One more cycle in this position, and she reverses, and lies with hips across the moving plane.

This goes on for 45 minutes. (Some old Slenderella hands say the table makes them feel like a bowlful of jelly. Others say it makes them tingle, as if bathing in champagne.) During pauses, the technician tells her what is happening.

Through the interplay of vibration and stretch reflexes, the technician says, she is taking "passive exercise"; she is putting snap into her respiration and circulation: she is toning muscles of hip and thigh, abdomen and back, arms and rib cage. Just lying there she has undergone a workout roughly equivalent to 10 miles on horseback or 36 holes of golf at Pebble Beach.

Now she surrenders herself to the manager or assistant manager, either of whom is a qualified figure analyst. This clear-eyed young lady tells her, with colored "Before" and "After" slides to back it up, the dramatic story of Betty Bountiful.

Above, an employee demonstrates the table which is

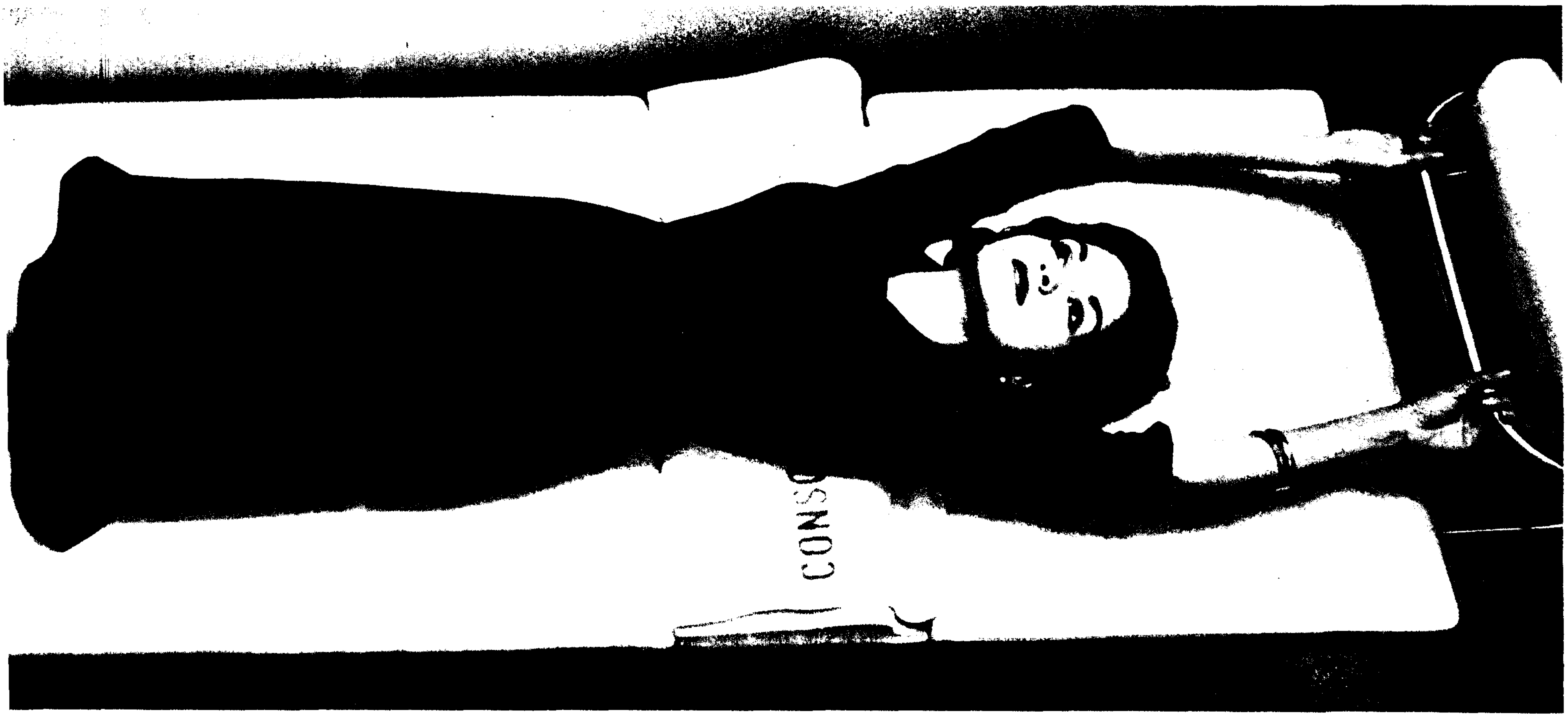
Betty, it seems, was a real dumpling, a feather bed. Then she signed up for a long course of Slenderella. What happened? Betty now wears dresses two sizes smaller than she used to. Her friends all call her "Gina," and she is the most sought-after date in her entire neighborhood.

It is time for the prospect to stand before the mirror. "H'mm," says the figure analyst, "just as I thought. Pelvic dip. A little sway-backed, but not hopeless. Incipient dowager slouch . . ." Cold-bloodedly she whips out a tape and measures the prospect's bust, chest, waist, abdomen, hips, thighs, knees, calves, ankles and upper arms. She writes down the figures and mulls them over for a few moments. Then she asks thoughtfully, "How long has it been since you wore a size 14?"

In these preliminaries, vulgarities like "reduce" or "diet" are never uttered. It is, instead, "slender-

PHOTOGRAPHED BY GENE COOK

By holding out to the plumpish matrons of America the opportunity to capture again the golden grace of their youth, the hard-driving young man at left has turned a success formula and a mechanical table into a national phenomenon. Annual gross: $20,000,000-plus



heart of the Slenderella system. Its mechanical surface was developed by an engineering professor at Ohio State for Lawrence L. Mack (top), president of Slenderella International

ize" or "menu adjustment," and the analyst or technician who slips will be packed off to Siberia. Similarly, it is never, "You really ought to work off about 20 pounds of that blubber," but rather, "Wouldn't you like to slip into something a little daintier than those awful old 16s?"

The analyst assures the prospect that the table will revamp or "proportion" her figure, and that individually planned Slenderella menus will help her into a smaller dress. She will be given Slenderella mint wafers to take the edge off her appetite, maintain her vitamin and mineral supply, and, above all, remind her that she is committed to a program of self-improvement and is paying for it in cold cash.

The analyst then outlines the results she, with her particular frame and body type, can expect. Slenderella guarantees results in writing; if the customer co-operates, and at the end of the course is not satisfied, she can get her money back, or else continue the treatments free of charge until she *is* satisfied, or until both she and Slenderella, by mutual consent, call the whole thing off. Courses usually range from 30 to 150 sessions on the table at the recommended rate of three a week, and at a cost of $2 each, with 10 per cent off for cash in advance.

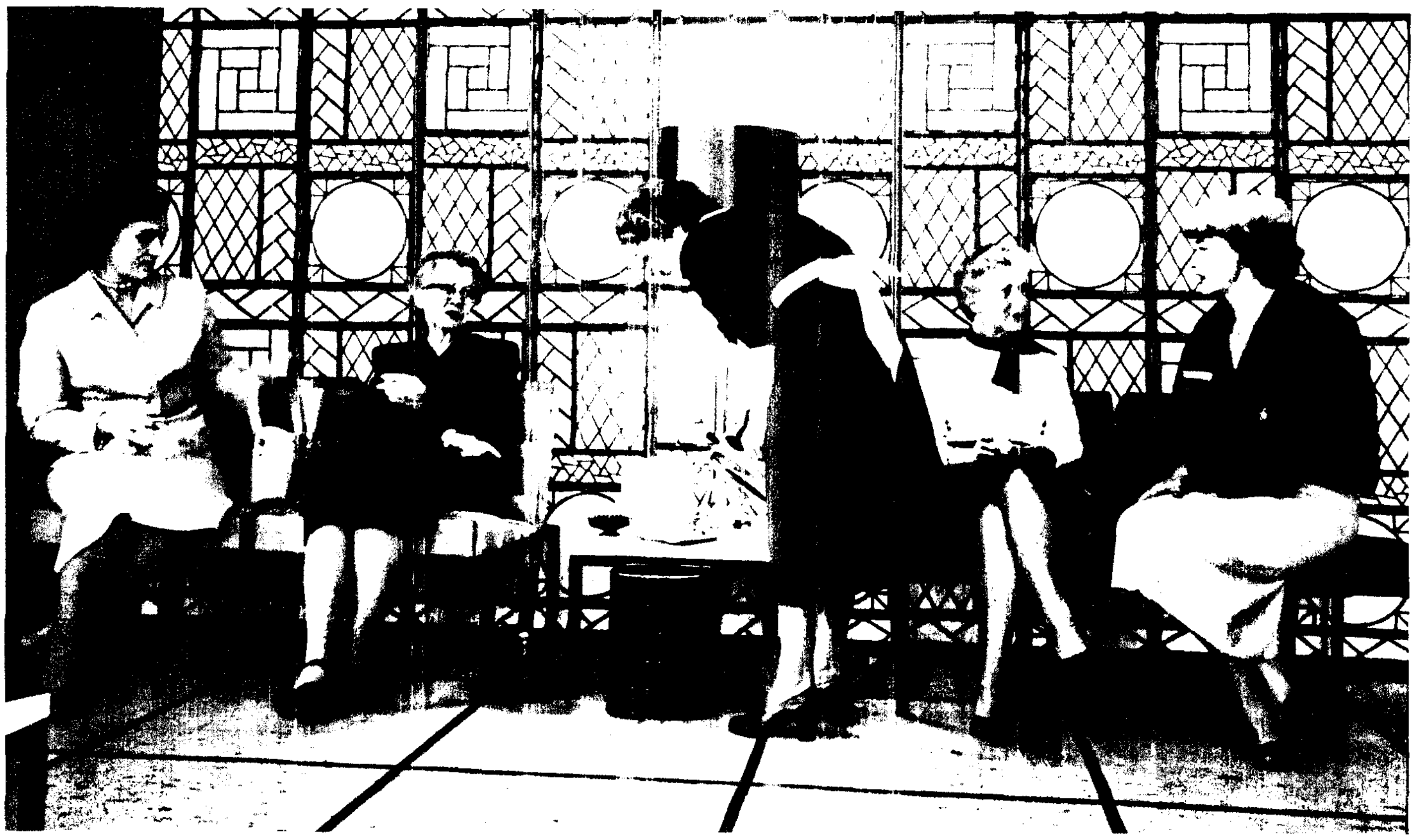
"What about when the course is finished?" she asks. "Will I gain it all back?"

The analyst's answer is generally, "That will be up to you. Many patrons keep right on, with a repeat course. Many, with what they've learned about weight and figure control, feel able to handle the problem themselves. A few just haven't got the will or pride, or just don't care enough, and backslide to a 'Before.' "

More often than not, the prospect has mused upon Slenderella ads: "We'll give you a wonderful lift—we'll firm you, mold you—we'll coax your body into luscious new lines—and you'll love everything we do!" It is all irresistible. She signs on the dotted line.

To a student of American business, the entire effort represents one of the shrewdest, most persuasive appeals in merchandising history. Hidden in its very core lies the time-tested theme of the old fable: Every woman is her own heroine; in every woman dwells a secret Cinderella—unrealized, unrecognized, girlishly deserving of a golden coach, glass slippers and a prince, and dreaming of achieving them through the touch of magic, the transformation that will reveal her own true and special beauty. Slenderella promises this transformation, and the results border on the fantastic.

In 1954 there were 40 Slenderella salons in the



The 145 Slenderella salons, spread all across America, emphasize dignity and chic décor. *Attendant serves the waiting patrons coffee—but without sugar. This salon is in Garden City, New York*

United States; today there are 145, and two in Canada, one in Hawaii and five in Europe. Next year new ones will open at the rate of 10 a month. Several will be experimental—for men only.

Two years ago Slenderella patrons numbered 90,000. As this year ends, their ranks are triple that and greater, totaling in the neighborhood of 300,000. These 300,000—ranging in age from nine to eighty-six and in heft from 65 to 293 pounds—have shed an estimated 4,500,000 inches, most of them from bust and hip, and peeled off an aggregate of 3,600,000 pounds.

IN RETURN, they have gratefully made Mack a Missouri Midas. From a shaky start with five salons in the New York area in 1950, Slenderella has burgeoned to the point where for 1956 Mack anticipates a sales gross of $25,000,000. This, quantitatively, is as much as Nevada's Comstock bonanza yielded to Silver King John W. Mackay in his entire lifetime. Sales gross for 1957, Mack predicts, will climb to between $33,000,000 and $35,000,000.

Actual cash grosses will run to perhaps 85 or 90 per cent of these figures, say $18,000,000 to $20,000,000 for 1956 and about $31,000,000 for 1957, give or take a million or so. Not all customers fulfill their contracts: they move away or they fall ill, or what they really need is a doctor or a psychiatrist, or they aren't able to keep up the routine, or they are just plain dissatisfied, and turn elsewhere for help.

There is left, withal, quite a piece of change to pass around. Slenderella meets a payroll of $1,000,000 a month. Salon employees share with supervisors nearly 40 per cent of all profits their particular salons earn, over and above expenses. The advertising budget keeps rising. Last January it was $187,000 for the month. By October it had more than doubled, to $400,000. In 1957 Mack plans to spend $5,000,000 to spread the Slenderella word in print and on the air.

Some of this will go to CBS's Arthur Godfrey, currently the only male user of a Slenderella table. Before endorsing Slenderella, he had a table moved to a small gymnasium adjoining his sixth-floor office in Manhattan's East Fifty-second Street, and took several trial treatments. The table is still there. Godfrey relaxes on it several times a week.

Of Slenderella's 1,475 employees, all but 25 are women. "Women are smarter than men," Mack says. "If you don't think so, tell me why they live 15 years longer than us menfolk with the superbrains."

He had plenty of reason to ponder this sentiment a few weeks ago when he found himself with a palace revolution on his hands in San Francisco. Dissatisfied with their working conditions, some 20 managers and assistant managers of the eight Bay Area salons wired him for higher pay and administrative changes with regard to salon expenses and employee complements.

The next day, replacements flown from other cities opened the salons, and Union Square shoppers in downtown San Francisco were treated to the spectacle of pickets in high heels and furs parading on the Stockton Street sidewalk outside Slenderella's de luxe "Showcase" salon.

"They call us execs and pay less than techs," read their placards, and "'Highest-paid women executives in the world?' Less than $1 per working hour last month."

Mack called the charges "Nonsense," and interpreted the rebellion as an organized effort to disrupt company management in the Bay Area. The girls got themselves a lawyer.

With most of his employees Mack has formed a kind of feminine elite corps. To qualify for a salon job a girl has to be attractive, tactful and interested in people. She must have a college background or sales training. She must pass a Kuder Preference test showing she can handle executive responsibility. She takes a modified Army General Classification test, and must score at least 125 as against a "normal" rating of 100. She must get through a Wunderlich Personnel test with a score of at least 25, as compared with the top grade of 30. If she survives all this, and can adapt herself to the big-business pace and stay with it, she stands a chance of striking it rich herself.

One Slenderella executive retired last summer at the age of forty-one, closed her apartment at Kew Gardens, Long Island, and sailed to the isles of Greece for an indefinite stay.

Six vice-presidents, three of them women in their thirties and three still in their twenties, draw down base salaries of $1,000 a month and bonuses that boost their income to anywhere from $60,000 to $70,000 a year.

Miss Eloise English, vice-president in charge of national operations, ranks among the 12 most successful (i.e., highly paid) career women in the United States. Things Slenderella has meant to her include a weekly CBS radio show; a wardrobe placing her among the Fashion Academy's 10 best-dressed women in America; a business itinerary of more than 100,000 miles a year; a nine-room ranch house in Darien, Connecticut, and a crackling pace that would have many a high-powered male executive reaching for his heart medicine. She is unmarried.

Of them all, the best adjusted to the champagne-like air of these financial Alps is Larry Mack himself, the boy from Mizzurah, who knew he was going up that high all along.

"I have always worked," he said, "but not because I had to. My stepfather—my father died when I was three—was always in the middle- or upper-class bracket. I did door-to-door selling—insurance, low-grade real estate, crispy crunchy things for a breakfast-food company, and cut-plug, cigarette papers and Bull Durham down the country roads. But it never occurred to me I wouldn't be somebody."

He attended Drury College in Springfield, Missouri, and married Mary Kay Hughes the year he graduated, in 1939, when he was twenty-one. Seven years later, on the far side of World War II, he stopped for a backward look down the slope.

HE HAD BECOME the father of Larry, Jr., born in 1942. His stepfather had died. Commissioned into the Navy as ensign, he had advanced to the rank of lieutenant, j.g., and served as paymaster on the carrier Bataan. And now, in 1946, he was casting around for something to do.

"I wanted a business that I could eventually take over. That was fundamental in my thinking. Here's what I was looking for: something that had universal appeal, that filled a universal need; and something that was new, or a new twist on an old idea."

It took a year for the concept to emerge.

"In Mizzurah the only places a respectable woman went to, outside her home, were the beauty parlor and the church. I got to thinking about this. The beauty parlor and the church took care of her hair, her complexion and her soul. What did they do for her figure? Nothing.

"Now a fact of life is that every woman wants a good figure. If she had one once and lost it, she wants it back. If she never did have one, she wants to do what she can to improve what she's got. They all want to be whistled at. So, right here was my universal. Sure, several reducing concerns were in the field. But no one had ever civilized them. I wanted to open places that women would go to and consider it the smart thing to do."

He cornered three Missouri businessmen who had been associates of his stepfather in a Spring-

Enjoy your [illegible] in the [illegible] Blue Room [illegible] the famous Roosevelt Hotel in New Orleans.

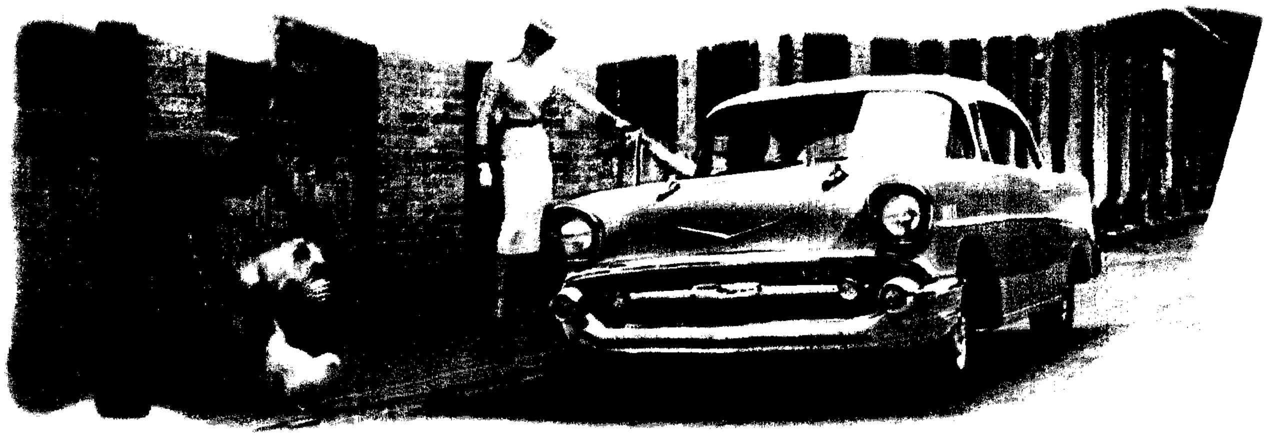
Imagine, here for dinner!

New Orleans. The famous Roosevelt Hotel. Soft lights. Such food. It's possible to enjoy all this just a few hours after your vacation begins—maybe hundreds of miles away—when you've got The Hertz Idea!

What's The Hertz Idea? Simply this: You save days getting to your vacation spot by leaving your car at home, taking a fast train or plane, and having a Hertz car awaiting your arrival.

It's so easy. Your driver's license and proper identification give you the keys to a sparkling new Powerglide Chevrolet Bel Air or other fine car. Drive it anywhere, a day, a week or longer. It's like having your *own* car. It's low cost, too. The national average rate is only $7.55 a day plus 8 cents a mile. That includes all gasoline, oil, and proper insurance.

So look, if you're planning your vacation, be sure to reserve a Hertz car for *there*. Give us a call. We're listed under "H" in phone books *everywhere*. Hertz Rent A Car, 218 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago 4, Ill.

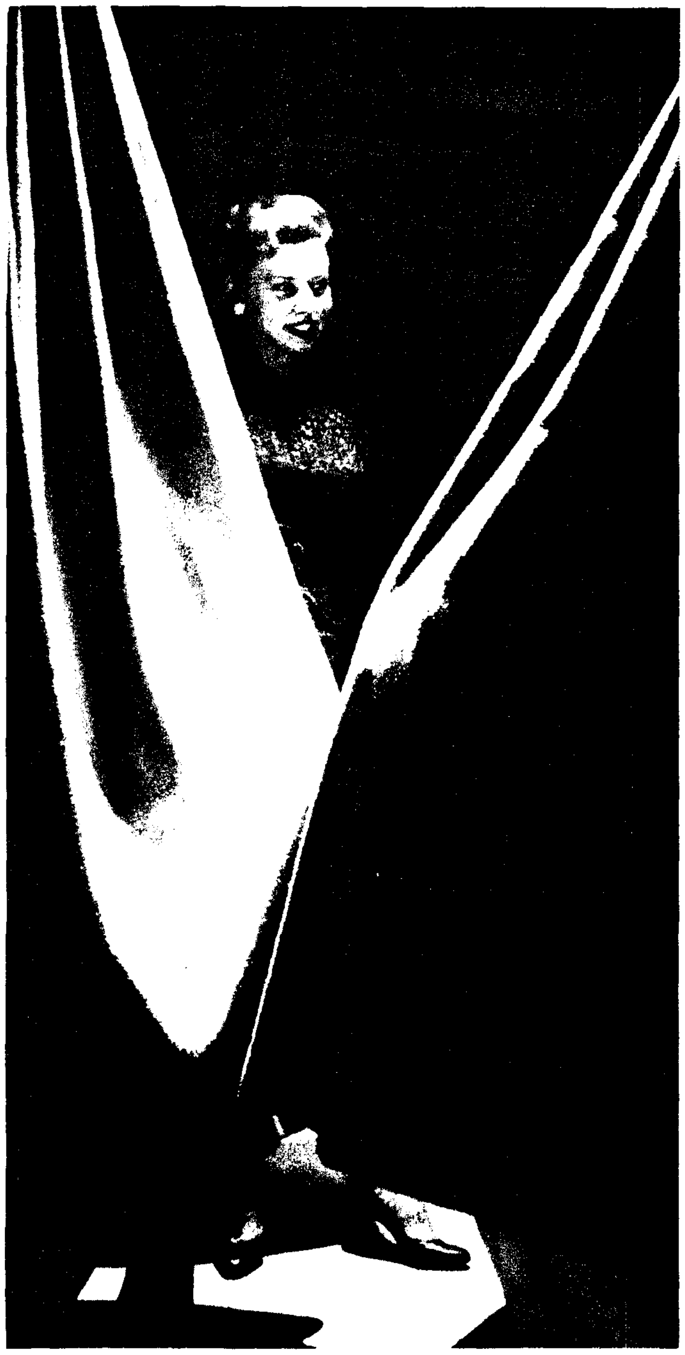


More people by far...use

HERTZ

Rent a car

See exciting and unusual New Orleans in a new Powerglide Chevrolet Bel Air (or other fine car)—just like your own!



Standing in curtained stalls, technicians adjust tables

field savings and loan company, and talked them into backing his idea.

"I was a young kid they felt would work pretty hard. We each put up $1,250."

For his part, Mack put up something else, something unique—a dry, cracker-barrel approach to the boudoir industry of reshaping the female body. In this particular field, his genius lay in his discovery of the originality of the obvious, his total faith in the simplest way of doing things.

Looking back, it makes a montage of struggle: Small, badly lighted salons—he and Mary Kay painted them, floor, wall and ceiling—in busy Midwest cities; the name "Blanchette (for one of the backers) & Mack" over the door; lesson (learned in Columbus): never locate halfway out of town—if you're going into the suburbs go all the way out or you'll only stay open six months and lose your shirt doing that; petty loans, desperately sought for the food bill, the doctor bill; lesson (learned in Toledo): make sure there's plenty of parking space for the customers, or your salon'll die right there on the vine; the winter in Toledo . . .

"Luna Pier—if there was ever a dog of a place, that was it. Toledo still had a war housing problem, and we couldn't rent anything, and didn't have the money to buy. So we took a beach cottage at Luna Pier. No plumbing, no heat. It was the winter our daughter, Kay, was born. We used to take the children and sit through the same movie night after night to keep warm."

He tested different kinds of tables and cabinets and vibrating machines. Everything he learned confirmed the intuition he had started out with:

"We had to have equipment, and it had to be equipment that would slenderize a woman with her clothes on. I knew this, because in Mizzurah the only place a respectable woman ever took her clothes off was her bedroom."

During a business trip to Columbus, two things happened. One was that Ohio State University faculty friends introduced Mack to Eloise English, dynamic, heads-up former lieutenant commander in the WAVEs. She had heard he was looking for an assistant. He hired her for $150 a month. The other was that Mack approached Professor H. L. Alexander of the Ohio State engineering staff.

"I said to Dr. Alexander, 'Now we want certain equipment. Here is what is available commercially, and what the Army and Navy have done. The Veterans Administration has worked on muscle rehabilitation, and so have the polio people, and here is what they have done. Now you take the best features of all these and put them together in a patentable device, and then you call me on the telephone and I'll come a'running.'

"That's what he did. He made our table. It has since been revised, but the first table was well designed, and it worked, and it cost us $5,000, and Slenderella holds the patent. That was the real beginning of everything."

ONE ESSENTIAL DETAIL remained—medical sanction, lest the public regard the table as a tricky device, a novelty. Mack sought out Dr. William Fishbein of the Chicago health department, brother of the nationally known Dr. Morris Fishbein, former editor of the Journal of the American Medical Association.

After a two-month series of tests, Dr. Fishbein not only approved the table, but enthusiastically dashed off a scientific treatise based on its results. (Two years ago Dr. Fishbein resigned from his position in Chicago, joined Slenderella and ranks today as a senior consultant at a salary of $30,000 a year plus.)

At last they felt ready for the big time. Mack had his eye on New York the way a stage-struck lad has his eye on Broadway. If he could make it in New York, he held the world on a string.

In May, 1950—with their tables, with menus worked out by nutritionist Ann Williams-Heller, down to their last dollar of a $40,000 kitty put up at $10,000 each by Mack and the three backers, up to their waists in lease and term-payment commitments and with no reserves whatever except Mack's cocksure confidence—they simultaneously opened two salons in Manhattan, one in Brooklyn, one in Hempstead, Long Island, and one in Flushing, Long Island.

"Everything was on a day-to-day basis. Including the confidence of the backers. I had a Mizzurah faith in myself, burning like Jackson County oak. Everybody else stepped out the door and took a thermometer reading every morning, to see whether we were going to open for business.

"How did it go? Anybody who's ever struck out for himself knows the answer. It's touch-and-go those first years, and hand-to-mouth. It's ducking the landlord and the grocer, and praying for money from home. It's walking a tightrope a hundred feet off the ground. But we were making it. We were staying in business, and even opening another salon or two. Then one day we heard from our lawyers, and we were in trouble."

They had started the salons with the company name Silooette. It had been Mack's idea. It was catchy, and made people think of their figure outlines. Each "o" was shaped like a heart, to suggest a connection between shapeliness and love.

But now it seemed there was a massage parlor in White Plains called Silhouette, and a Turkish bath house in Los Angeles. Both threatened suits. Why hadn't the lawyers found out about these things, before they cleared Silooette? They didn't think Silooette would be in business long enough for it to matter.

It is an expensive proposition to change a business name when you have been promoting the daylights out of it for more than a year. There was nothing else to do.

"We had a board meeting in St. Louis—the three backers, myself and Eloise. She had been made a director a few months before. It was a hot, muggy day in July, 1951. We sat around a hotel room, trying to think of a new name.

"Nothing sounded right. We sat there, looking real stupid. Finally someone said, 'You know what we need? Cinderella's fairy godmother, to touch us with a wand and put some sense into us.'

"We all nodded and went back to looking stupid—all except Eloise. Her eyes got like stars. 'Hey,' she said, 'what's wrong with—Slenderella?'

"There was a dead silence. Nobody moved or said a word for about five minutes. Then I went to the phone and got our lawyers long-distance. 'Can you clear the name Slenderella?' I asked. They could and did, and that was that."

It wasn't, however, that simple. What with the confusion over the change in name, and brief flier with male help, Slenderella, by the end of May, 1952, was $700,000 in debt. It looked to Mack's backers as though the wings were falling off. One by one they hit the silk. Mack scraped up enough money to take over their interests on a long-range, installment-plan arrangement. "It was a fair and square deal," he said. "I became the sole proprietor of a vast mountain of financial obligations."

That was a crisis summer. But creditors began to feel that he could go all the way; they backed their hunch with time extensions. In a reorganization move, he fired the male help, got the girls back, cut loose from the high-priced talent he had hired to plot his advertising campaigns, and went back to writing his own copy. His employees hocked their pianos, sterling silver, furniture and cars, raised $70,000 in cash and handed it to him in small bills.

"This did it. It happened in four months. By the fall of '52, we were very heavily in the black. It was just as though we came out of a long tunnel."

Most of these employees stayed with Mack and saw Slenderella through. "Their loyalty paid off," he said. "The majority of them are high company executives. They've made fortunes."

Four eventful years have by no means meant the end of the fairy tale.

ONE MONDAY last October salons opened simultaneously in Toronto, St. Louis, Houston, Atlanta, Detroit, the Bronx and Bay Shore, Long Island. There are already salons in Paris and Zurich, and Mack took the Queen Elizabeth (promenade-deck class) to Europe in November to officiate at openings in Brussels, Amsterdam and Düsseldorf. Early next year Slenderella will establish a new salon on the Riviera, a second one in Paris. In the spring it will invade South America at Caracas. Before the end of 1957 Mack expects to have 270 salons in operation, with an average of 20 tables each.

A curious by-product of Slenderella is the folklore of the sisterhood, the growing anthology of anecdotes, incidents, happy endings. Every salon has its favorites. For example:

A Chicagoan, packing into the Swahili country of Africa with a safari, wrote in to ask where, in Africa, she could continue her treatments. Company officials replied they were sorry, but it would be a few years before they could arrange treatments on the Dark Continent; the natives weren't ready for Slenderella quite yet.

A plump Californian signed up with Slenderella in hopes she would eventually fit into a small European sports car.

A Hartford, Connecticut, patron was asked why

FOUR ROSES
Blended Whiskey
America's Most Famous
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY FOUR ROSES
LOUISVILLE KY. BALTIMORE

A Gift to warm any man's heart!
The nicest thing in a small package this Christmas is a pint of Four Roses. It's an ideal outdoor companion for your sporting friends. Most warmly welcome in its handsome gift carton.

FOUR ROSES
Blended Whiskey
America's Most Famous Bouquet
FOUR ROSE

Out looking? Here's the perfect gift!
Four Roses is not only a great whiskey—it's a great Christmas tradition. Its brighter taste, its rich golden mellowness have made it *the* Yuletide favorite. Give it in either fifth or quart bottles.

Most graceful, most wanted!
This spectacular new decanter with its clean-cut grace and beauty—will complement the finest mahogany sideboard or silver serving tray. Contents: one fifth of America's favorite gift whiskey.

FOUR ROSES
Blended Whiskey
America's Most Famous Bouquet

Give a "Dozen Roses"
Three bottles of Four Roses—either fifths or pints—gift packed in an actual florist's carton—will be a big surprise for someone very important to you. No other gift says "Merry Christmas" so warmly.

Four ways to give FOUR ROSES

FOUR ROSES DISTILLERS COMPANY, N.Y.C. BLENDED WHISKEY. 86.8 PROOF. 60% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.

she was consuming three boxes of mint wafers a week instead of one. She explained, "I was sending the extra two to the Middle East, where the poor people are in need of vitamins and minerals."

Here and there managers report eccentric patrons: the frugal dowager who rides to the salon in her Rolls-Royce, and instructs her chauffeur to stand in front of the parking meter to shield the violation flag from the policeman when the time runs out; the patron who clucks like a hen when she wants a technician; the lady who insists on a special stool in the cubicle, for her Chihuahua dog.

IN SUBURBS, pajama-clad housewives frequently drive their commuting husbands to the railroad station, take their table treatment, then drive home and go back to bed.

At Hempstead, Long Island, an eighty-year-old grandmother went through one course, signed up for another, and is feeling so chipper she is now learning how to play the Hammond organ.

In Florida, a 160-pound housewife began her treatments and confessed that it was "to save her marriage." Her husband, she explained, is a jockey. In Boston, a woman has filed a request for lifetime treatments.

A housewife weighing 279 pounds entered a Houston, Texas, salon. "My husband promised me a mink coat and a trip to Spain if I got my girlish figure back again," she said. Five months later, 54 pounds lighter and down an over-all total of 37 inches in her measurements, she arrived for treatment wearing the mink. While waiting for her table she buried her nose in a small textbook—Conversational Spanish.

Many wives keep their Slenderella courses a secret from their husbands. Some fear ridicule. Others are paying for treatments with the grocery money. Still others want to give their husbands a pleasant surprise.

In one instance—this happened in Garden City, Long Island—a husband found out. The next morning the wife discovered a poem, in her husband's writing, propped on her dressing table. The third stanza has become a Slenderella classic:

Realign the rear,
And I'll not object, my dear.
But one thing is a must—
Don't you dare disturb the bust!

Mack listens to these stories, and smiles, and likes to think of his 300,000 patrons as one big, happy, growing family, dedicated to Slenderella and balanced enough to have a sense of humor about it all.

And more evident than ever in the world of Slenderella is the situation his approach has created—the engaging paradox of the Barefoot Boy in the salon, Tom Sawyer in "21," and holding his own very well indeed. His feel for public relations is shrewdness itself.

Most of his bright, career-girl executives, for instance, are tall and spare of limb. They hail from Detroit or Chicago or Dubuque and have a twang in their voice and are as Midwest as a field of Kansas wheat. But at the point of contact with impressionable customers, it is likely to be a different matter and one that carries his original concept of smartness to the ultimate. The head of the No. 4 Place de l'Opéra salon in Paris is Princess Irene Mdivani. One of her assistants is Greek-born Marquise Alexandra M. Zotos, soon to have charge of the new salon in Düsseldorf. Manager of New York's Madison Avenue salon is the chic Baroness Audrey Von Nolde. Princess Marina Sterbatov of the Russian nobility supervises several salons in the Philadelphia area.

Mack's home in Stamford is Trumanesque in its plainness. Mary Kay's hobby is oil painting, and her Connecticut landscapes hang on the walls. Little Kay's dollhouse sits on the living-room floor. On a tripod in the hall is Larry Junior's telescope, for looking at Mars. You suspect that in the kitchen corner rocks a gray-haired grandmother reading the poems of James Whitcomb Riley.

But parked in the street outside is Mack's seven-passenger Fleetwood Cadillac with its liveried chauffeur, and to 300,000 American women the Mack touch means the muted elegance of the Slenderella salon, where they sit, as at a social gathering, and sip their sugarless coffee, and wait for their magic tables. Walls are sophisticated blues and greens. Low lamps make soft pools of light. Some salons even offer kennel space for customers' poodles and Pekingese. "We want the patron to feel as though she is walking into the Plaza or the Ambassador," says John Blair, Mack's young interior designer.

Under the influence of quite a different environment, Mack relaxes and loosens up: in Slenderella's second-story home office in Prospect Street, Stamford, he jokes with his executives, offers them drinks on special occasions, talks about the future, and refers to himself as "the boy president."

The Custom Tailor's Guild of America named him one of the 10 best-dressed men of 1956, along with President Eisenhower, actor William Holden and socialite Dan Topping. But the last time I saw him was there at his office, and he wore a charcoal-gray suit without a vest, a sport shirt buttoned at the throat, and no tie.

Eloise English, Slenderella's executive vice-president

On his desk were his feet, shod in tassel-tied black loafers, a clock that told the time in all parts of the world, a globe and a compass indicating that he was facing roughly northeast by north.

A number of people had crowded into his modest pine-paneled office: Eloise English; James Liebman, former Chicago realtor who joined Mack via the managership of Los Angeles' Lakewood Shopping Center and who signed more than $3,500,000 in leases for Slenderella in 1956; Dr. Theo Kreuz, of Düsseldorf, and William Crawford, former sales manager for radio station WOR and now head of the Slenderella-sponsored line of Bertie cosmetics.

This "Bertie" is pronounced "Ber-tay," and the story was that Crawford, who is thirty-nine and also wears charcoal gray, and regimental ties, had bought a small cosmetics business in Stamford. It was the house of Bertie. He had one full-time employee and on weekends he and Mrs. Crawford drove from their home in New Jersey and mixed cosmetics. They hoped someday to get out of radio and be independent. Early this year they approached Mack, out of the blue, for backing.

Crawford turned the narrative over to Mack.

"I am on the lookout," Mack said, "for people with unusual enthusiasm and ability to work. When you find people like that, you are well advised to latch on to them.

"This is a two-way street. Backers are hard to find, but so is a good man. So I backed Bill, here, with Bertie. The caper is, this thing is going to be self-sustaining by the first of the year, and that is saying something. Now, first thing you know, Bill is going to get prosperous. He is going to want to buy me out of Bertie. He can. It will cost him a fortune."

He smiled over his desk at Crawford: "Will sell. Bring cash. Lots of it."

Crawford grinned. It was heady talk for him.

A little party was in progress. Crawford had just returned from a successful Bertie marketing campaign in San Francisco. Dr. Kreuz, a rosy-cheeked German attorney, had handled the lease for the Düsseldorf salon; he was on his way to Texas and the Far West. Liebman was leaving that evening for France, to arrange for more Slenderella locations on the Riviera.

The guests raised Scotch-and-soda *bon voyage* toasts to Liebman. Mack, somewhere, had found an iced tea. In a room perhaps 50 feet away, five electric computers, as they do all day long, five days a week, were sorting, compiling and totaling the perforated account cards of the thousands of women who, that week, had dreamed of beauty and happiness through Slenderella.

Mack was talking about 1957.

"We are definitely going into the department-store field. We are negotiating for salons in Macy's, the May Company, Lord & Taylor and other big stores. And we are going to push the franchising of the name. It is safe to say that before the end of '57 Slenderella will become a girdle, a bra, a bathroom scales, a cookbook, a slip. We hope to have a frozen-food tray on the market, with three authentic Slenderella meals a day. We will come out next fall with a bathing suit."

He sipped his iced tea. "Look at Mickey Mouse," he continued. "A watch. A cap. Tomato juice. If we can break loose with this thing, we're going to set a whole new trend."

THE CONVERSATION ROSE around his remarks. After a while he said to Liebman:

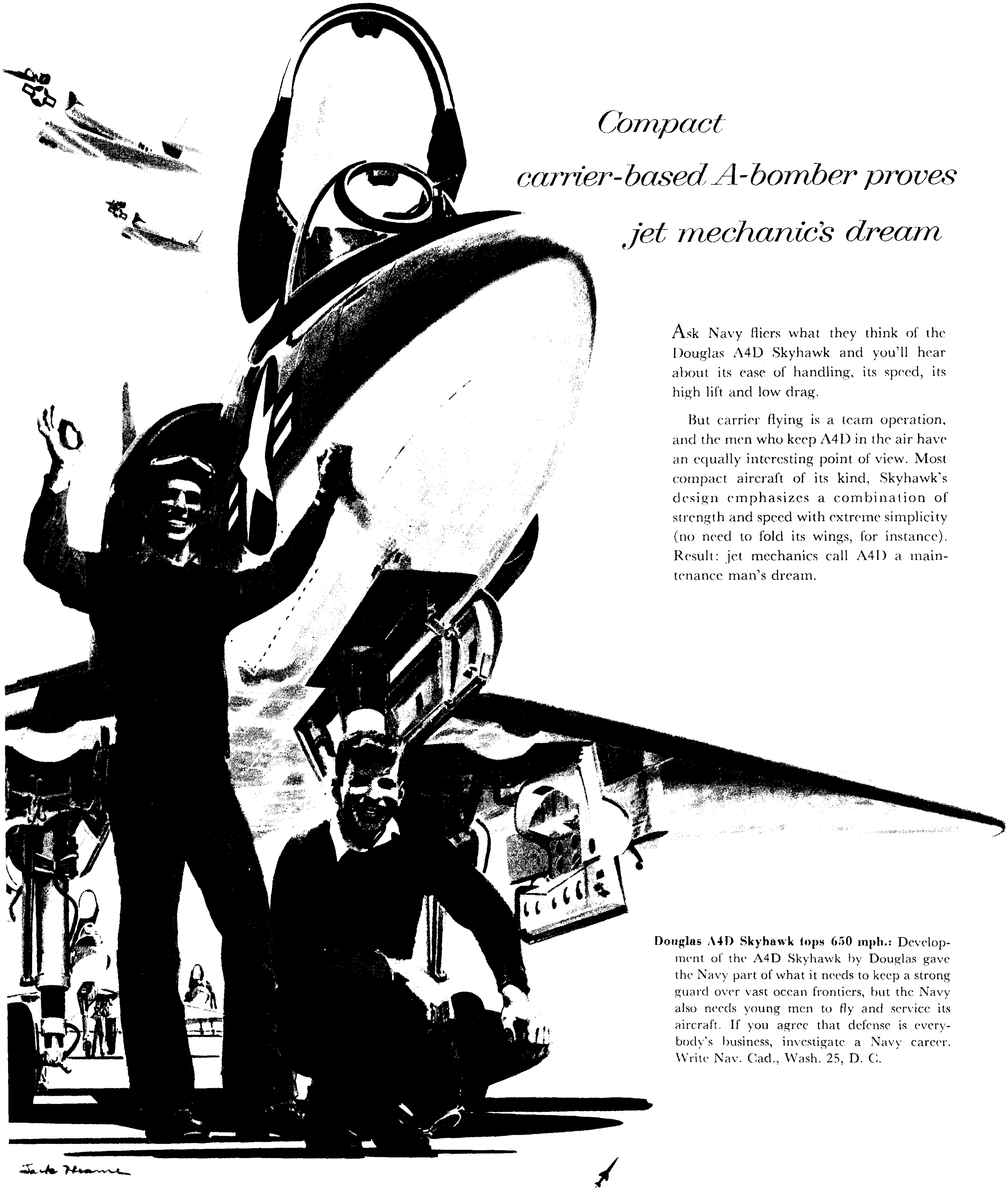
"Jim, I don't know whether you know this or not, but we're negotiating to go into Russia. Our idea is to go into Russia with our own photographers. Damn it, they ought to let us do that. We don't want to photograph a jet plane; we want to photograph Russian women in action, and measure them. We'll send Fishbein over, and do it right . . ."

"In Germany," said Dr. Kreuz, "the women are very round. We consider Slenderella a boon to man. The same thing would be true in Russia."

Mack nodded. "Precisely. When the chips are down, Russians will whistle at what we whistle at. They don't want work-horse women. They want the same thing we want. If the wives of the Kremlin hear about this, we'll be in Moscow next spring."

Mack left this with the three men, and turned back to Miss English. "You know, Eloise . . . I was home reading last night and I got a little headache, and I started thinking." He smiled his sudden, dry smile. "If I had it to do all over again, I'd do one thing differently. I'd throw out all those glaring overhead lights we used in those first salons we opened. I believe those doggoned things nearly ruined my eyes." THE END

Compact carrier-based A-bomber proves jet mechanic's dream



Ask Navy fliers what they think of the Douglas A4D Skyhawk and you'll hear about its ease of handling, its speed, its high lift and low drag.

But carrier flying is a team operation, and the men who keep A4D in the air have an equally interesting point of view. Most compact aircraft of its kind, Skyhawk's design emphasizes a combination of strength and speed with extreme simplicity (no need to fold its wings, for instance). Result: jet mechanics call A4D a maintenance man's dream.

Douglas A4D Skyhawk tops 650 mph.: Development of the A4D Skyhawk by Douglas gave the Navy part of what it needs to keep a strong guard over vast ocean frontiers, but the Navy also needs young men to fly and service its aircraft. If you agree that defense is everybody's business, investigate a Navy career. Write Nav. Cad., Wash. 25, D. C.

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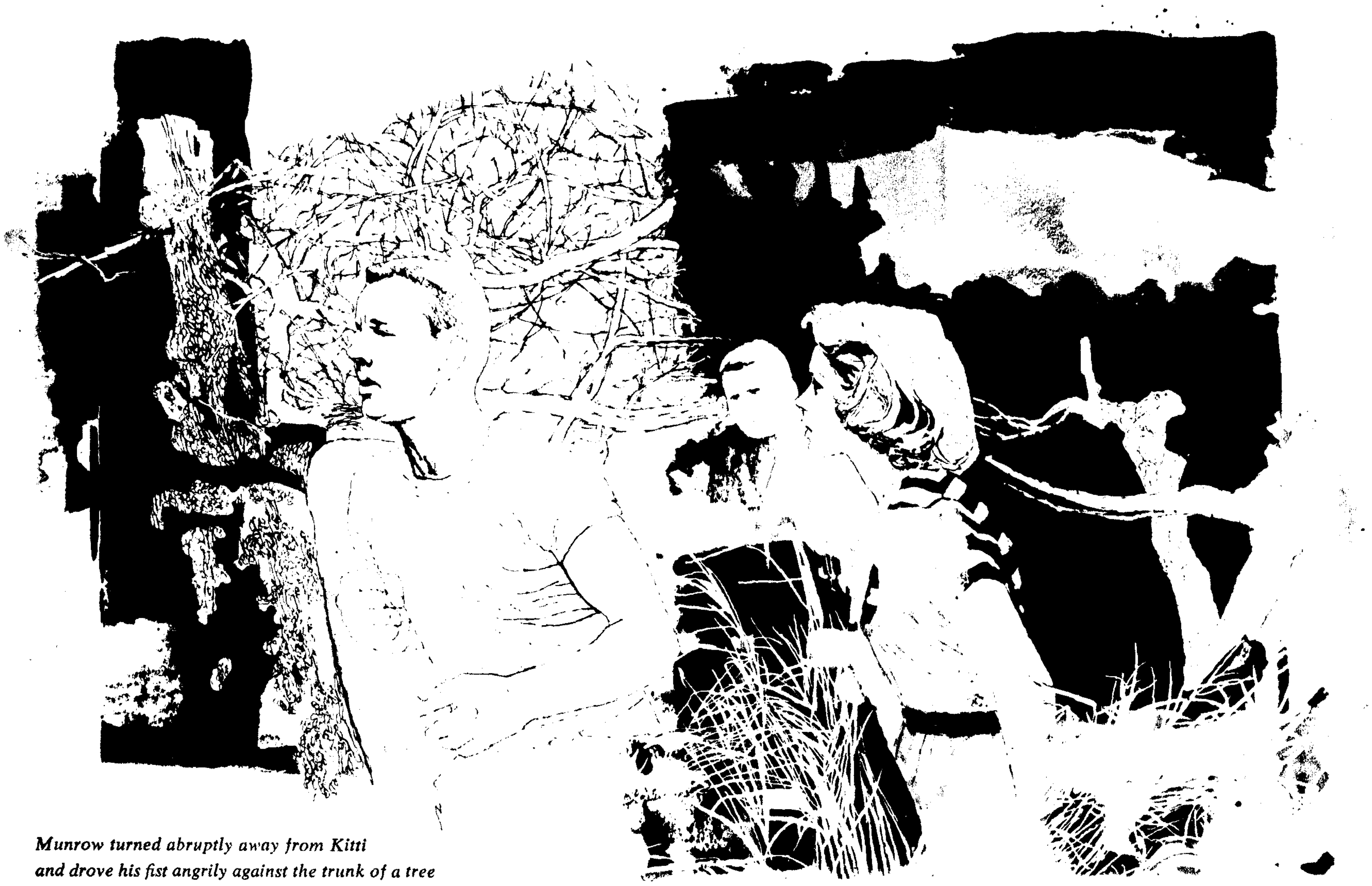


Munrow turned abruptly away from Kitti and drove his fist angrily against the trunk of a tree

Second chance

By MARIAN GAVIN

The Gresham boy was perfect for Kitti—the whole town said so. Only Munrow Biggs, who loved her too, knew better

MISS CULPEPPER saw the beginning and, of all the twelve thousand six hundred and eighty residents of Camus City, she recognized the beginning for what it was: a potential for such passion and pettiness and cruelty as Camus City had not witnessed for a long time.

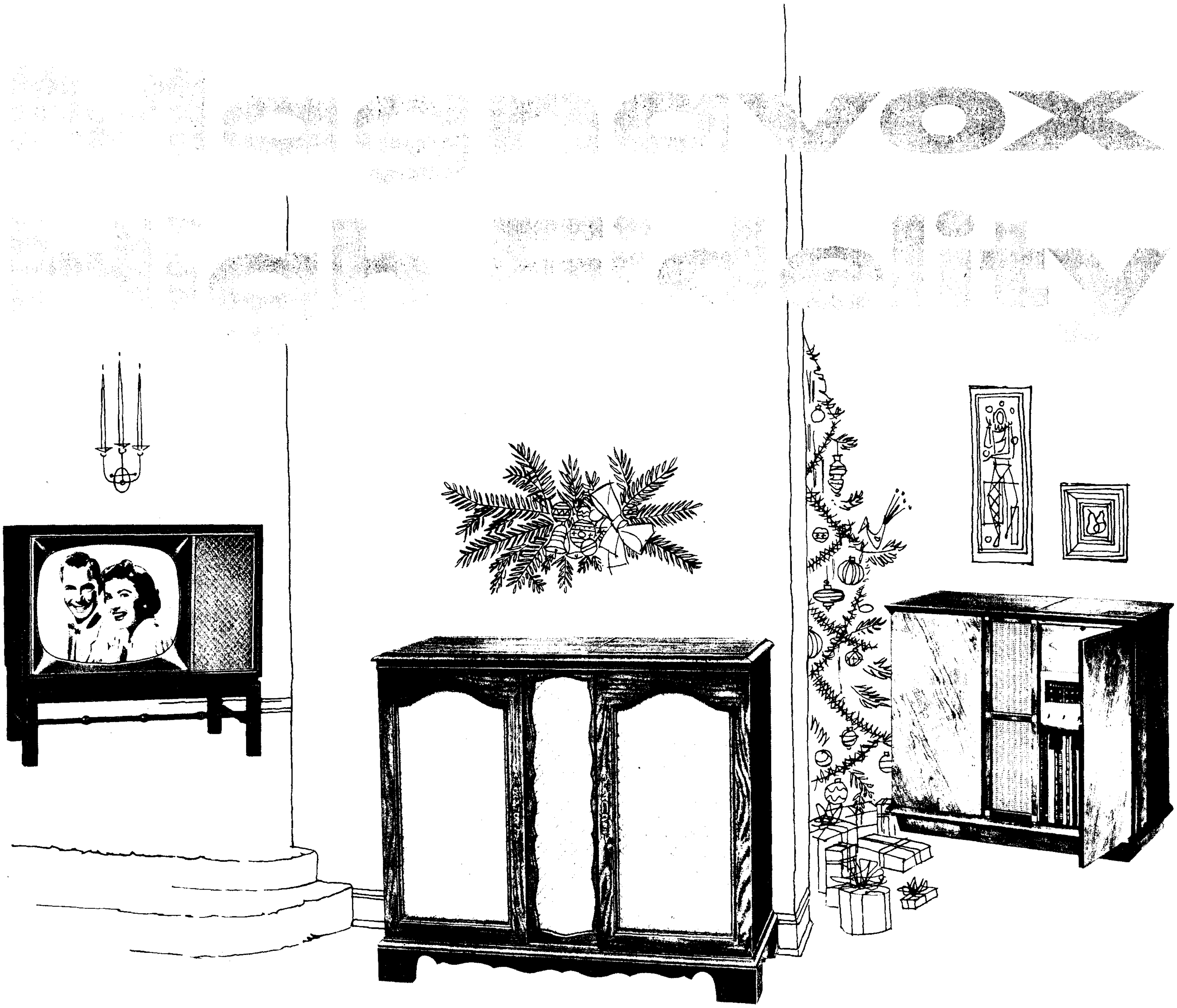
Miss Culpepper was in her twelfth year of teaching seventh grade at the nicest school in town. It was that year that the Biggs family, numbering eight, left Detroit in a ramshackle station wagon and got as far south as Camus City, Texas. There the station wagon gave up the ghost via a cracked engine block, and there the Biggses settled, in the old Rushin house. It rented for practically nothing, but even that was too much. The place had been disintegrating for years, steps and banisters rotting away and the ancient plumbing fixtures threatening to plunge through the water-rotted floors.

Few townspeople were aware of the Biggses' coming—only Red Forrest's right-hand man, who recognized Dade Biggs's sometime knack for fancy carpentry as worth hiring, and the corner grocer, who grudgingly conceded that when heavy-browed Mrs. Biggs said she would pay at the end of the week, she would. Only these and the policeman who stopped Munrow Biggs from knocking out the street lights on Main Street his second evening in town would have been aware of the Biggses, except that the old Rushin house stood in the nice part of town. And so the Biggs children, whether the nice people liked it or not, attended the best school.

That was how Munrow (pronounced with the accent on the *Mun*, probably a try for Monroe by his mother, who spelled phonetically) came to enter seventh grade that September along with Kitti Forrest and Alain Gresham. Kitti Forrest's mother, looking into the future of her unborn princess, had tossed for many a restless night before discarding Betti, Candi and Sandi. Alain's mother, forty-two at the birth of her only child, found his name in a book of old English ballads belonging to her husband, who taught English and literature at Camus City's small college. *Alain* had a romantic ring, which filled Mrs. Gresham's yearning heart with vague, vicarious hopes.

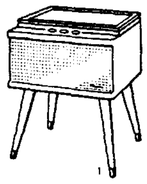
But at first, this class seemed to Miss Culpepper the most undistinguished seventh grade she had faced in a long time. She recognized Munrow as a stranger, but having divested him of his stiletto-sharp pocketknife and changed his "Nah" and "Yeah" to a fairly consistent "No, ma'am" and "Yes, ma'am," she held to a belief that he was now no different from the other boys—except that he *wore* the iron (*Continued on page* 52)

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTHONY SARIS



Magnificent gifts of music for all the family

When it's a magnificent Magnavox, you *know* it's high fidelity! And when you give your family one of these exceptional fine-furniture instruments, you know you're assuring the deep satisfaction of fine music throughout many holidays to come. The *Brittany* (center) masterpiece AM-FM radio-phonograph —in warm Provincial styling with 15″ and 12″ bass speakers, two high frequency horns, and 25-watt dual-channel amplifiers. The *Berkshire* (right), with four speakers, AM-FM radio and 25-watt dual-channel amplifiers, is superb high fidelity beautifully styled for enduring charm. In genuine mahogany, oak, cherry or walnut. Magnavox brings high fidelity to television, too, with the three-speaker *Cosmopolitan* (left)—335 sq. in. viewing area, the biggest picture in television. Choice of several finishes; in genuine mahogany, $369.50 (VHF). The Magnavox Company, Fort Wayne, Indiana.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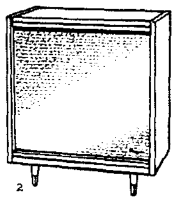
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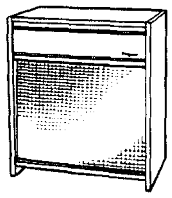
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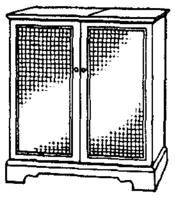
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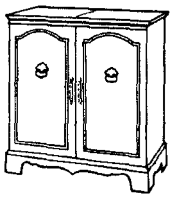
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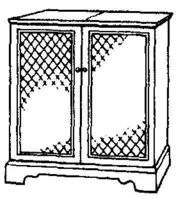
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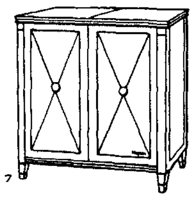
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A style for every setting, a model for every budget. **1. The Concerto. 2. The Magnasonic 210. 3. The Magnasonic 420. 4. The Concert Master. 5. The Provincial Serenade. 6. The Contemporary. 7. The Imperial Symphony.** Magnavox high fidelity consoles are priced from only $159.50 to $795.00—television prices as low as $139.90 (VHF). It's worth finding the name of your Magnavox dealer in the yellow pages of your phone book.

the magnificent
Magnavox
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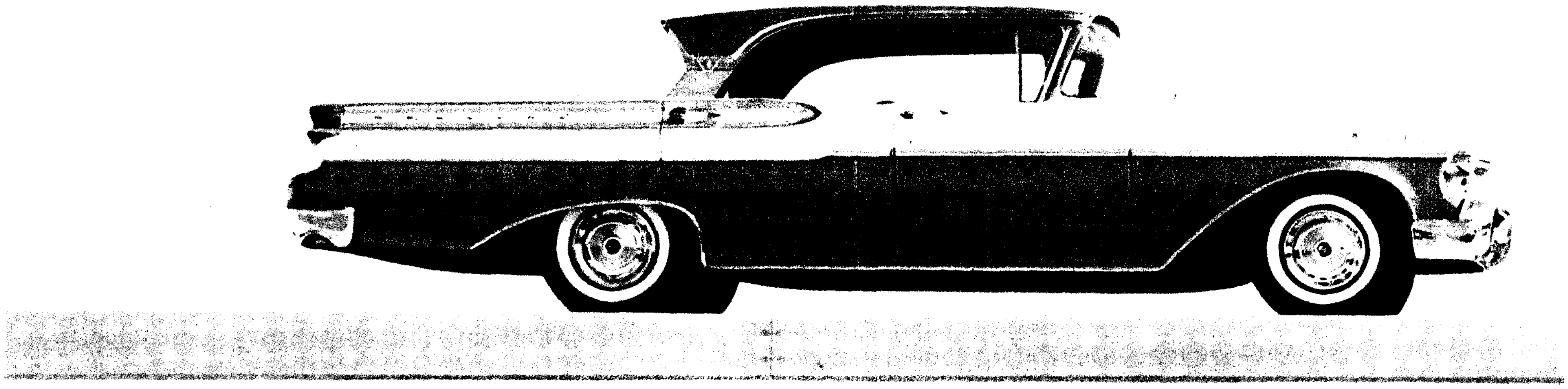
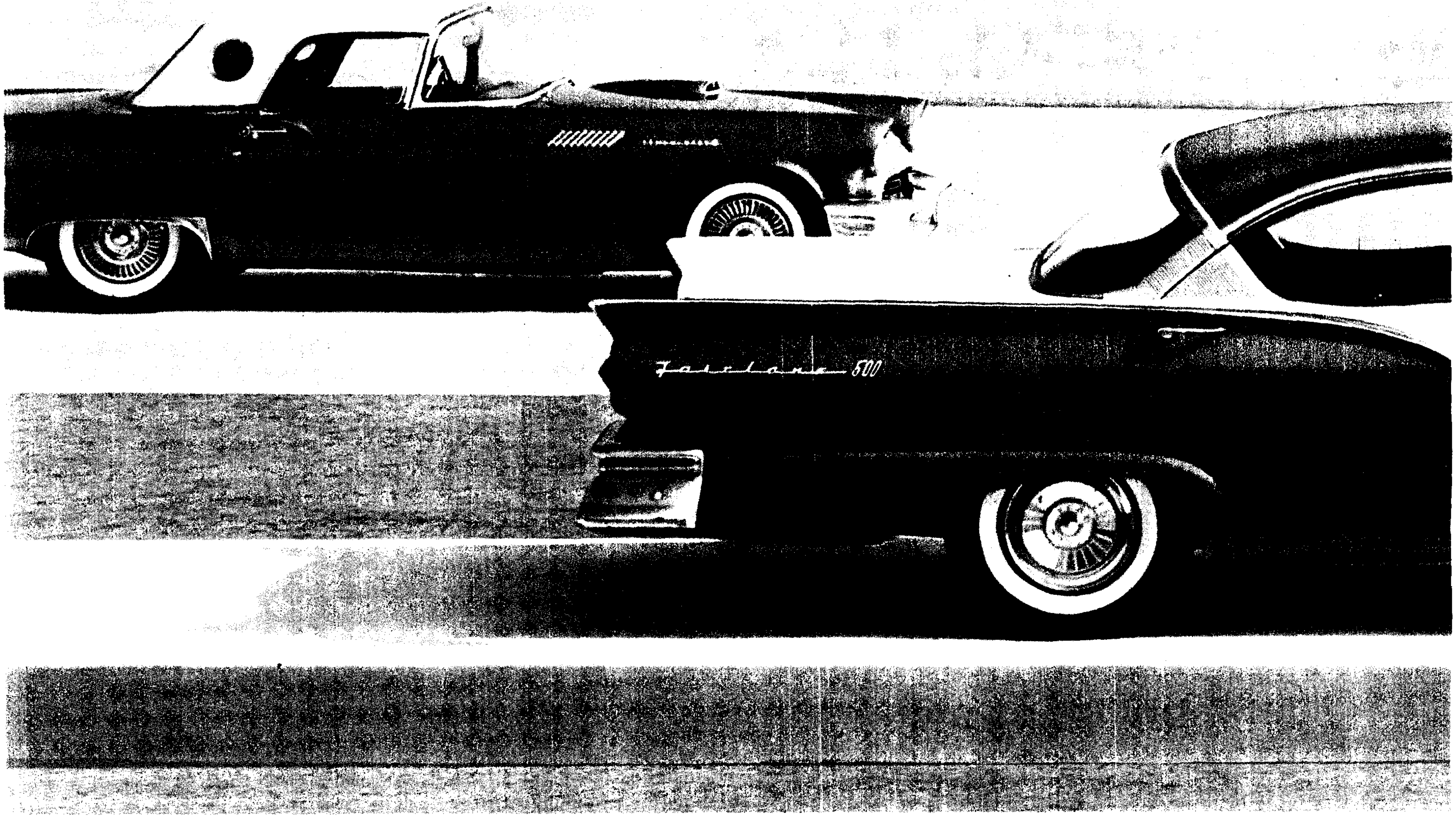
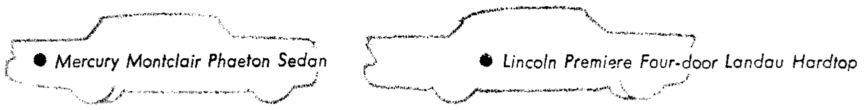
SETTING THE PACE ON THE AMERICAN ROAD



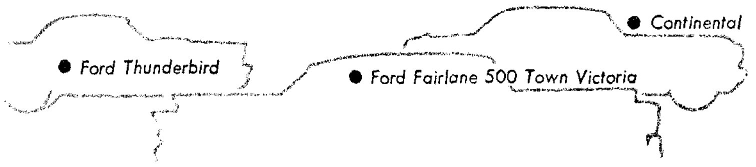

Fairlane 500

New horizons in hardtops:

The 1957 Ford Family of Fine Cars

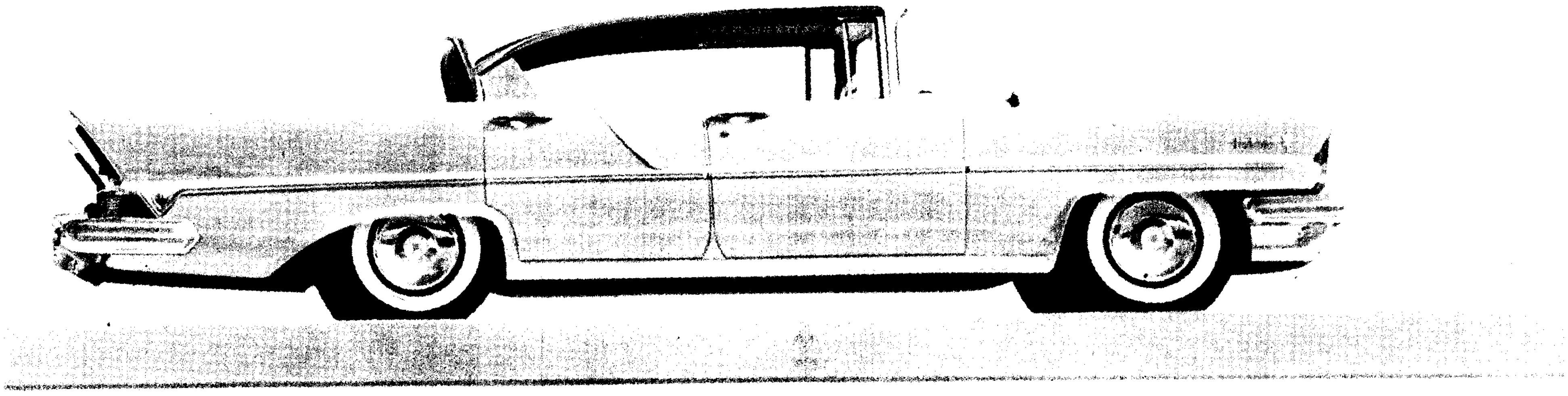

● Mercury Montclair Phaeton Sedan
● Lincoln Premiere Four-door Landau Hardtop

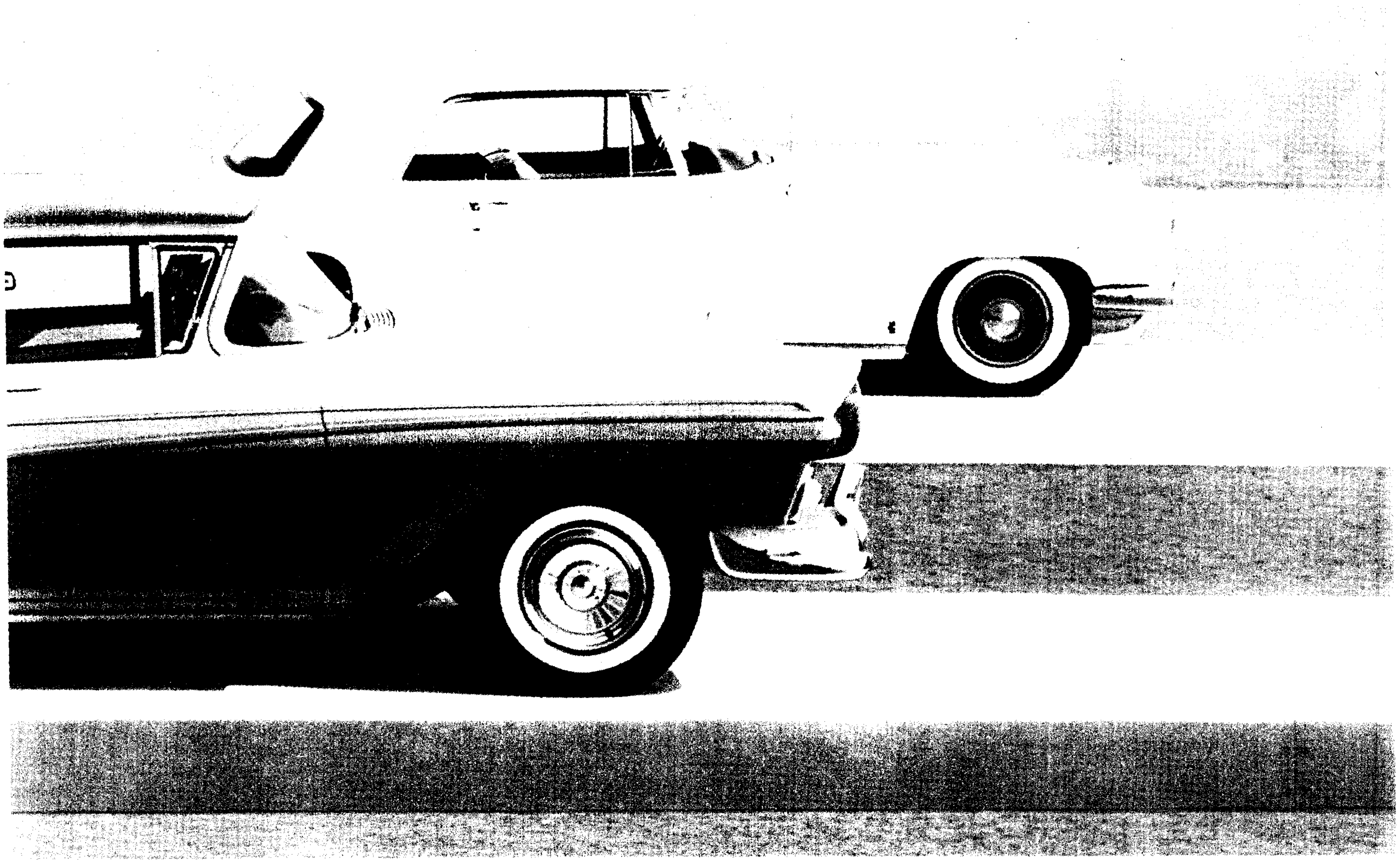
FORD • THUNDERBIRD • MERCURY • LINCOLN • CONTINENTAL


● Continental
● Ford Thunderbird
● Ford Fairlane 500 Town Victoria

- **Mercury's Dream-Car Design**
- **Hardtop flair for every Lincoln**
- **New roominess in Ford**
- **Thunderbird and Continental new**

If you've a soft spot for hardtops you've been on our mind all along For the 1957 Ford Family of Fin Cars—the Mercurys, Lincolns, Fords Thunderbirds and the Continentals—is loaded with a bumper crop of th brightest hardtop ideas on the Ameri can Road. Each is the final product o young-mindedness — and it has ou





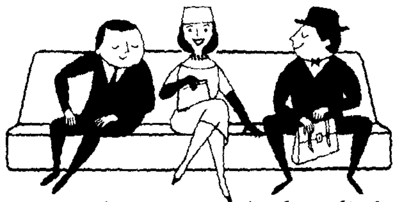
Background: Detroit skyline, early morning

Family setting the pace on the American Road. Examples below:

OUTDOORS INDOORS — Downright ingenious, we think, how our engineers added safety strength as they whittled away excess metal and stretched the glass area—all to bring the outdoors indoors. Take Mercury. Part and parcel of the Big M's Dream-Car Design is the 4,100-square-inch wrap of glass. You couldn't get a better view if you were sitting in a greenhouse.

For fine-car fans, there's happy hardtop news from the Lincoln in our Family. Every 1957 Lincoln has the hardtop flair—the lean, long, sweeping look, the strong yet wafer-thin roof line. And this year, there are two of the newest four-door hardtops in all the land—the breath-taking new Landau series. They're low, wide, and *handsome*—from the new Quadra-Lite grille clear back to the canted rear blades.

SITTING ROOMINESS—Our Family takes a firm stand on sitting room: it should be there to spare. Just one example — Ford's Victoria rear seat is widened 7 inches—now over 60 inches wide, enough for three hippy people.



Plenty of room, too, for long limbs connected to the hips. Four inches more knee room. And more headroom because seats are slung lower.

HARDTOPS FOR EVERY MOOD—Like a hardtop for certain times and moods? Take Thunderbird. You can take your top or leave it. Removes in just seconds.

And for the most hardtop of all, the Continental is your one and only car. It has everything, except a competitor.

FAMILY ALBUM—By now you can plainly see our Family is setting the pace on the American Road. If *you* want to dare a little and be ahead a lot, a visit to any Ford, Mercury, Lincoln or Continental dealer is clearly in order.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

THE AMERICAN ROAD, DEARBORN, MICH.

(*Continued from page* 48) newness out of his blue jeans instead of its being laundered out beforehand, as was the case with Alain Gresham.

The boys' blue jeans were a democratic uniform, unlike the girls' clothing, such as Kitti Forrest's imported linens and ginghams and occasional flounced taffetas. Not that clothes did much for Kitti that year—the poor child was hopelessly plump. And this, according to Miss Culpepper's ruthless democratic sense, leveled things off nicely among the feminine contingent.

So far as she could see, it was going to be a pleasant, undistinguished year with the emphasis on long division.

THEN, just before the Christmas holidays, Kitti came to the school with a sheaf of invitations. She bore down on Miss Culpepper's desk, wearing what Miss Culpepper called her "moist" look and trailing an entourage of hopefuls. "Please, Miss Culpepper, *may* I hand out the invitations to my birthday party? It's next Tuesday and I'm *so* excited!"

Miss Culpepper looked into the dewy, formless face and had a vision of pink candles and confetti horns and pin the tail on the donkey. "All right, Kitti, but get it done before the bell rings, or you'll have to finish at recess."

"Oh, *thank* you, thank *you,* Miss Culpepper!"

Miss Culpepper still possessed a sense of humor, however grimmed by time, and no illusions. She watched Kitti play her little drama, passing up Lannie Parks, who stood near the door in black crepe blouse, chartreuse velvet skirt and bangles. Kitti *would* pass up Lannie, another example of what the nice people called "our slight undesirable element." But you had to hand it to Lannie. She simply stood her ground and watched, dispassionately. Lannie had no illusions either.

Then Miss Culpepper got a shock. Kitti handed Munrow Biggs an invitation. Miss Culpepper couldn't quite picture Munrow pinning a tail on a donkey unless it was a live one; he already had the tough, realistic aura of the pool hall. But, on the other hand, why not? From what she had seen of Mrs. Biggs the opening day of school, that strong, taciturn woman would see to it that her son went clean and decently clothed, even if it meant selling the coat off her back. And, after all, it was only a children's party. Satisfied, Miss Culpepper shook off her forebodings and called the class to order.

Louella Forrest, Kitti's mother, came to school the next afternoon, sweeping in on the remnants of the Christmas party, holding her furs away from the sticky desk tops. A determinedly handsome figure of a woman, her nondescript face hidden under a layer of make-up, she addressed Miss Culpepper in a firm, carrying voice. "I'm afraid," she said, "that my daughter has done something socially awful."

The words meant nothing; they were silly in this roomful of untidy children. But Miss Culpepper had been in the business a long time. After one quick glance that took in Kitti's dismay, she convoyed Mrs. Forrest into the hall, closing the door behind her. "Tell me, what has Kitti done?"

It seemed that Mrs. Forrest had made the initial mistake herself, in thinking Kitti old and wise enough to make up her own birthday list. But there the poor, innocent child had gone and invited fourteen to her little dinner party, which made fifteen counting Kitti. "And my table seats only *fourteen,*" cried Mrs. Forrest. Then, abandoning drama, she asked flatly, "Who is Munrow Biggs?"

"A boy," Miss Culpepper replied coldly. "A boy in the class." Dinner party, she thought fiercely—a dinner party for children!

"Well, I'm sure that once Munrow understands the situation, he'll be glad to drop out. Since you know the child, you won't mind explaining?" Mrs. Forrest was already drawing on her gloves. "And *do,* by all means, emphasize that it was my foolish Kitti's fault."

Do your own dirty work, thought Miss Culpepper. But no. If it had to be done—and Louella Forrest's hard blue eyes said it did—then it would be better for Miss Culpepper to do it.

CHAS. SKILES

"Same here. Every few hours one of my parents yells, 'Get off that phone!' "

COLLIER'S CHARLES SKILES

There were not many disagreeable chores she had not performed during her life.

She had Munrow stay after school to help her straighten the room. The others were finally gone—even Kitti, who came back for her white Angora mittens and a mute agonized glance at Munrow. But if he saw it, he gave no sign except a faint blush.

FINISHED with his chores, he presented himself at Miss Culpepper's desk. Miss Culpepper cleared her throat. Better get it over with.

"Munrow, that was Kitti's mother who came in. It seems that Kitti invited too many to her party, and Mrs. Forrest was wondering"—the lie was uttered without a tremor—"if some of the boys and girls would help her out by not coming to this particular party?"

She had done it, and done her best, but he wasn't fooled—not for an instant. There was no telltale sign, not so much as a flicker of his deep-set, heavily lashed gray eyes. He belonged to a tribe that exercised its cunning first and foremost in not betraying itself to the enemy. And, to Munrow, who was not his enemy?

Miss Culpepper's hatred for Louella Forrest swelled to awful proportions. "Of course, Munrow, if you'd rather let some of the others drop out?" It was the only thing she could give him, not letting on she knew *he* knew that he was the only one—making it appear there was a choice.

He considered, unmoving except for the knotting and unknotting of his fists. Then he shook his head. "Nah—no, ma'am, I'd just as soon not go. I got something else to do that night anyway. The bracelet I bought her—I guess I can give it to somebody else." His smile was grimly practical.

He turned to leave the room and paused briefly in the doorway. "Well, Merry X-mas, Miss Culpepper."

"Merry Christmas, Munrow."

She didn't intend to spy on him, only to see that he got safely away with his pride intact. Then, down at the end of the hall, she saw Lannie Parks in her bright thin coat, waiting. Munrow's walk took on a determined swagger. Two of a kind, infinitely older than their thirteen years, they walked out together, laughter and the words "Fatty Forrest" floating back over their shoulders. And Miss Culpepper knew that Lannie would get the bracelet for her collection, and Munrow would have the revenge of giving it to her.

It was Louella Forrest who had lost. Kitti would never forget the boy she had had to un-invite to her thirteenth birthday party. And Munrow? For a shadow of a second Miss Culpepper had seen into him, the hurt and the anger and the hunger. Lannie would get the bracelet, but that was all she would get. For now, whether he realized it or not, Munrow's hunger had found its object. It was not, and never would be, the likes of Lannie Parks.

Miss Culpepper frowned thoughtfully as she slid into her old gray coat. By this time next year the Forrest money and Louella's determination would have taken effect; Kitti would have reaped the reward of the diets, the dancing lessons, the constant watch over skin and hair and nails. By this time next year . . .

"Oh, how could that darling girl allow herself to—oh!" moaned Brenda Santis to her distraught reflection in the vanity-dresser mirror. Brenda Santis was teaching junior-high English at Camus City that year, having taught the year before at Donning, and would probably move on to another school system next year because her husband's work kept him on the go. The fact that her contracts were seldom renewed had nothing to do with it.

Changing schools so often, Brenda never had time to become "really *simpático*" with any but her most outstanding pupils. This year it was Kitti Forrest. In fact, Kitti was the reason Brenda was sitting here now, talking to her own distraught face. Because surely something ought to be done. But what?

Brenda would never, under any circumstances, take the matter to the authorities and so, with a tearing sigh, she relinquished the picture of herself in the Forrests' black-and-blond living room, patting Mrs. Forrest's hand while Mrs. Forrest cried, "Oh, please tell me—what shall I do?" Brenda relinquished the picture because Mrs. Forrest would never for a minute believe it. Why should she? Kitti could have any boy she wanted and had, very suitably, chosen Alain Gresham. Of course, it was all that horrible Biggs boy's fault; it was only an optical illusion that had made it seem as if darling Kitti were letting him . . .

BRENDA had gone into the auditorium this afternoon after the last bell, and there they had been—her darling Kitti and that awful Munrow Biggs, with his skintight jeans and half-open shirt and that horrible, stalking, possessive air. Oh, how could Kitti—

Brenda put her head down among the creams and lotions on her dressing table and wept at her own helplessness. If only she had the nerve to go to Mrs. Forrest, she bet Mrs. Forrest could put a crimp in Munrow Biggs's style that would last him a lifetime! Of course, it hadn't really been anything, just kid stuff. Only why had Kitti's eyes had that odd flat look? "We were just talking, Mrs. Santis. Yes, I know some boys are nicer than others."

"All of them are crazy about you, Kitti, but you mustn't—oh, you mustn't let them touch you! Only Alain, who doesn't *stalk.* Only Alain."

Then Brenda Santis, reaching for a tissue, saw her own ravaged face in the mirror and was frightened. Wasn't she, as her husband often said, making something out of nothing? Why, it was unthinkable that Kitti, with all the world to choose from, would fly over a field of daisies and light on a ragweed, as her own mother used to say when Brenda had started dating Bob Santis. Girls are smarter nowadays, thought Brenda as she turned from the cruel mirror and blew her nose. Why, in another year, Kitti wouldn't be caught even *looking* at Munrow Biggs! . . .

"Mr. Daniels. Mr. Daniels, sir?"

Sim Daniels, who taught the only art course offered at Camus City High, turned reluctantly from the last coals of the beach fire and found the rotund figure in the shadows. Chaperoning a senior party was not without its distractions. "What is it, Gordie?"

"Munrow, sir. He's got a knife and he says he—he's going to cut Alain's gizzard out, sir. I thought maybe you—"

"Why is Munrow going to cut Alain's gizzard out?"

"Because he—he had a date with Kitti and then she stood him up and came with Alain. It—it's a wicked-looking knife, Mr. Daniels." Gordie, the informer, waited with concern and expectation.

"Why doesn't he cut Kitti's gizzard out?" Sim asked mildly. Then he sighed. "All right, Gordie, I'll find Munrow and take care of it." He stared vaguely around at the young people on the semicircle of beach. Everyone was supposed to be down here where he and Miss Temple (Phys. Ed.) could keep an eye on them. The far side of the lake and the small hills rising darkly behind it were forbidden.

"Any idea where he is?" And Alain? Sim thought. Not to mention Golden Girl Kitti.

"No, sir. He just said—"

"I know." With another sigh, this one not entirely genuine, Sim made his way quickly up into the dark little hills with their moonlit hollows.

Then he heard Kitti's voice, startlingly close. "I just wish—sometimes—that you'd leave me alone, Munrow Biggs!"

Never having heard that note of pain and despair in Kitti's champagne voice, Sim Daniels stopped and peered through scrub-oak leaves into the moonlit space beyond. They were there, Kitti in shorts and striped T-shirt, her hair a pale sculpted cap about her uplifted face, and Munrow in T-shirt and denims, big and virile, dark in the moonlight.

Sim drew a sharp breath because, contrary to that note in Kitti's voice, the boy was not touching her. The force that came from him and held her there was more than mere physical touching; it was the hunger of one who would possess against all odds. "Don't kid me. You don't want me to leave you alone." Almost a man's voice, arrogant but suffering too. They were tearing each other apart without moving a muscle.

Belatedly remembering his role of chaperon, Sim was stepping forward when he saw a third figure beyond the other two. Then a boy, only a little less slight and golden than Kitti, stepped out of the shadow: Alain Gresham. "You heard her, Munrow. She said to leave her alone."

Sim had watched Alain for four years because he watched all the beautiful young and because Alain was king to Kitti's queen. But he had never seen, or expected to see, Alain Gresham being anything but perfectly charming. If only the boy were bigger and more heavily muscled, thought Sim, losing his detachment, taking sides against the dark hulk of Munrow.

MUNROW now turned suddenly on Kitti. "Is that what you said? Well, say it again. Say you want me to leave you alone."

There was a little silence while she looked from one boy to the other. Then she tossed her head. "And what if I say I do?"

It was a cunning question, enough to madden anyone—particularly an eighteen-year-old boy with nothing but his own strength and a knife.

Remembering the knife, Sim stepped out—and found himself with no one to rescue. For Munrow, turning abruptly, drove his clenched empty fist against the trunk of a scrub oak. For a long terrible moment there was silence except for the harsh sound of his weeping. Then, without a backward glance, Munrow ran out of the moonlit hollow.

"Well," said Kitti in a small, empty voice. "Well, that's that. Thanks, Alain, for practically saving my life."

"A mere nothing, little cabbage," Alain said charmingly. "Shall we join the merry company?"

"Let's," said Kitti, and gave him her most provocative smile.

But for an instant longer they hesitated, presenting to their unknown audience a charming tableau, a golden boy and a golden girl who were just right for each other. Didn't everyone say so—his mother, her mother, almost the whole of Camus City? But, as they walked downhill toward the beach, arms hanging limp at their sides, almost touching but not quite, Sim Daniels felt a stab of pity for them. The only person he felt sorrier for was Munrow, who had had his chance and thrown it away.

TWO years later, in June, when Kitti had done with an Eastern finishing school and the finishing school had done with her, she and Alain were married. It was the biggest splash of a wedding Camus City had ever witnessed. The candles were the tallest, the candelabra the most ornate, the flowers the freshest, the bride's mother the most regal, the groom's mother the flutteriest, and the bride—well, Camus City never hoped to see a bride any prettier than Kitti in her white satin and lace. Some people did say she looked a little tired, however, and the spiteful whispered, "Why not, after all those cocktail parties?"

But not even the spiteful could say Kitti didn't look gay, driving off with Alain in the long scarlet convertible, which was Red Forrest's wedding gift to his daughter and new son-in-law. The Greshams' gift was the wherewithal for a honeymoon at Miami Beach, which Camus City considered darned handsome of the Greshams in light of their circumstances.

Munrow Biggs wasn't asked to the reception. But he got an invitation to the wedding and he was there, and nobody thought a thing about it because, two years out of high school, Munrow was already proving himself valuable in Red Forrest's construction company. The Biggses still rented the old Rushin house and it wasn't and never would be the showplace of Camus City, but the steps and banisters had been replaced, the plumbing repaired and a coat of paint applied.

Munrow's gift to the happy couple was an enormous, very shiny silver tray. He wore such a neat, anonymous suit to the church that no one paid any attention to him, except old Mrs. Farns who wondered why the large, dark young man with the deep-set eyes kept knotting and unknotting his fists during the ceremony.

The wedding over, Camus City sat back and waited for the honeymoon to end so they could turn over another page of their favorite continued story. Not that they couldn't predict the next chapters: Red Forrest would give Alain a nice job and see the children settled in one of the impressive air-conditioned houses he was building out on Desmond Road. And in nine months or so Kitti would have a baby, which couldn't fail to be a golden doll, what with the good looks on both sides.

Camus City had it all figured out. In the meantime, the unmarried girls had a nice relaxed time that summer, the first since Kitti's blooming. Professor and Mrs. Gresham crouched in front of a dinky electric fan instead of the air conditioner they had saved for, and every once in a while a frown flitted across Mrs. Gresham's face at thought of the prodigal Kitti making hash of their long-treasured savings. But nothing really mattered so long as her precious Alain was happy and blessed with the best of everything, including bride.

Actually, the Gresham cash lasted only three weeks in the scorching financial heat of Miami. Kitti wrote her father for more, a series of rather stilted notes in her round childish hand, and Red kept sending it, over Louella's protests. She didn't mind the money, but she wanted Kitti home so they could start furnishing the house on Desmond Road. Life was intolerably dull for Louella with Kitti gone from her, even temporarily.

Then suddenly it was the end of August, and the scarlet convertible came purring back to town with Alain and Kitti and her little mountain of luggage and things were no longer dull—far from it. "Alain's not going to work for Daddy," Kitti told her mother. "He's going back to school and get his degrees, all three of them, and then teach."

"All right," Louella snapped, but she was actually pleased, thinking how nice it would be to have Kitti all to herself again. Then it turned out Kitti was going down to the university with Alain. "So long as we're putting up the money, you'll live at home!" Louella screamed.

Kitti blinked like a wan kitten—Miami seemed to have tired her out—and said that was another thing. They weren't taking any more money from Daddy or from the Greshams. They'd rent a little apartment and Kitti would do the cooking and Alain would work at the library or something. "We'll manage," Kitti said with her chin stuck out and her eyes uncertain.

Louella was so mad she wouldn't even let Red talk to them. "Let 'em stew in their juice for a while," she ordered sagely. And Red did, for though he was foolish about Kitti he gave her credit for having some of his own stamina. He wished he could say the same for Alain. Little yellow-haired nincompoop. Give him a quiet tough kid any day, one you could get your teeth into—like Munrow Biggs, for instance. Red laughed to himself—that damn' kid was out for his guts and didn't care who knew it.

After a month of migraine headaches and waiting for Kitti to come whimpering home for money, Louella took her checkbook and went down to the university. It was a most unsatisfactory trip. Kitti, looking like a picture in her trousseau finery, took Louella out to dinner at the best place in town—Alain was working at the library—and insisted on paying the check.

Louella didn't set foot in the "little apartment." Kitti laughingly explained that there wasn't room enough.

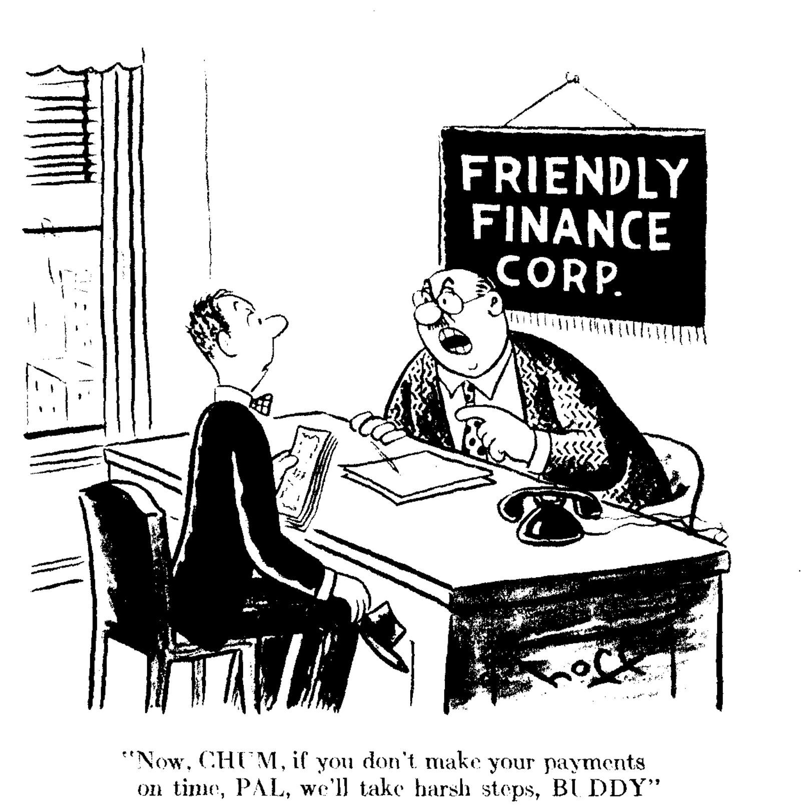
THERE was nothing for Louella to do but come home and wait a while longer. While she waited, she got to thinking. The more she thought about Alain with three degrees, teaching in Camus City—*Professor and Mrs. Alain Gresham entertained with a Sunday-afternoon tea in their charming home.* . . . Why, given time, Alain might become president of the college! *President and Mrs. Gresham* . . . If only the silly boy didn't need Kitti down there to get his stupid degrees! Well, sooner or later, Kitti would break.

So it went for almost a year, Louella writing checks and tearing them up, running down there but never getting a foot inside the apartment. Too small, Kitti kept saying. She and Alain came home less and less often, until finally they weren't coming at all. That was what did it. That and the fact that one day when Louella called, the operator said the Greshams' telephone had been disconnected.

Louella didn't even call Red to let him know she was going. She just left. When she got there, she browbeat the Greshams' current address out of a girl in the registrar's office and walked in on Kitti one hot, late spring afternoon.

There was Kitti at a greasy little range, cooking what smelled like hamburgers, wearing a faded wrap-around that Louella wouldn't have tolerated on the best cook in the world. Her hair was limp, her face pale from the heat, and, flapping dry in the window, were a couple of pairs of Alain's shorts.

Louella (*Continued on page* 56)



"Now, CHUM, if you don't make your payments on time, PAL, we'll take harsh steps, BUDDY"

COLLIER'S SIDNEY HOFF

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so proudly you give...

Because more millions of Americans choose it for themselves than any other brand, Seagram's 7 Crown is unquestionably America's most appreciated whiskey gift.

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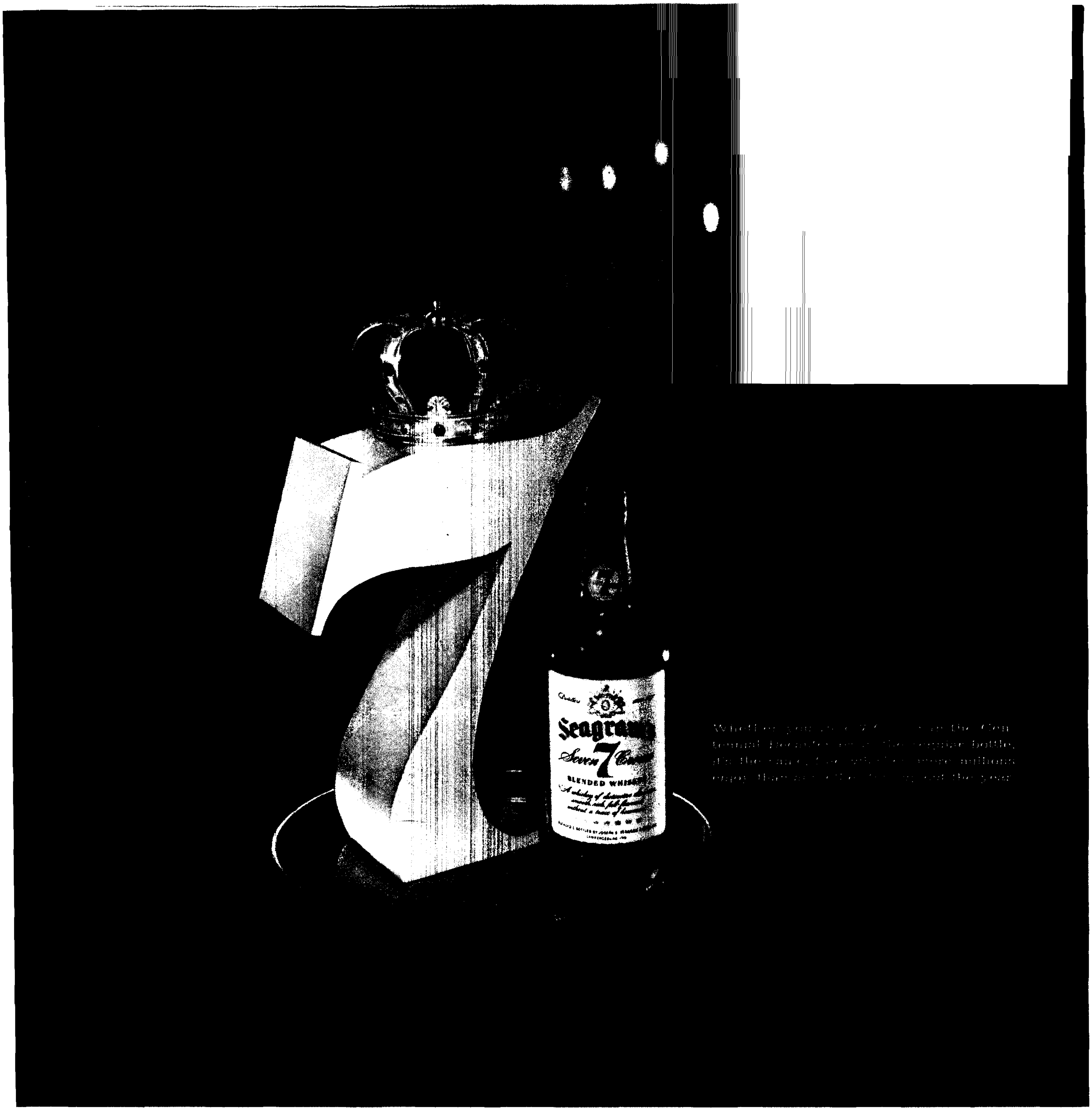

Whether you give 7 [illegible] in the Centennial Decanter or in the regular bottle, it's the same [illegible] more millions enjoy than [illegible] all the year

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Serve it with confidence. Give it with pride, secure in the knowledge that the finest gift container of all is the one that contains the finest whiskey... Seagram's 7 Crown.

and be Sure

SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY. BLENDED WHISKEY. 86.8 PROOF. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.

(*Continued from page* 53) didn't say a word and neither did Kitti. They just stood looking at each other and there wasn't a sound, just the two hamburgers frying soddenly in the skillet. Then Kitti, in a voice that would have been dry if it hadn't been so hoarse, said, "Hello, Mother dear."

"You're sick!" Louella cried accusingly. Then, lowering her voice by a deliberate effort, she said, "Get your things together and put them in the convertible. You can follow me home."

Kitti shook her head.

"If the gas tank's empty, I'll fill it!" Louella screamed, losing control again.

"We sold the convertible six months ago," Kitti admitted. "But, honestly, we're doing all right. We—" But it was no good. It hadn't been any good from the moment Louella stepped inside the doorway—and, actually, a long time before that. With a tired sigh, Kitti said, "All right. We're three months behind with the rent. Alain had to have a suit and—" She shrugged. "Make out a check to the landlady—for ninety-six dollars, Mrs. W. A. Creag—I'll write Alain a note."

LIPS tight, Louella wrote the check. "And, Mother, if you have an extra ten—" Lips even tighter, Louella pulled out a bill and watched Kitti tuck it in with the note. It was blackmail. But it was worth it, anything to get Kitti back.

"At least you aren't pregnant." Louella stiffened. "Are you?"

"No," said Kitti, coloring faintly. "No, I'm not."

It took a week of sleep and pills and beauty parlors to get Kitti over her cold and looking halfway normal, or acting it. Only then did Louella stop calling it "a little vacation" and get down to brass tacks. "You," she told Kitti, "are not going back down there. Alain can just as well wash his own shorts and eat out while he's getting his precious education."

"But he's no good at taking care of himself," Kitti said slowly. Then her eyes narrowed on Louella. It was a long, naked stare, defeated and yet calculating, strangely sad. "Of course, if you'll put up the money for the rest of his schooling . . ."

They were sitting there in the big living room, which wasn't black-and-blond any more but pink-and-gray, sitting there with Kitti's proposition dangling like a carrot in front of Louella's quivering nose, when the telephone rang. It was Mrs. Creag, the landlady. One of the professors had called her about Alain, to find out why he wasn't at his French exam. Mrs. Creag had gone in to investigate. Mrs. Creag was terribly upset. She had found Alain with his head inside the oven of the gas range. No telling how long the gas had been on—it was a wonder the whole house hadn't blown up. There was a note addressed *To My Wife*.

"He was afraid," Kitti said, her eyes big and dry. She read the note through twice, burned it, and then just sat.

"You're lucky your father has money," said Louella. "Else where would you be now? Living with the Greshams?"

"Poor Mrs. Gresham," Kitti said quietly, and went on sitting. . . .

After several months of Kitti's nerveless sitting and several more months of buying expensive clothes that Kitti didn't wear and giving little parties of which nothing came (most of Kitti's old crowd were, unfortunately, married or going to be soon), Louella looked around in desperation. Finally she said to Red, "Why don't you invite Munrow Biggs to dinner Friday night?"

When Red burst out laughing, Louella wanted to kill him. After all, *he* wasn't the one who had to put up with Kitti's lack of interest, her silences, her way of laughing when there was nothing funny. "See here," Louella said fiercely, "I'd like to know of a mother anywhere who isn't concerned about her daughter's future. Furthermore, what's wrong with Munrow Biggs?"

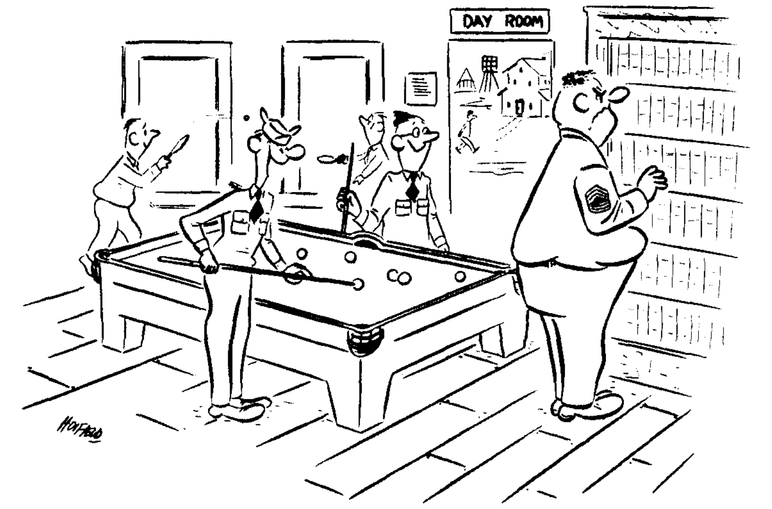
"Nothing," said Red. "There's not a damn' thing wrong with Munrow. I don't even mind that he's trying to take over my business."

There were fourteen at dinner Friday night, but if it reminded Munrow or Kitti of anything, neither of them gave a sign. Munrow looked handsome in his rough male fashion. He wore the right clothes and he picked up the right forks and he made just the right amount of small talk.

PRIVATE PUNKY

How to Get Along in the Army

By NORMAN HOIFJELD



"The Mother Goose book is out, Sarge"

COLLIER'S

He also looked at Kitti a great deal. She was something to look at in a two-hundred-dollar dress, her gilt hair tinted dark on the tips in the newest style. She drank a lot and laughed a lot that evening. And if her laughter sounded faintly cynical, like her father's, no one noticed, not even Louella. Because just look at how Kitti had come out of it! Who said mothers didn't know best?

THE following night Munrow took Kitti to the dance out at the country club. After ten thirty he stopped letting people cut in. Around midnight somebody reported them kissing out on the terrace.

With an anticipatory sigh, Camus City sat up and waited for the wedding. It was surely going to be something. Only how could it possibly surpass the first one? But Louella could do it, if anybody could. And this time it looked as though the old girl had put her money on the right horse. This Biggs fellow showed fair to be as good at raking in the dough as old Red himself. Too bad about the first one, the Gresham boy, but Munrow would surely make up for him. . . .

Then one morning, a few weeks before the wedding, Munrow woke in the spotless, unimaginative back bedroom of what was still known as the old Rushin house, but which now belonged to the Biggses. He felt what seemed to be a large rock settled at the pit of his stomach and a lot of little rocks filling his head. It's no good, he thought suddenly. It's no good this way.

By "this" way, he meant Louella, and working for Red, and all the rest of it—even Kitti. Somehow he couldn't see her any more without seeing Louella and the Forrest Construction Company. But there was still a chance for them, if he had the nerve to take it.

"I'm quitting," he told Red. "I'm getting out, as of now, and going on my own. Maybe even in another state."

"Your own company, huh? Well, well. I can see the signboards now: BIG JOB? LET BIGGS DO IT." Red grinned.

"Thanks," said Munrow, returning Red's grin, which was more than a little wistful.

Then a faint look of consternation swept Red's florid face. "You said anything about this to Louella yet? Or Kitti?"

Munrow went on grinning, but the rock in his stomach grew a little. "I'll tell Kitti when I get around to it."

"Well, good luck," said Red. "You might need it."

Munrow got around to making his announcement that afternoon. Louella called and asked him to come out to the house.

"Look here." Louella came right to the point, standing there defiantly, her hair gleaming like new-minted gold from a fresh tint job, her face slightly puffed with age and indignation. "If you think Kitti's going through *that* again, you're crazy. Cooking, washing, mopping floors, living on a shoestring—"

"I'll have a little more than a shoestring." Munrow said stubbornly, looking around Louella to Kitti, who sat in a gilt chair at a table piled with expensive white stationery.

But Louella blocked his way. "If you can't stay right here in Camus City—" Her voice rose. "If you don't know when you're well off—"

The ultimatum hung in the air and Munrow's insides tightened around the rock, which had grown to an unbearable size. It was an ultimatum, but— "No," he said. "I'm getting out. I'm going on my own." He spoke to Louella but he looked at Kitti, his heart in his throat, playing his cards the only way he knew.

"The first few years, until I get started, may be a little rough," he said. "But I'll get there. Sooner or later, I'll get there. And what difference does it make where or how we get married? All this hoop-la."

IT WAS a promise and a plea, and Kitti was the most beautiful thing in the world as she got up and came toward him. He started to take her in his arms. Then he saw she was holding something out to him. "But why ruin everything now? Why not be sensible?" she said, and gave a tiny laugh. "In the first place, why waste five hundred perfectly handsome wedding invitations?"

He looked, and the black, finely engraved letters leaped out from the heavy white paper. *Mr. and Mrs. Orville James Forrest* . . . Wow, no wonder Red had shucked that handle! . . . *request your presence at the marriage of their daughter, Kitti Elaine* . . . Funny, he never knew she had a middle name. . . . *to Mr. Monroe Biggs*

Monroe? *Monroe?* Looking down at it, he had the feeling he was being pulled slowly backward inside a telescope, toward the small end. Then something hot and angry exploded in his head.

It had been there such a long time, waiting, and now it burst. Seizing the card, he tore it across, and then, savagely, into many small pieces. Step by step, he backed Kitti toward the wall. "So now it's *Monroe*, is it? Well, the name is *M-u-n-r-o-w*, remember? Munrow Biggs. And if it's not good enough—"

"I'll say it's not good enough," cried Louella. "And you leave her alone, do you hear?"

The cry was a goad, as was Kitti's smile. He struck her, a hard flat-handed slap across her white face, her frozen little smile. She sat down, suddenly, in the gilt chair. She made no sound. All the sound and the fury came from Louella. "Get out of here! Get out and stay out!"

"I'm going," said Munrow. "I oughtn't to have come in the first place."

He walked heavily to the door and then turned for one last look at what had been his love. Across the big, showy room he stared at her, crouched in the gilt chair with vivid red marks across her cheek, her eyes big and almost black. Maybe he had hurt her. Slowly, painfully, an old tension gathered inside him. An old hunger constricted his throat. He had meant to hurt her, but not—

"Get out!" hissed Louella, for all the world like a female rattler.

He was going. It was the only thing left to do. But there was just one thing, one question. Looking straight into Kitti's eyes, he asked it. "Do *you* want me to go?"

Her mouth trembled and then hardened into a replica of Louella's. Then it trembled again, and she said: "Yes, go. Go now—and I'll go with you!"

And with an eagerness that was at the same time pathetic and beautiful, without a backward glance, she walked out with him and left Louella sitting there. It was that simple.

—MARIAN GAVIN

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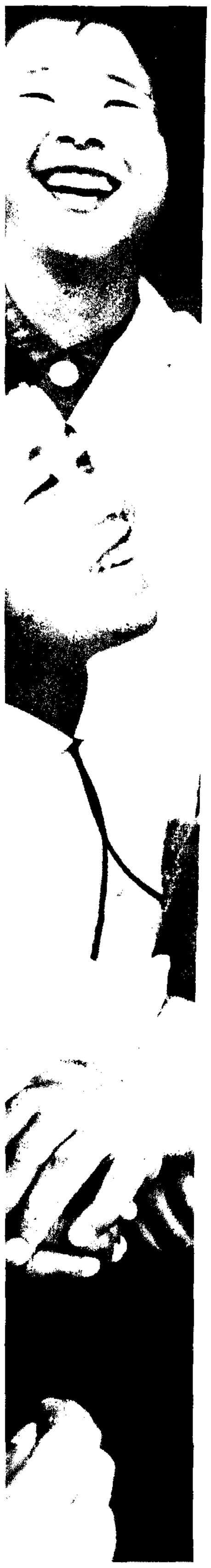
Ex-tough Brando goes Oriental for role in M-G-M's Teahouse of the August Moon. He is Sakini, interpreter to U.S. Army which is outmaneuvered by Okinawans



BANZAI BRANDO

Marlon Brando is one who believes, "When in Japan, do as the Japanese do." On location there for the first time to star in M-G-M's The Teahouse of the August Moon, Brando spent all of his spare time studying both the country and her people. "For me," he says, "it was a great emotional experience. Before I went to Japan, I had a completely false picture of the Japanese. I thought of them as cold, inscrutable. I found them to be warm and friendly, and more emotional even than the Italians." Brando created a nationwide stir upon his arrival by greeting the press with a carefully memorized speech in Japanese. After that, it was love at first sight between Marlon and Nippon. The Japanese took to following him in the street, and turned the Tokyo *première* of his film Guys and Dolls into the biggest mob scene since the emperor's last birthday. Japanese fans, however, reports Brando, "are too polite to ask for autographs." —THOMAS C. RYAN

PHOTOGRAPHED BY SANFORD H. ROTH

Tricky art of judo trips up a gasping Brando as he takes tumble over Japanese actor Negami Jun

A sheepish Marlon tries on hat for Okinawan film role

These Brando fans live in a Japanese orphanage. When Marlon arrived for a visit, they crowned him with flowers. He in turn taught them American folk songs

An attentive Brando receives a lesson in the proper use of chopsticks from the leading lady of Teahouse, Japanese star Machiko Kyo. He mastered them easily

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Five days after he stood up to the Kremlin, Polish leader Wladyslaw Gomulka addresses a cheering rally of 200,000 in Warsaw. It was Gomulka's return to power which brought the Soviet kingpins on the run—without success

INTERNATIONAL

36 HOURS THAT SHOOK THE COMMUNIST WORLD

In a single stormy weekend in Warsaw, the Poles met and defied Kremlin leaders and changed history. Here is the backstage story **By FLORA LEWIS**

Warsaw

At 7:00 A.M. on the chill gray morning of Friday, October 19th, a silvery Russian Tupolev 104 jet transport touched down at a military airport near Warsaw. No crowds or photographers pushed forward; only a few knots of people stood by. For this was a secret arrival, an easy one to keep secret because, although the airport was Polish, it was run by the Russian air force on a permanent 24-hour alert.

As soon as mechanics rolled the ramp into place, a procession of some of the most powerful men in the world stepped out of the plane: Nikita Khrushchev, the paunchy, moonfaced First Secretary of the Russian Communist party; Vyacheslav Molotov, Anastas Mikoyan and Lazar Kaganovich, top members of the Soviet Presidium; Marshal Ivan S. Konev, commander of the Warsaw Pact forces; General Alexei Antonov, chief of the Red Army general staff, and about 10 more full generals.

With fire in his eyes, Khrushchev quickly surveyed the clusters of silent watchers. Peevishly he took the salute of a handful of Russian officers in Polish uniforms. Then he turned to Marshal Konstantin Rokossovsky, resplendent in the dress of the commander in chief of the Polish armed forces and Polish minister of defense. To Rokossovsky, once a Red Army marshal, placed in his Polish post by the Soviets, Khrushchev spoke in their common tongue.

His face twisted in the rage that had brought him from Moscow, he shouted for all to hear: "We shed our blood for this country and now they're trying to sell it out to the Americans and the Zionists! But it won't work!"

A tall man, once sturdy but now pinched and bony, who was standing with another group nearby, plainly could not bear the insult. He shouted back: "We shed more blood than you and we're not selling out to anyone!"

Khrushchev wheeled. *"Kto ty takoi?"* he demanded. "Who are you?" He used the contemptuous familiar form.

The answer came firmly: "I am Gomulka, whom you put in prison for four years."

The speaker was Wladyslaw Gomulka, a recently "rehabilitated" top Communist Pole, who, at Stalin's own order, had been jailed for the cardinal crime of putting Poland's interests above Russia's.

With this unprecedented and bitter exchange between the Russian and the Pole began the 36 hours that shook the Communist world and launched an avalanche that may in time crumble one of history's mightiest empires. Neither the bloody weeks that followed, nor any to come in the future essentially alter this prospect. For it was the events of the 19th and 20th of October in Warsaw which nakedly exposed, even to the most ardent Soviet apologist, the fiction of the "independence" of Russia's satellites. It was the events of those two days which loosed the accumulated bitterness of the satellites' decade of humiliation and suffering, notably the abortive Hungarian revolt. It was the events of those two days which gave the ultimate lie to the Soviet's bland façade of a united Eastern front.

FOR MONTHS, ever since Stalin's deglorification by his successors, the satellites had been in ferment, their own rulers no longer regarded as sacrosanct. Throughout the Red world, once leading Communists like Gomulka, cast out because of Stalin's vagaries, were returning to national favor. Now Poland, the keystone of the satellite structure, had dared to move openly toward restoring Gomulka to power; its Central Committee was this very day voting on the move. Suasion from Moscow itself no longer seemed sure-fire; the men of the Kremlin felt they would have to wield their will against Gomulka on the spot.

The story of just how, in those brief hours, Poland's Communist leaders defied the power of the Soviet Union and, with little but Polish pride and courage, blunted the spikes of Russia's big stick is an ineffaceable page of history—one that no subsequent Russian retaliation can erase. Here, for the first time, is set down the full drama of that fateful weekend behind closed doors in Warsaw.

After the angry outburst at the airport between Khrushchev and Gomulka, the Russian at last marched over to greet his reluctant hosts, members of the Polish Politburo who had been summoned from their beds with the news that the Soviet jet was over Polish territory.

Khrushchev ignored Gomulka; he ignored Edward Ochab, the stubby, gray-maned leader of the Polish Communist party. He turned instead to Josef Cyrankiewicz, prime minister of Poland, a sad but determined-faced man who had lost all his hair in a Nazi concentration camp.

No time was wasted in formalities.

"Why did you come?" Cyrankiewicz demanded.

Sometime earlier the Russians had sent word that they wished to attend the Polish Central Committee meeting, scheduled for ten o'clock that Friday morning—the meeting intended to restore Gomulka to power and oust Stalinist, pro-Soviet members of the Polish Communist leadership. The Poles had shrewdly though politely requested that the Russians defer their visit until after the committee's sessions.

Now, irked that the Russians had failed to heed the request, Cyrankiewicz no longer felt the need for courtesy. "We told

(*Continued on page* 63)

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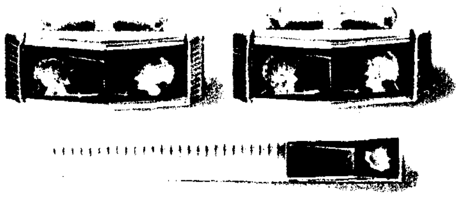
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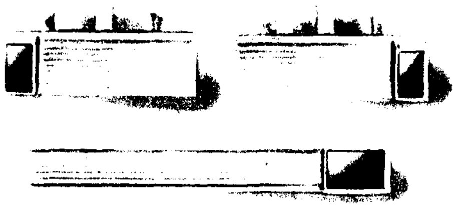
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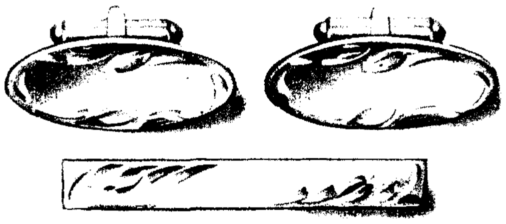
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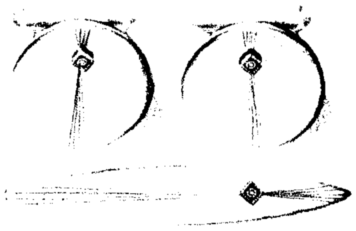
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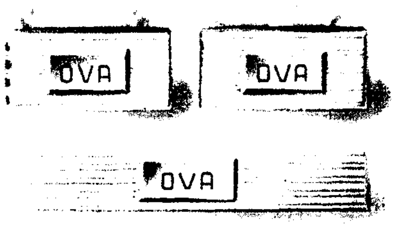

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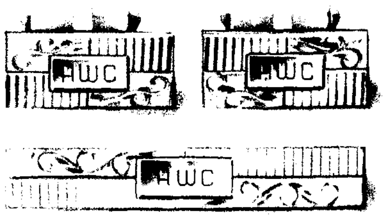
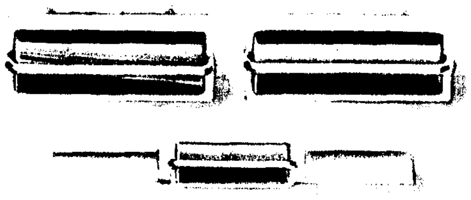


VII STERLING SILVER $10.00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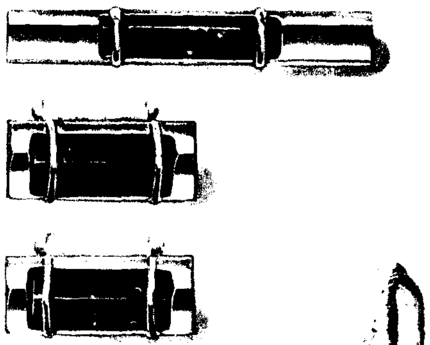
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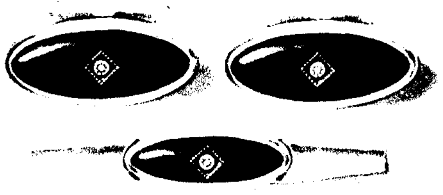
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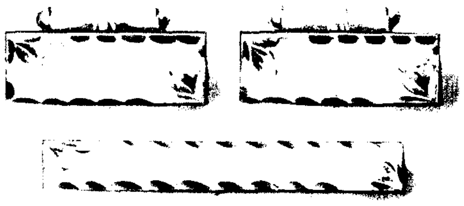
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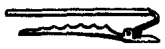

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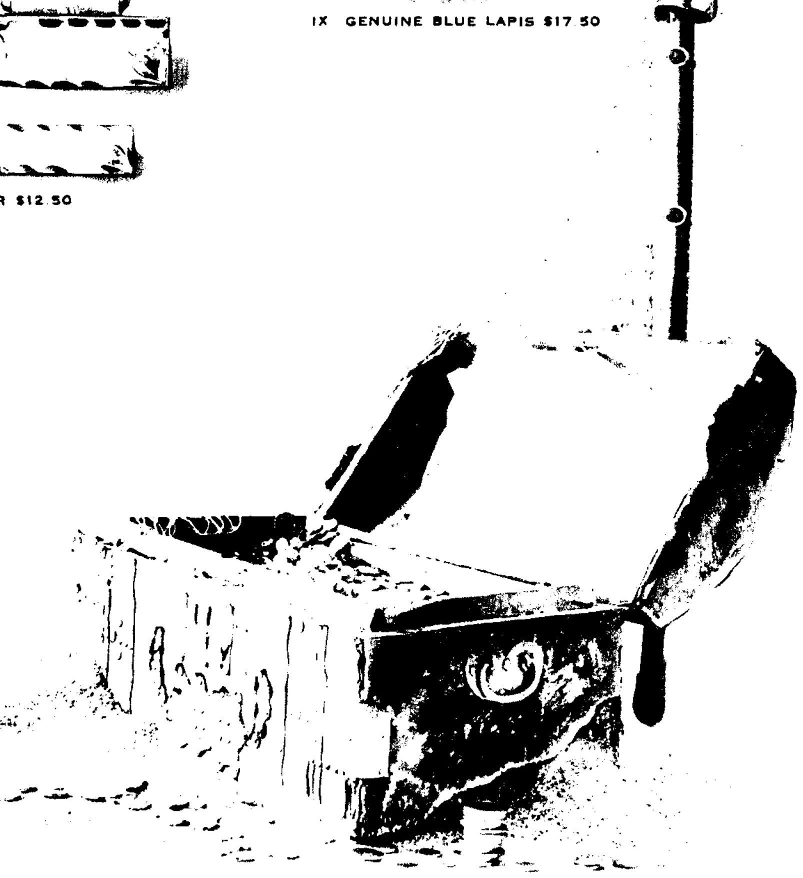

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INTERNATIONAL

The Poles who defied Russia's wrath (left to right): Prime Minister Josef Cyrankiewicz, top Communists Wladyslaw Gomulka, Alexander Zawadski, Edward Ochab are applauded by group of students and workers

Against a backdrop of satin elegance and palatial splendor Khrushchev shouted and bullied but the Poles remained firm

you that we would talk with you when our meeting is finished," he said.

Khrushchev could not control himself. Gesturing toward Ochab and Gomulka, he shouted: "There has been an act of betrayal! We had to come! It is not only a question of Polish-Soviet relations. You're endangering our position in Germany! You're menacing the whole Soviet camp!"

THE ARGUMENT CONTINUED as the Russian Zims and the black Mercedes and Chevrolets that Polish officials use sped off toward Warsaw. Cyrankiewicz was seated with Khrushchev. Ochab and Gomulka rode together in another car. Russian security personnel had tried to separate them but, wary of accidents that have been known to happen to important Communists, Gomulka refused to ride alone.

En route Khrushchev kept up his tirade in the Russian equivalent of four-letter words.

Astonished and offended, Cyrankiewicz snapped, "This is not Kercelak!" (Kercelak is a slum section of Warsaw.)

The cavalcade rolled into the city behind Polish and Russian security outriders. The Russians wanted to go direct to the rambling, modern, four-story Council of State building on Aleja Stalina (Stalin Avenue), where the Central Committee was to meet, and at the corner of Aleja Stalina the lead Russian cars started to turn. But the Polish drivers pressed straight ahead. Although there was almost an accident, the Poles succeeded in directing the convoy four blocks farther along to the Belvedere Palace, the white mansion that was the home of Polish presidents when Poland had a president.

Besides bodyguards, the Russians had brought with them, in waves of converted bombers that followed the big jet into Warsaw, a large staff: secretaries, advisers, aides, a security force of about 60, and even cooks and vast quantities of food. Obviously they had planned on a protracted stay, and apparently they had no confidence in Polish hospitality. "I suppose they were afraid of being poisoned," a Polish official said later.

Russian and Polish secret police surreptitiously moved about the palace, planting microphones to insure a full record of the conversations. The six top Russians and the Polish Politburo filed into the Belvedere's Blue Room, a long French gallery adorned with inlaid tea tables and satin-upholstered chairs. After a quick huddle, the Poles decided that four of them would remain to negotiate while the others left to prepare for the meeting of the full Central Committee. The four who stayed were Gomulka, Ochab, Cyrankiewicz, and Alexander Zawadski, a pale figure of secondary importance included as a gesture of conciliation to the pro-Soviet faction in the Polish leadership.

The formal talks opened a little before 8:00 A.M. Khrushchev, stalking around the room, began with a renewed demand that the Russians be permitted to attend the Central Committee meeting scheduled for two hours hence. "You are opening the way for reactionaries and counterrevolutionaries to take over," he roared. "There can be no changes in the Politburo. Your new slate will wreck Socialism. We have arrived to be heard at the meeting."

The Poles, forced to outshout Khrushchev, argued that a lot of the trouble between Poland and Russia was due to previous Soviet appearances at Central Committee meetings.

Khrushchev never sat down. Continuing to pace the elegant gallery, he launched into an hour-and-a-half harangue ticking off alleged bounties that Poland had received from the beneficent motherland. The Poles listened wryly, thinking of a very different list of Soviet deeds.

SUDDENLY, a lower-ranking Polish Communist burst into the room. Troops were surrounding Warsaw, he informed Gomulka and Ochab.

The Poles jumped up and turned accusingly to the Russians. "Is it true?" one demanded. Khrushchev feigned amazement. He turned to Marshal Konev and General Antonov. Together they went into an anteroom to confer with the other Russian generals waiting there. More than an hour passed. By the time Khrushchev returned to say, "Yes, it is true," Warsaw had been completely encircled.

Ochab spluttered: "If you think you can keep us in here and start an armed *Putsch* outside, you are mistaken! We are prepared."

Gomulka, glaring at Khrushchev, coldly added: "Unless the troops are called off at once, we will walk out of here and there will be no further negotiations. We will not talk while cannons are pointing at Warsaw."

It was a supremely critical moment. Although Khrushchev started to argue, the Poles stood tense but firm. "If it is impossible to talk with you, I will say what is on my mind over the radio, to the people," Gomulka declared.

Both sides knew what that could mean—at minimum, a nationwide demonstration against the Soviet Union, but more probably war between Communist Poland and Communist Russia. The risk was a terrible one, later to be re-emphasized by the tragedy of Hungary, whose leadership wavered and panicked.

Khrushchev's eyes narrowed and he stood quiet for a moment. At last he said, "We will order all troop movements to be halted."

Konev was sent to give the order. Polish security men dashed out to check all roads to Warsaw, some going by taxi because not enough official cars were available.

Reports soon began coming in. The troops were not withdrawing, but they had stopped where they were. Three columns from the south, southwest and west had surrounded the city. They were composed of three Russian-officered Polish divisions which had been separated from the regular army and allocated to the Warsaw Pact forces under Konev and Rokossovsky.

IT WAS NOW NEARLY 11:00 A.M. Molotov, who had said little, sought to press the Russian viewpoint more courteously. But Khrushchev would not subside. He attacked Gomulka as an outsider who could not speak for the Polish Communists, but Cyrankiewicz and Ochab stood firm with their new leader.

Then suddenly Khrushchev shifted his strategy. He offered aid to Poland. "We did not come here to threaten you; we came to help you," he cajoled.

The Poles rose wearily. The Central Committee was waiting. Khrushchev again insisted on going along. "At least," he said, "let us talk informally with the committee members if we can't take part in the session." But the Poles were leery. "We will put it up to the committee," Ochab replied, "and they can decide whether they want to hear you."

The Russians were left to themselves in the Belvedere, and the grim-faced Poles drove the short distance to the Council of State building. Ochab called the Central Committee meeting to order. He announced the resignation of the old Politburo and the nomination of a new one, as planned before the Russians' arrival. Helena Jaworska, a young woman member, called for a vote without debate. But the pro-Soviet members of the committee, known as the Natolin faction after a resort near Warsaw where they had caucused, shouted: "No! No! We must discuss it."

The parliamentary question of when to vote was put—a grave test because it would show the alignment of factions. Most of the committee were people who had denounced Gomulka in 1948. The motion to vote at once, without debate, was defeated. It was then only that Ochab revealed the presence in Warsaw of Khrushchev & Company. He adjourned the Central Committee meeting until 3:00 P.M.

The Polish leaders, now unsure of the support of their own committee, had to go back to face the Russians.

The hour was precisely noon. One slim hope

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As the fateful negotiations wore on, the Russians tried a Putsch by encircling Warsaw with troops

remained to save Poland's chance for the right to work out its own salvation. The leaders dared seize it. They sent word of the morning's events to the Warsaw Communist party district committee, a lower-ranking, pro-Gomulka group. The committee mobilized a round-the-clock headquarters; its couriers passed the word to all big factories around Warsaw and to students who had called a mass meeting at Warsaw Polytechnic High School. Quietly, so as not to provoke violence that might destroy the nation, an effective appeal was made to the people.

Back at the Belvedere, Russo-Polish negotiations focused on the key question: Who was to be in the new Polish Politburo? The Russians reduced their formal demands. They would agree, they said, to the inclusion of Gomulka—but the Russian-imposed Rokossovsky must not be ousted.

Khrushchev referred bitingly to the Polish leaders' announced policy of liberalizing their regime, of trying to find a totally new kind of Socialism with room for freedom. "You've got to stop it," he declared.

The Poles were undeceived by the sudden Russian "compromise" on Gomulka. The name of Rokossovsky became the symbol of whether or not the new policy was to be stopped.

"Our people," said Gomulka, "date the Soviet occupation from the time of Rokossovsky's arrival. Here he is the symbol of Russian domination. He cannot be in the Politburo."

Khrushchev retorted: "But it was the Poles who asked him to come."

Gomulka did not choose to challenge the point. "Now the Polish people want him to go," he declared.

Khrushchev's reply was blunt: "Under no condition will we take him back. We can't. He gave up his Soviet citizenship. You'll have to manage with him the best you can."

NOW IT WAS THE POLES who were stringing out the conversations, awaiting the resolutions of support that they knew would be pouring in from the factories and schools.

Molotov accused the Poles of "blindly following the Yugoslav model of independent Communism."

Gomulka replied, "We are not following any models; we are following our own Polish way."

Much larger offers of Soviet aid were made. The Poles declared they would discuss no economic affairs until the main questions had been settled.

At one point Cyrankiewicz turned to Mikoyan, who had said little, and asked for his views. Mikoyan said tersely: "The Soviet Union can't afford any trouble in Poland. If you start trouble, we will crush it by force if necessary."

As the afternoon wore on, it was clear that the Russians could not win with words alone. At 5:00 P.M., Soviet forces began to move again. Reinforcements crossed into Poland in the north from what was formerly East Prussia and in the west from East Germany. Despite Khrushchev's promise earlier in the day, several Soviet divisions already stationed in Poland marched on Warsaw. At Stettin, a Russian force tried to cross the Oder River, but withdrew when Polish troops fired. The Red Army had been told to march, but apparently not to shoot.

As news of these and other troop movements streamed into the Belvedere, Gomulka again threatened to break off negotiations. Again the Russians promised to halt their troops. Then the Poles demanded that the Russian delegation return to Moscow. Gomulka said, "We will not reconvene the Central Committee until you have gone. There is no point in continuing these talks."

But the Russians had another plan up their sleeve. They agreed to go if a joint communiqué could be drafted. It was then 6:00 P.M.; the Central Committee had been waiting to resume since 3:00 P.M. The Polish leaders made another trip to the committee meeting. There they announced that the Russians would leave that night and that the committee session would continue next day, Saturday. Haggard now, the Poles then trooped back to the Belvedere's Blue Room.

Khrushchev demanded that the communiqué reaffirm Soviet-Polish friendship. Gomulka replied: "That would serve no purpose now. There are many outstanding questions to be settled first." Nor would the Poles agree to fix a date for negotiations on new relations between Poland and the Soviet Union.

The haggling went on for another four hours, and the question of troops came up again and again. The Soviets gave another pledge that their forces would be ordered back to their bases.

Just before 2:00 A.M., a brief communiqué was finally agreed upon. It said only that a Polish delegation would leave for Moscow shortly.

The Russians were supposed to leave Warsaw at 3:00 A.M. Saturday. They did not get to the airport until 6:40 A.M. The good-bys were brief. The Tupolev took off at 6:45. The Poles drove back to Warsaw to make their own plans.

At 10:35 A.M. the Polish Central Committee met again. Not even then was it told the full story of the previous 24 hours; only the main points were reported. The atmosphere had changed considerably from that at the previous day's meeting. Several Communists who had held out for subservience to Moscow rose to proclaim their penitence, or to try to shift the blame. Others, more persistent, charged wildly that the Warsaw committee which had organized the resistance to Russia was a center of American espionage. But as the speeches droned on, it became clear that Gomulka and his friends would win when the time came to vote.

Since noon Friday, Polish workers had been kept in their factories in readiness to take to the streets and demonstrate for their country. Student meetings had gone on almost continuously. When, by Saturday afternoon, it was announced that Russian troops were withdrawing, workers at the sprawling Zeran automobile plant on the edge of Warsaw piled into newly finished cars and drove out to investigate for themselves. They found that the troops had not yet moved. Warsaw did not relax.

BY LATE SATURDAY NIGHT a lot of people had an inkling of what had delayed the Khrushchev party's departure for more than three hours that morning. Someone had given a list of 700 names to supposedly pro-Soviet high military officers. On the list were all the leading supporters of Gomulka, including all of Warsaw's newspaper editors. These 700 were to be arrested during the night. Whether Russians or pro-Soviet Poles drew up the list was not known. But that was the secret plan for a *Putsch.*

The plot misfired. The military, uneasy about making the arrests, turned the list over to the security police. The security police, long the dreaded fist of terror in Poland, made no overt move. But one by one the 700 people on the list received anonymous telephone calls warning them not to sleep at home that night. A little later, each received a second call. The same voice said, "Do not be afraid after all. We will protect you."

That night, security policemen stood quiet guard around the buildings where the 700 lived. The crucial 36 hours were over. So Poland's initial battle to be free of the Red yoke was won. Regardless of setbacks to come, a new era had begun.

The Poles have taken to calling their triumphant 36-hour ordeal "the Polish October." In October, 1917, an earlier revolution had begun in Russia in St. Petersburg. Now, in Warsaw, there had been a new October revolution, and the Poles hoped it would wipe out what was foul in the growth of the old one. THE END

INTERNATIONAL

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INTERNATIONAL

The Russians who backed down: Nikita Khrushchev (top left), Russia's Communist party boss; Marshal Ivan S. Konev (bottom left), commander of all Warsaw Pact forces; Marshal Konstantin Rokossovsky (above), whom Russians installed as Polish defense minister. Plot devised by Soviets called for Red troops to surround capital and force overthrow of government. But Poles got wind of maneuver and called the Russians' bluff. Soviets yielded rather than risk bloodshed at the time

When You Give Fleischmann's Whiskey ...why not Fleischmann's Gin, too?

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DISTILLED DRY GIN
90 PROOF
Distilled from American Grain
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION PEEKSKILL, NEW YORK
FLEISCHMANN
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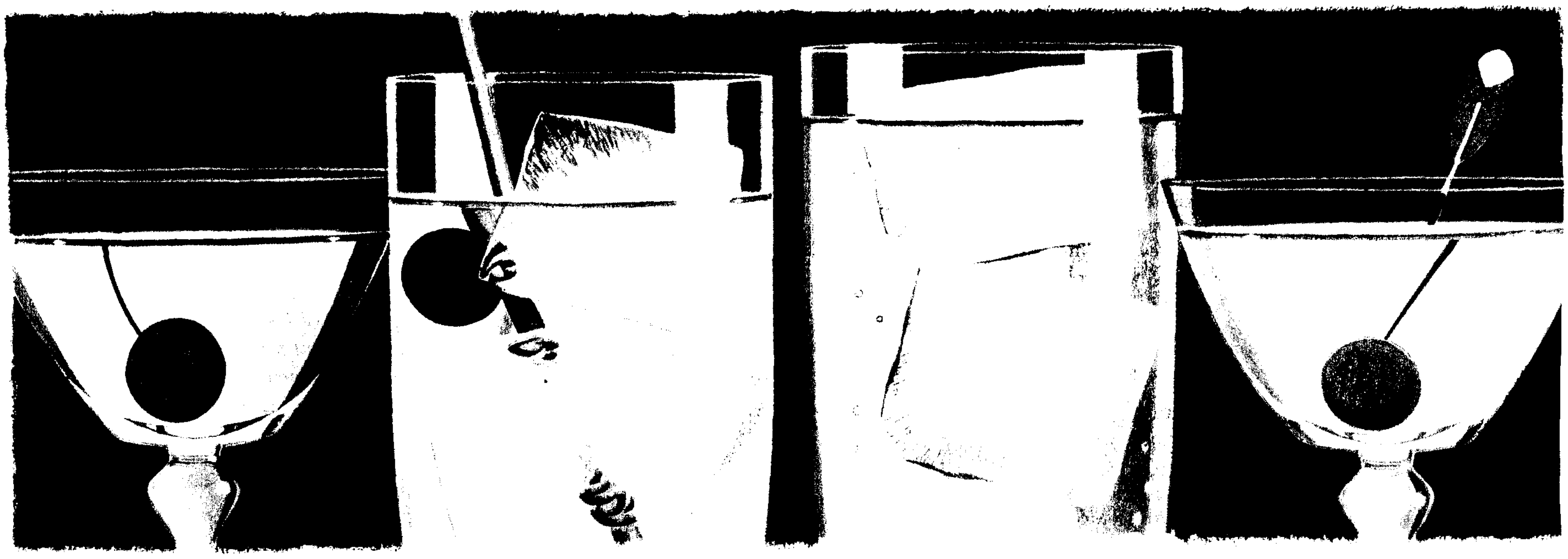
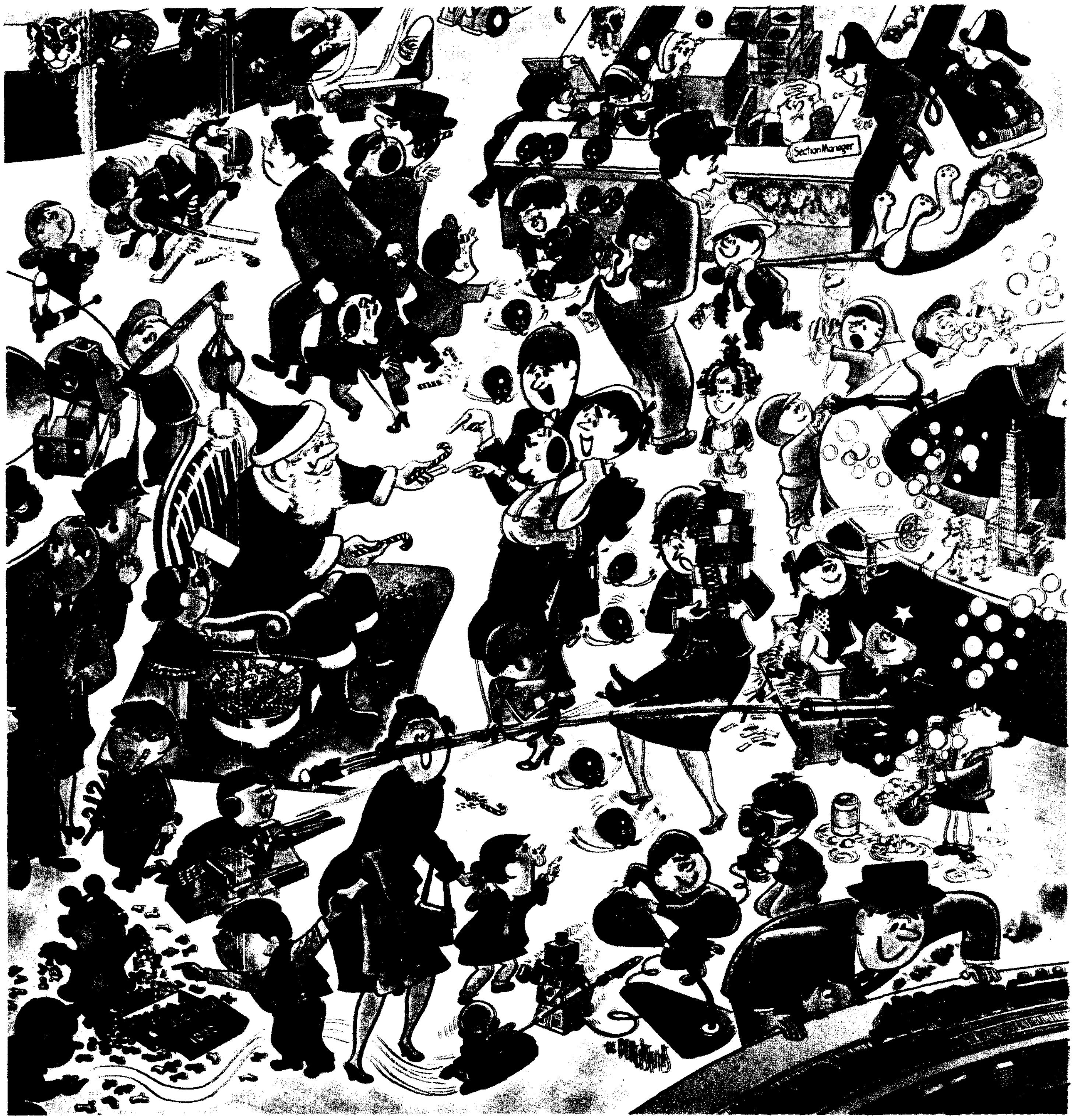
Established 1870
90 PROOF
PREFERRED
BLENDED WHISKEY
Blended and Bottled by THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION Peekskill, N.Y. Owensboro, Ky.

That famous Fleischmann smoothness makes perfect holiday drinks!



FLEISCHMANN'S PREFERRED BLENDED WHISKEY • 90 PROOF • 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • FLEISCHMANN'S GIN • 90 PROOF • DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN • THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY



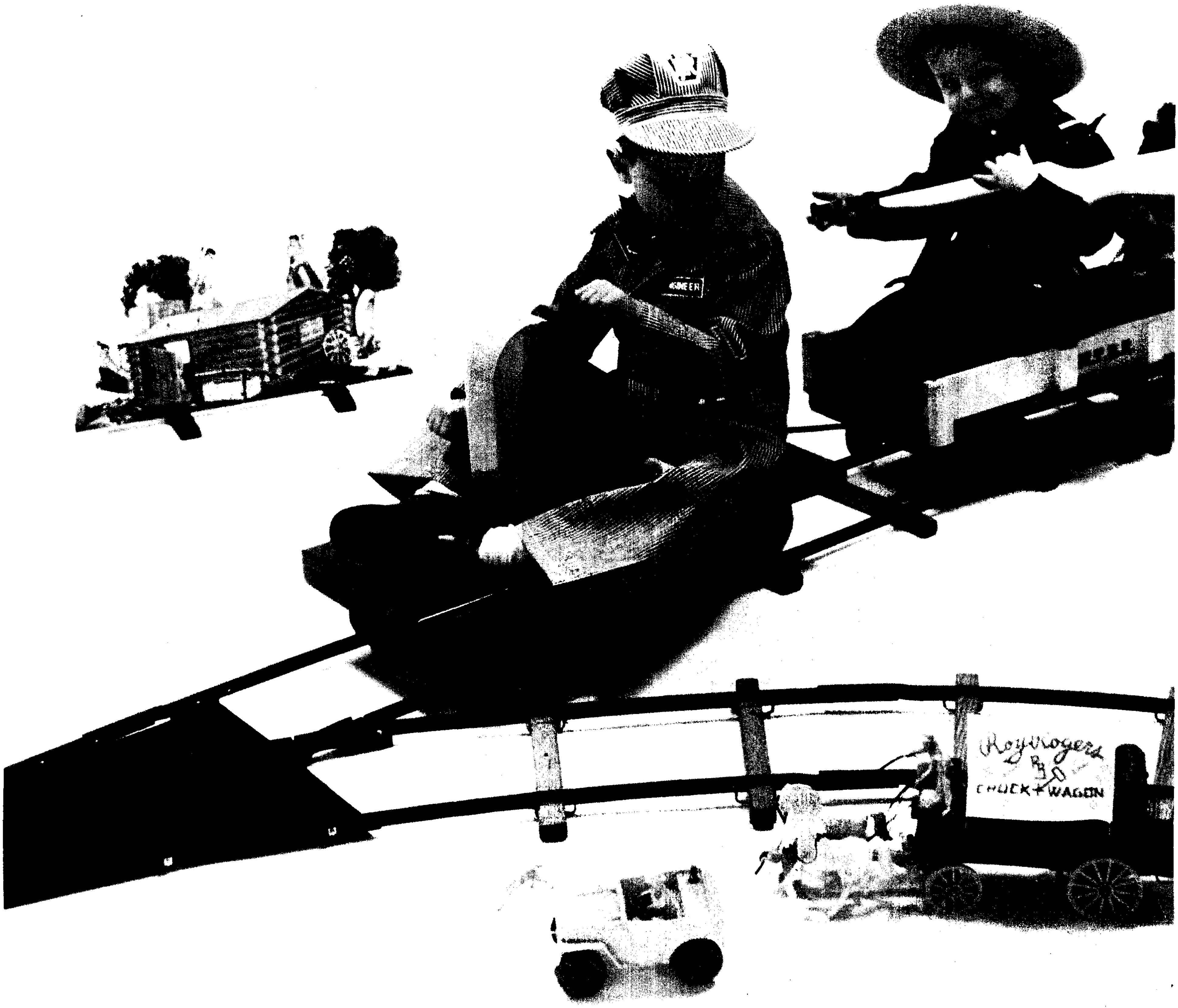
Artists Stanley and Janice Berenstain show us the joyful and familiar chaos of pre-Christmas shopping

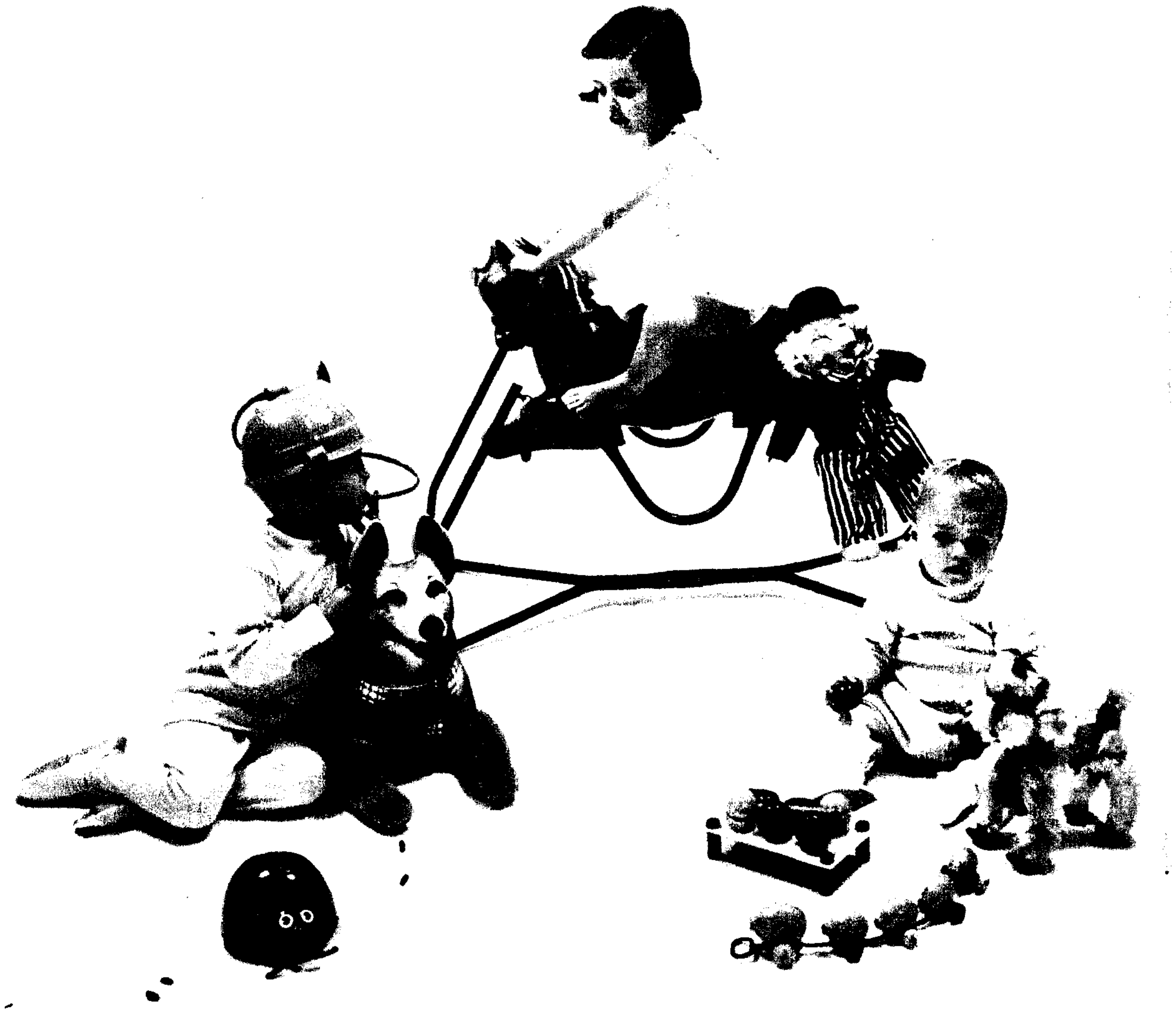
Temptation in the Toy Department

Those parents who moan, "I don't know what to buy my child—he has everything," are in for a treat when they see this season's crop of custom-built creations—ingenious, fascinating and occasionally even fiendish. The toy manufacturers of the U.S. really have outdone themselves: shrimp eggs hatch into shrimp on microscopic slides; remote-control robot toys perform complicated military maneuvers; a large, malevolent bug scurries across the floor, neatly dodging furniture or approaching feet. More peaceful items let youngsters build intricate skyscrapers, mix their own frosteds or wash doll clothes. Quality and safety are at their peak, too, as designers try to outguess the loving carelessness and recklessness of childhood. Incidentally, the this-way-lies-madness scene above is one of Stanley and Janice Berenstain's penetrating portraits of family Americana—the trip to the toy department. (Few parents with children in tow ever make it more than once.) The Berenstains are the parents of two average, vitamin-packed American kids (bearing no resemblance to the cuddly, lullaby-loving tots portrayed in song and story) and their periodic cartoon-reports in Collier's are favorites with reader-parents who find a lot of mirthful misery in their company. On the next two pages you'll see many of the toys U.S. parents—including the Berenstains and Collier's editors—will be buying at leading stores nationwide. Merry Christmas!

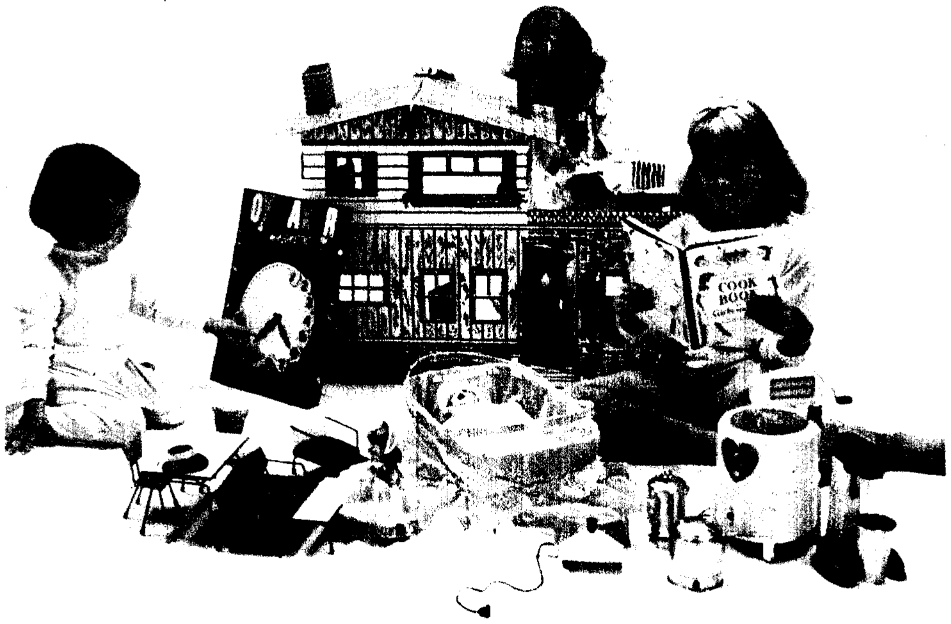
Playing Santa? The kids have never had it so good!

Daddies may want to surprise their darlings with a limber, lovely ballerina doll by Valentine, $30, or RCA's portable 4-speed record player, $45, plus Magic Mirror Movies—records that picture recorded songs, complete $3. For young scientists, perhaps The Story of Power, published by Doubleday, $2, or the Gilbert Microscope Set, $10. Marvels in foreground are The Brain, remote-controlled futuristic weapon, by Zimmerman, $12, and miniature, transparent Starfire, by Ideal, $15. Below: hand-propelled yard-bird by Doepke, with 40 feet of tracks, $40; attached flatcar, $16. Sharpshooter in flatcar aims at mechanized Indian Fighter target game at far left, Keystone, $4, while Mrs. Squirrel, by Gund, $9, hitches a ride behind him. Roy Rogers Chuck Wagon, with temperamental jeep Nellybelle and rest of Rogers cast, by Ideal, $6. Engineer, cowboy suits, by Sackman, $5 each





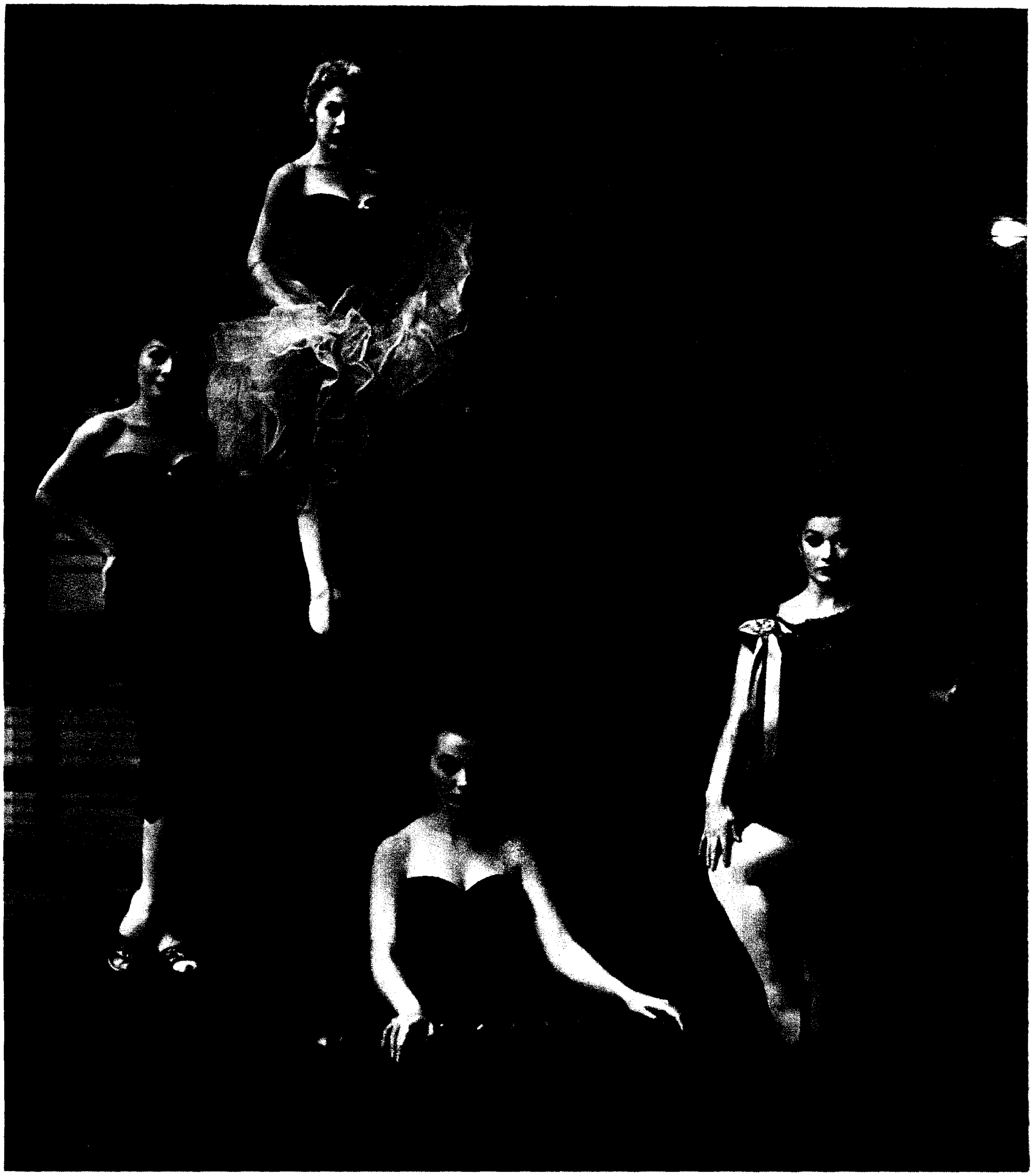
Ever plan to run away and join the circus? Our big-top enthusiast will stay home happily with her Wonder Mare, $20, and Laughing Clown, Gund, $10. Speed demon at left wears Siren Helmet, $2, by Basson, lounges against his TV favorite, Rin-Tin-Tin, Ideal, $10. Small animal fancier, right, reaches for fluffy poodle, Gund, $6. Other toys for beginners include Holgate's interchanging Bowla Cones, $2, and Fisher-Price's This Little Pig, $2, a chewable pull-toy. Front: battery-propelled Brainy Bug turns away from all obstacles, $5, General Molds & Plastics. Ballet costume on the dashing equestrienne, $5, Rice Mills. Children's pajamas by Carter's



Future housewives revel in extravagant domesticity with cardboard, split-level doll's house especially designed to allay housing shortage created by current craze for 8-inch dolls. Furnished cardboard house is by Andover, $5. Full-skirted 8-inch Ginger doll by Cosmopolitan, $4; her luxurious convertible sofa, $5; rest of Ginger furniture shown adds up to $7.50. Young lady at right learns to cook from Simon and Schuster's special children's Step-by-Step Cookbook, $3, as she supervises her Babe-N-Basket, Sayco, $8. Nonburning electrical appliances by Aluminum Specialty, $1 each. Washing machine really washes, $6, Wolverine. Magic Mixer will beat up a rich frosted, Aluminum Goods, $4. Magnetic Clock that teaches youngsters to tell time, Gabriel, $2

Higher and higher goes the American Skyline by Elgo Plastics; sets range from $2 to $15. At left, above, plastic glue-together model of Constitution by Revell, $3. Building sets are irresistible to fathers, so better buy two

PHOTOGRAPHED BY PELLEGRINI



Uninhibited underwear includes black lace half-slip, $10; frothy petticoats, $13 each; costume petticoat, $20; brief gown, matching pants, $20

SCANT and SCANDALOUS

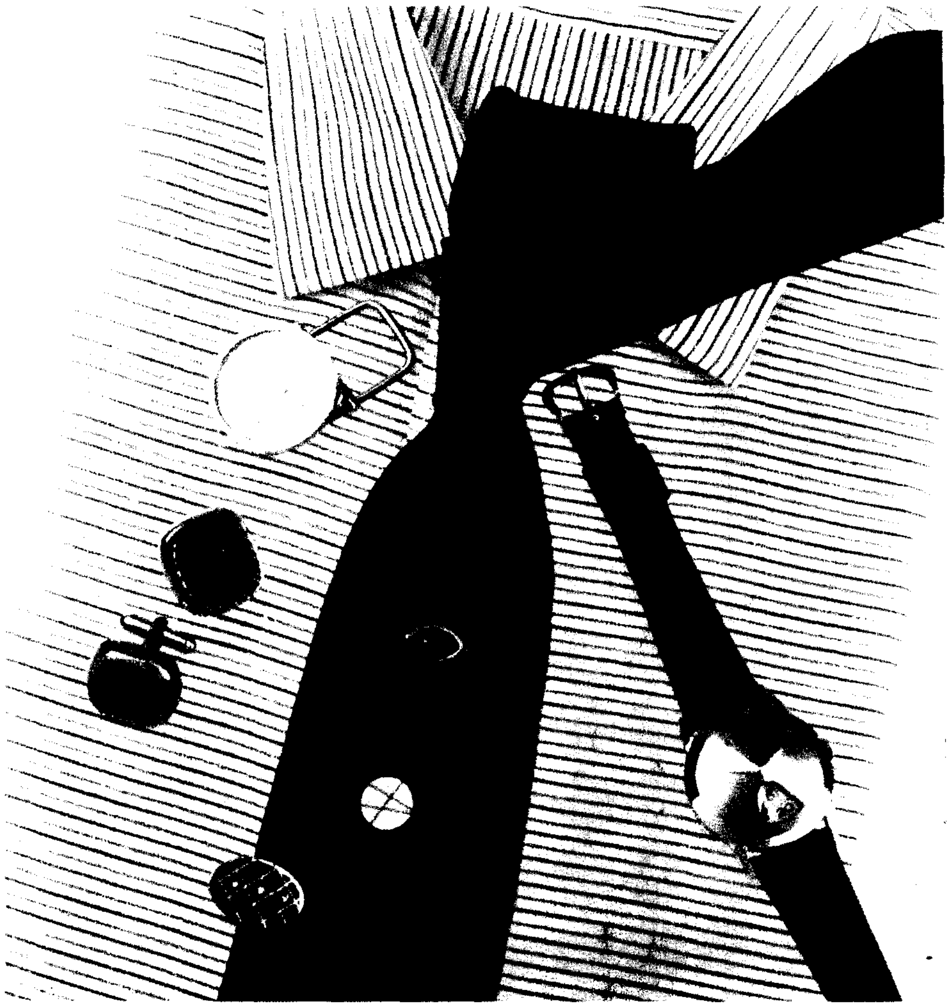
Turn a man loose in a lingerie department and he'll usually walk out with "something in black" for the little woman. And this year, chances are the male Christmas shopper is going to have mama looking naughty as a dance-hall girl in a Western movie, as linings of rich rowdy color are used under sheer black laces and tricots. The wicked-looking ladies above—all from the bright young cast of the Broadway show New Faces of '56—are wearing Jantzen bra-lettes, $15. Footwear by Capezio. Lingerie by Chevette at all Bonwit Teller stores and Julius Garfinckel, Washington, D.C.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY RICHARD LITWIN

Male Plumage—rich but not gaudy

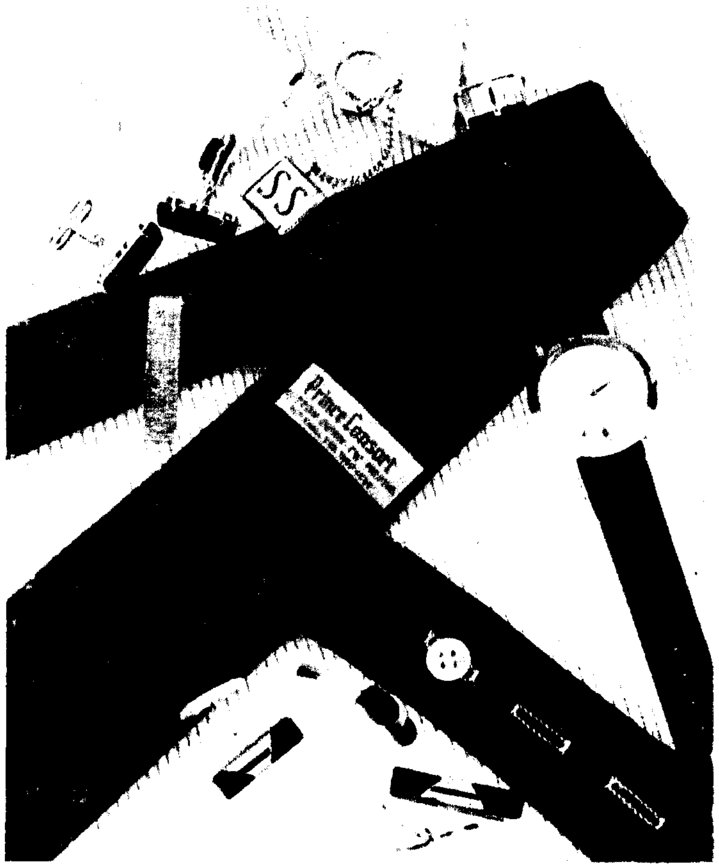
From Madison Avenue to the Main Street shops across the country, male apparel has been taking on new sheen. With the recent trend to new fabrics and more interesting textures, accessories for men have become newly important. This season's offerings are scaled down and smartly contemporary. Conservative good taste underlies the newest accessory designs, and is available regardless of budget considerations. Selections shown on this page run the price gamut—from the bottom of the piggy bank right up through the ceiling. (Asterisks with prices denote "plus federal tax.")

Formal elegance: trim watches with suède bands—square, Swiss-made Alpha, $72*; round 14k. gold Gruen, $175. Gold key ring, $40; St. Christopher's key, $20, both by Marchal. Onyx and gold cuff links, $70; studs set, $75, Marchal. Gold-filled lighter, Zippo, $20*. For settling differences: gold coin, Marchal, $64. Shirt, Van Heusen, $7; silk tie, Schreter, $1.50

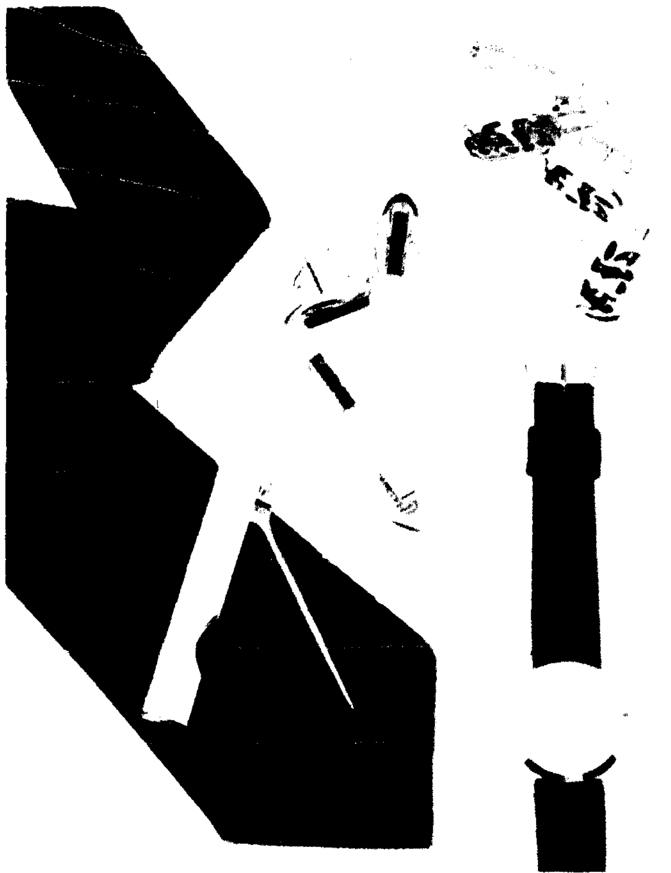


Businessman's delight: newly styled watch with leather band, Elgin, $80. Tie fasteners: oval tack by Hickok, $1.50*, gold tack by Marchal, $10, studded clip by Swank, $3.50*. Heraldic cuff links, $2.50*, matching tie clip (not shown) $2.50*, both by Hickok. For added flash when he flashes his roll, gold-piece money clip by Marchal, $95. New in stripes, shirt by Van Heusen, $5; can't-slip button-down tie, Schreter, $1.50

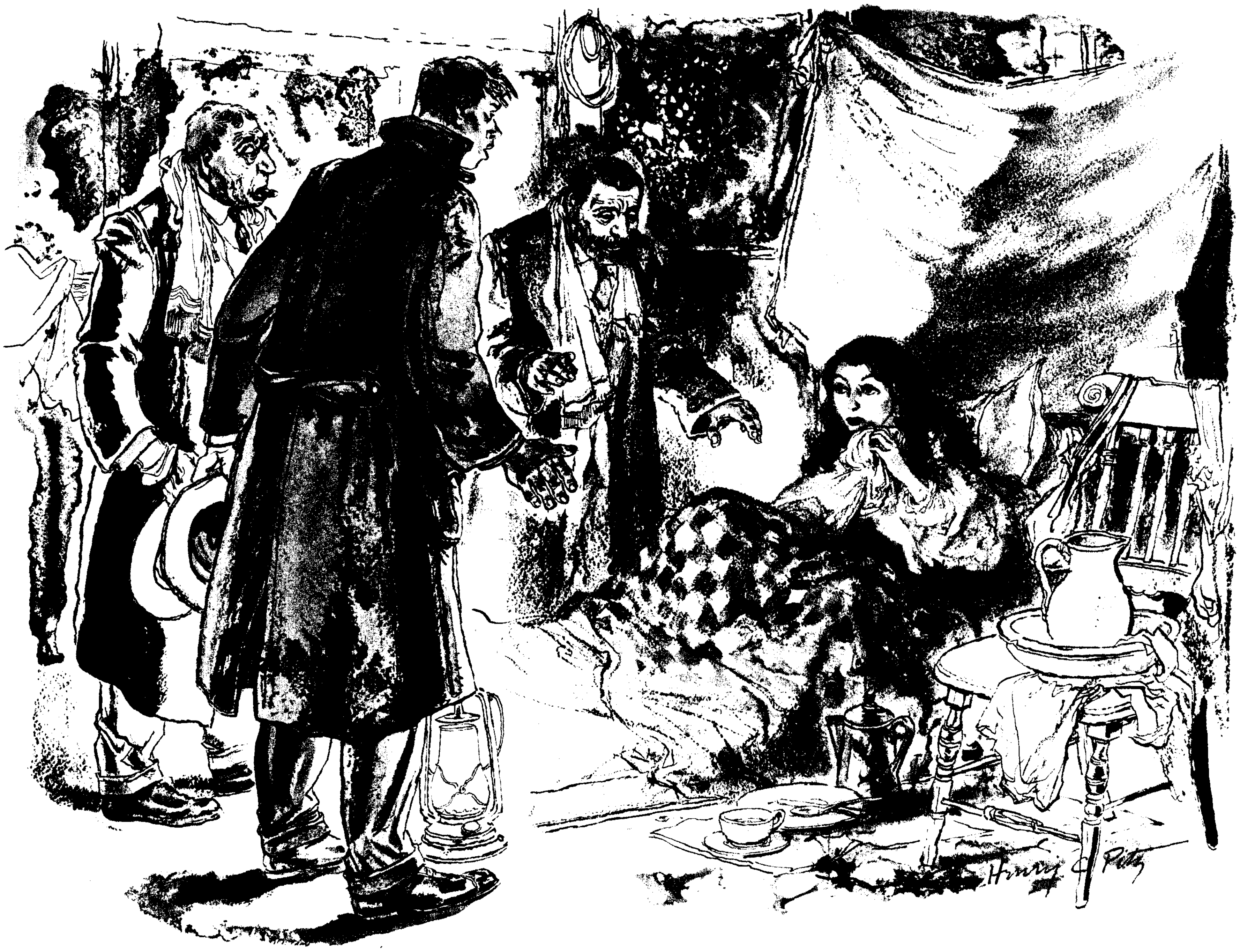
Casually sophisticated: a gold watch with time-zone markings for the transcontinental-ite, Hamilton, $185. Rosewood toggle bars for tie and cuffs by Pioneer, $5*. Gleaming tiger-eye cuff links, $8.50*; tie clip to match (not shown), $5* ($12.50 the set), by Anson. Gold tie bar by Marchal, $28. Initialed key ring by Swank, $3.50*. Shirt, Van Heusen, $5; wool challis tie buttons on, is worn with or without clip, Schreter, $2.50



For the lighthearted conservative: superslim white-gold watch by Longines, $150. Sterling pipe smoker's aid by Dunhill, $10*. White-metal news: rhodium and jade cuff links and tie clip, by Anson, set $5*; rhodium with inlaid hieroglyphics (the translation on the back: *I love you*) by Pioneer, $5*. Button-down Oxford shirt, Van Heusen, $5; rep tie buttons on, clasp attaches high or low, by Schreter, $2.50



PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANTHONY CUTRONEO



As Blondy, The Dutchman and I walk in, the doll half raises up. She looks straight at Blondy for as long as you can count ten, if you count fast

The Three Wise Guys

By DAMON RUNYON

The classic story of three Broadway characters, full of Christmas spirits, and their wild holiday jaunt

ONE cold winter afternoon I am standing at the bar in Good Time Charley's little drum in West 49th Street, partaking of a mixture of rock candy and rye whisky, and this is a most surprising thing for me to be doing, as I am by no means a rumpot, and very seldom indulge in alcoholic beverages in any way, shape, manner or form.

But when I step into Good Time Charley's on the afternoon in question, I am feeling as if maybe I have a touch of grippe coming on, and Good Time Charley tells me that there is nothing in this world as good for a touch of grippe as rock candy and rye whisky, as it assassinates the germs at once.

It seems that Good Time Charley always keeps a stock of rock candy and rye whisky on hand for touches of the grippe, and he gives me a few doses immediately, and in fact Charley takes a few doses with me, as he says there is no telling but what I am scattering germs of my touch of the grippe all around the joint, and he must safeguard his health. We are both commencing to feel much better when the door opens, and who comes in but a guy by the name of Blondy Swanson.

This Blondy Swanson is a big, six-foot-two guy, with straw-colored hair, and pink cheeks, and he is originally out of Harlem, and it is well known to one and all that in his day he is the largest puller on the Atlantic seaboard. In fact, for upwards of ten years, Blondy is bringing wet goods into New York from Canada, and one place and another, (*Continued on page* 75)

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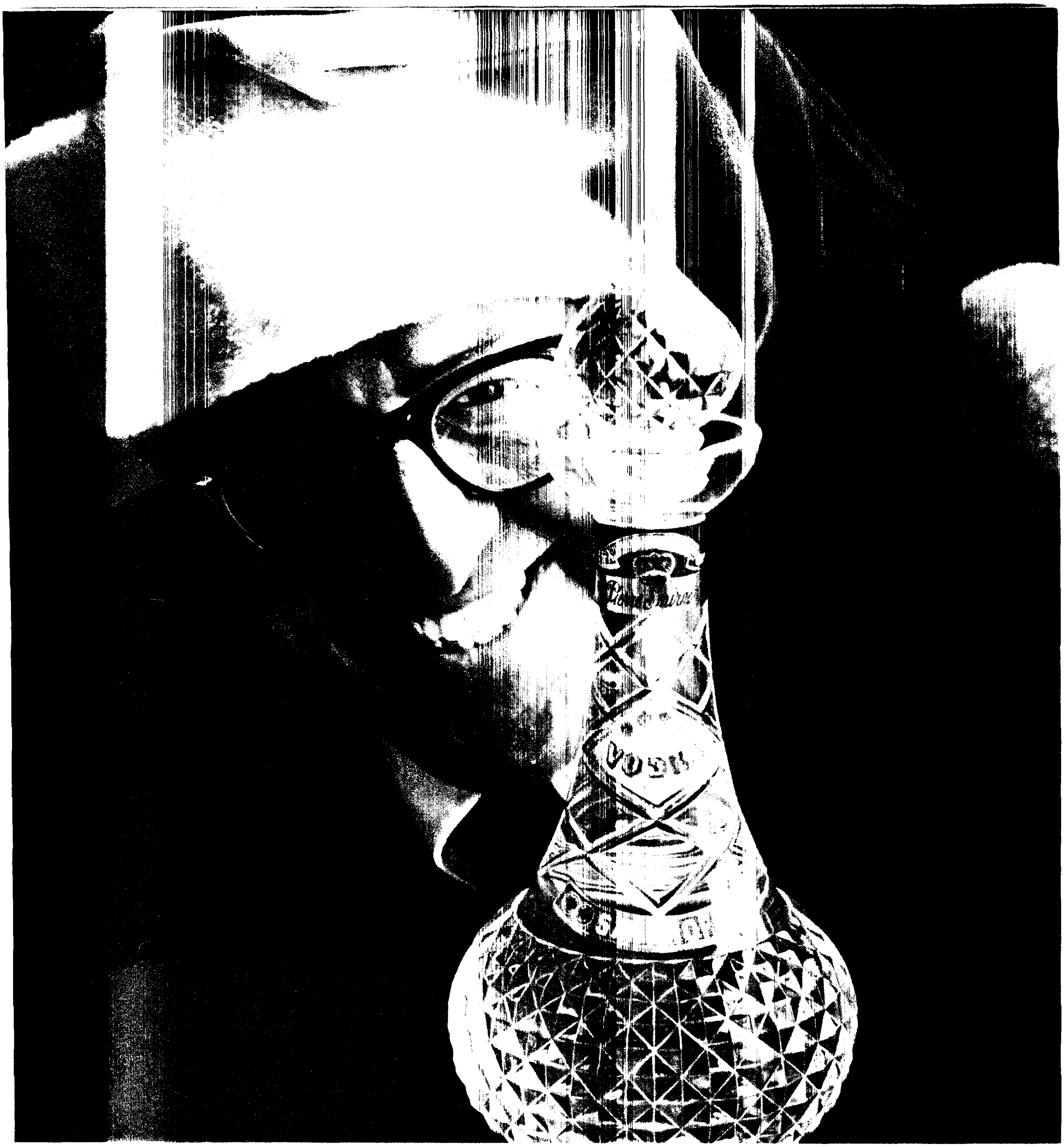

PHIL SILVERS, STAR OF CBS TELEVISION

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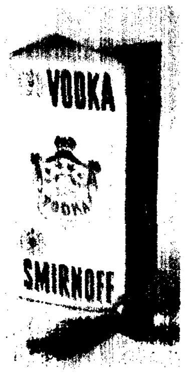

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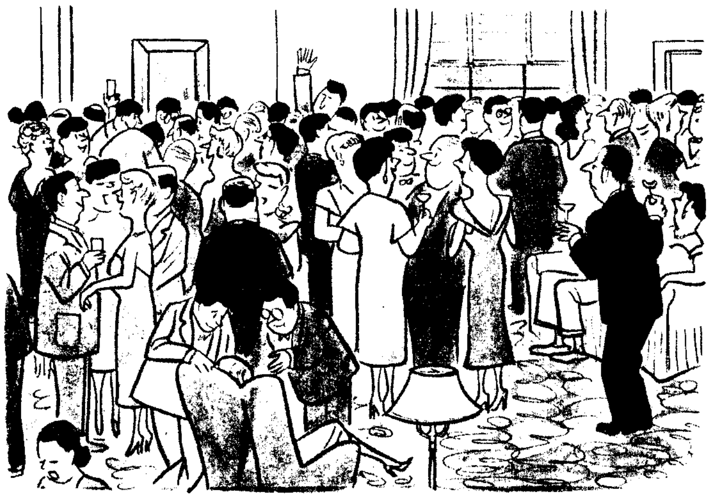
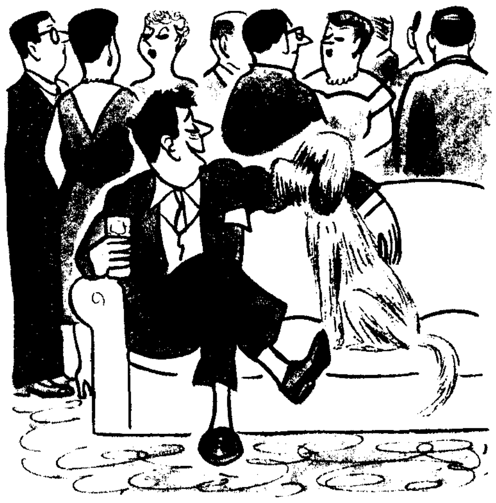
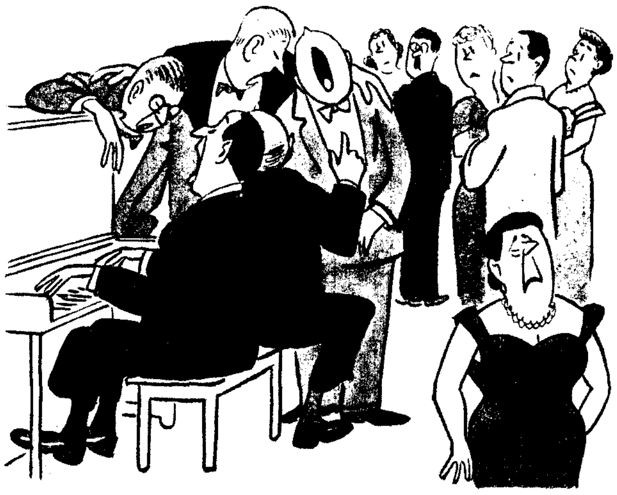
AT HOME
5 P.M. to 7 P.M.

By TED KEY

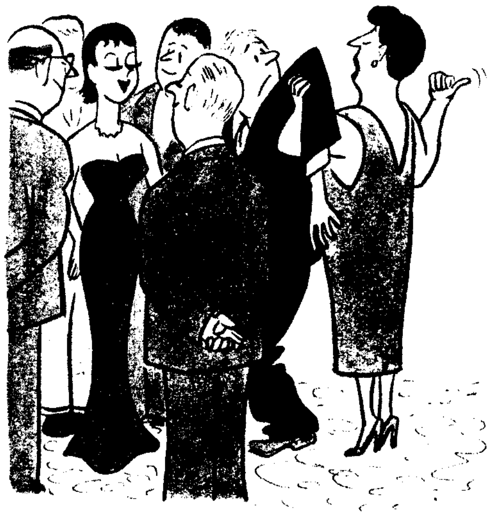




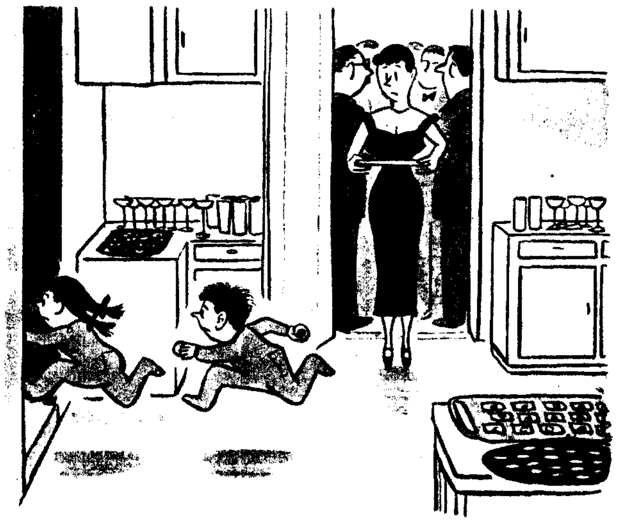
"But enough about me"

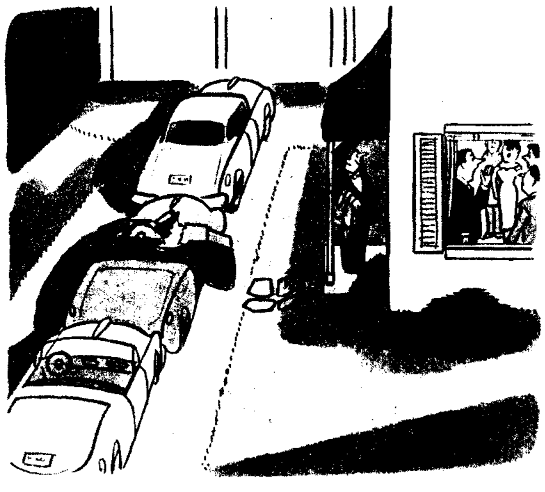


". . . On Moonlight Ba-a-a-y!"

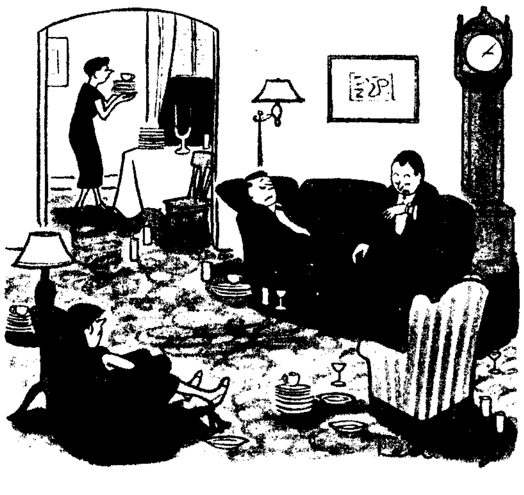


"Eight-thirty"





"Who's the yellow convertible?"



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Shrinks Hemorrhoids
New Way Without Surgery

Science Finds Healing Substance That Relieves Pain—Shrinks Hemorrhoids

For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain – without surgery.

In case after case, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

Most amazing of all – results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne*)—discovery of a world-famous research institute.

This substance is now available in *suppository* or *ointment form* under the name *Preparation H.** Ask for it at all drug counters—money back guarantee. *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

(*Continued from page* 72) and in all this time he never gets a fall, which is considered a phenomenal record for an operator as extensive as Blondy.

Well, Blondy steps up alongside me at the bar, and I ask him if he cares to have a few doses of rock candy and rye whisky with me and Good Time Charley, and Blondy says he will consider it a privilege and a pleasure, because, he says, he always has something of a sweet tooth. So we have these few doses, and I say to Blondy Swanson that I hope and trust that business is thriving with him.

"I have no business," Blondy Swanson says. "I retire from business."

Well, if J. Pierpont Morgan, or John D. Rockefeller, or Henry Ford step up and tell me they retire from business, I will not be more astonished than I am by this statement from Blondy Swanson, and in fact not as much. I consider Blondy's statement the most important commercial announcement I hear in many years, and naturally I ask him why he makes such a decision, and what is to become of thousands of citizens who are dependent on him for merchandise.

"Well," Blondy says, "I retire from business because I am one hundred per cent American citizen. In fact," he says, "I am a patriot. I serve my country in the late war. I am cited at Château-Thierry. I always vote the straight Democratic ticket, except," he says, "when we figure it better to elect some Republican. I always stand up when the band plays The Star-Spangled Banner. One year I even pay an income tax," Blondy says.

And of course I know that many of these things are true, although I remember hearing rumors that if the draft officer is along half an hour later than he is, he will not see Blondy for heel dust, and that what Blondy is cited for at Château-Thierry is for not robbing the dead.

BUT of course I do not speak of these matters to Blondy Swanson, because Blondy is not such a guy as will care to listen to rumors, and may become indignant, and when Blondy is indignant he is very difficult to get along with.

"Now," Blondy says, "I am a bootie for a long time, and supply very fine merchandise to my trade, as everybody knows, and it's a respectable business, because one and all in this country are in favor of it, except the prohibitionists. But," he says, "I can see into the future, and I can see that one of these days they are going to repeal the prohibition law, and then it will be most unpatriotic to be bringing in wet goods from foreign parts in competition with home industry. So I retire," Blondy says.

"Well, Blondy," I say, "your sentiments certainly do you credit, and if we have more citizens as high minded as you are, this will be a better country."

"Furthermore," Blondy says, "there is no money in booting any more. All the booties in this country are broke. I am broke myself," he says. "I just lose the last piece of property I own in the world, which is the twenty-five-G home I build in Atlantic City, figuring to spend the rest of my days there with Miss Clarabelle Cobb, before she takes a runout powder on me. Well," Blondy says, "if I only listen to Miss Clarabelle Cobb, I will now be an honest clerk in a gents' furnishing store, with maybe a cute little apartment up around 110th Street, and children running all around and about." And with this, Blondy sighs heavily, and I sigh with him, because the romance of Blondy Swanson and Miss Clarabelle Cobb is well known to one and all on Broadway. . . .

IT GOES back a matter of anyway six years when Blondy Swanson is making money so fast he can scarcely stop to count it, and at this time Miss Clarabelle Cobb is the most beautiful doll in this town, and many citizens almost lose their minds just gazing at her when she is a member of Mr. Georgie White's Scandals, including Blondy Swanson.

In fact, after Blondy Swanson sees Miss Clarabelle Cobb in just one performance of Mr. Georgie White's Scandals, he is never quite the same guy again. He goes to a lot of bother meeting up with Miss Clarabelle Cobb and then he takes to hanging out around Mr. Georgie White's stage door, and sending Miss Clarabelle Cobb ten-pound boxes of candy, and floral horseshoes, and wreaths, and also packages of trinkets, including such articles as diamond bracelets, and brooches, and vanity cases, for there is no denying that Blondy is a fast guy with a dollar.

But it seems that Miss Clarabelle Cobb will not accept any of these offerings, except the candy and the flowers, and she goes so far as to return a sable coat that Blondy sends her one very cold day, and she is openly criticized for this action by some of the other dolls in Mr. Georgie White's Scandals, for they say that after all there is a limit even to eccentricity.

But Miss Clarabelle Cobb states that she is not accepting valuable offerings from any guy, and especially a guy who is engaged in trafficking in the demon rum, because she says that his money is nothing but blood money that comes from breaking the law of the land, although, as a matter of fact, this is a dead wrong rap against Blondy Swanson, as he never handles a drop of rum in his life, but only Scotch, and furthermore he keeps himself pretty well straightened out with the law.

The idea is, Miss Clarabelle Cobb comes of very religious people back in Akron, Ohio, and she is taught from childhood that rum is a terrible thing, and personally I think it is myself, except in cocktails, and furthermore, the last thing her mamma tells her when she leaves for New York is to beware of any guys who come around offering her diamond bracelets and fur coats, because her mamma says such guys are undoubtedly snakes in the grass, and probably on the make.

But while she will not accept his offerings, Miss Clarabelle Cobb does not object to going out with Blondy Swanson now and then, and putting on the chicken Mexicaine, and the lobster Newburg, and other items of this nature, and any time you put a good-looking young guy and a beautiful doll together over the chicken Mexicaine and the lobster Newburg often enough, you are apt to have a case of love on your hands.

And this is what happens to Blondy Swanson and Miss Clarabelle Cobb, and in fact they become in love more than somewhat, and Blondy Swanson is wishing to marry Miss Clarabelle Cobb, but one night over a batch of lobster Newburg, she says to him like this:

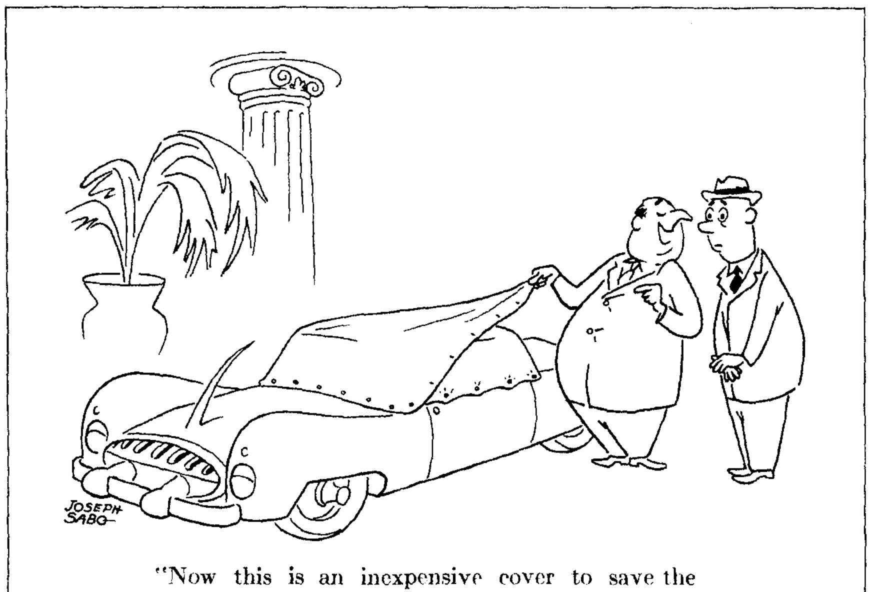
"Blondy," she says, "I love you, and," she says, "I will marry you in a minute if you get out of trafficking in rum. I will marry you if you are out of the rum business, and do not have a dime, but I will never marry you as long as you are dealing in rum, no matter if you have a hundred million."

WELL, Blondy says he will get out of the racket at once, and he keeps saying this every now and then for a year or so, and the chances are that several times he means it, but when a guy is in this business in those days as strong as Blondy Swanson it is not so easy for him to get out, even if he wishes to do so. And then one day Miss Clarabelle Cobb has a talk with Blondy, and says to him as follows:

"Blondy," she says, "I still love you, but you care more for your business than you do for me. So I am going back to Ohio," she says. "I am sick and tired of Broadway, anyhow. Some day when you are really through with the terrible traffic you are now engaged in, come to me."

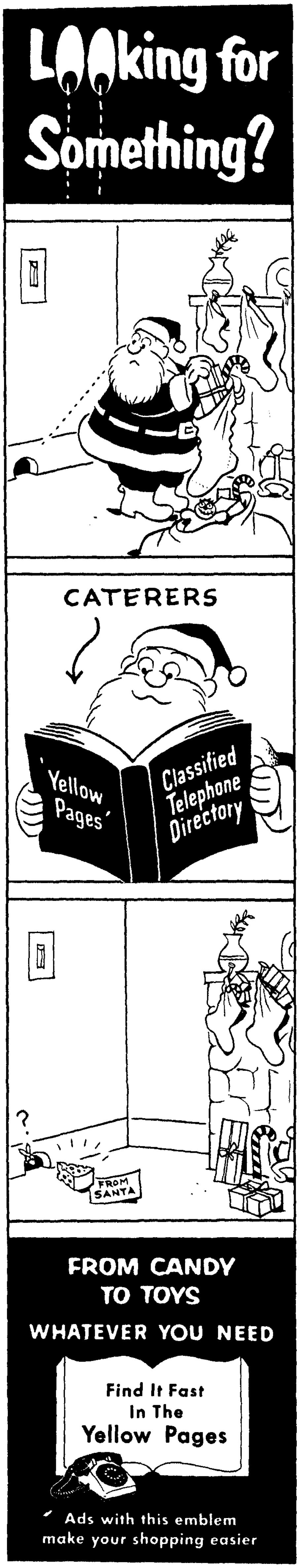
And with this, Miss Clarabelle Cobb takes plenty of outdoors on Blondy Swanson, and is seen no more in these parts. At first Blondy thinks she is only trying to put a little pressure on him, and will be back, but as the weeks become months, and the months finally count up into years, Blondy can see that she is by no means clowning with him. Furthermore, he never hears from her, and all he knows is she is back in Akron, Ohio.

Well, Blondy is always promising



"Now this is an inexpensive cover to save the plastic envelope that protects the canvas top . . ."

COLLIER'S JOSEPH SABO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GIN

himself that he will soon pack in on hauling wet goods, and go look up Miss Clarabelle Cobb and marry her, but he keeps putting it off, and putting it off, until finally one day he hears that Miss Clarabelle Cobb marries some legitimate guy in Akron, and this is a terrible blow to Blondy, indeed, and from this day he never looks at another doll again, or anyway not much.

NATURALLY, I express my deep sympathy to Blondy about being broke, and I also mention that my heart bleeds for him in his loss of Miss Clarabelle Cobb, and we have a few doses of rock candy and rye whisky on both propositions, and by this time Good Time Charley runs out of rock candy, and anyway it is a lot of bother for him to be mixing it up with the rye whisky, so we have the rye whisky without the rock candy, and personally I do not notice much difference.

Well, while we are standing there at the bar having our rye whisky without the rock candy, who comes in but an old guy by the name of The Dutchman, who is known to one and all as a most illegal character in every respect. In fact, The Dutchman has no standing whatever in the community, and I am somewhat surprised to see him appear in Good Time Charley's, because The Dutchman is generally a lammie from some place, and the gendarmes everywhere are always anxious to have a chat with him.

The last I hear of The Dutchman he is in college somewhere out West for highway robbery, although afterwards he tells me it is a case of mistaken identity. It seems he mistakes a copper in plain clothes for a groceryman.

The Dutchman is an old-fashioned-looking guy of maybe fifty-odd, and he has gray hair, and a stubby gray beard, and he is short, and thickset, and always good-natured, even when there is no call for it, and to look at him you will think there is no more harm in him than there is in a preacher, and maybe not as much.

As The Dutchman comes in, he takes a peek all around and about as if he is looking for somebody in particular, and when he sees Blondy Swanson he moves up alongside Blondy and begins whispering to Blondy until Blondy pulls away and tells him to speak freely.

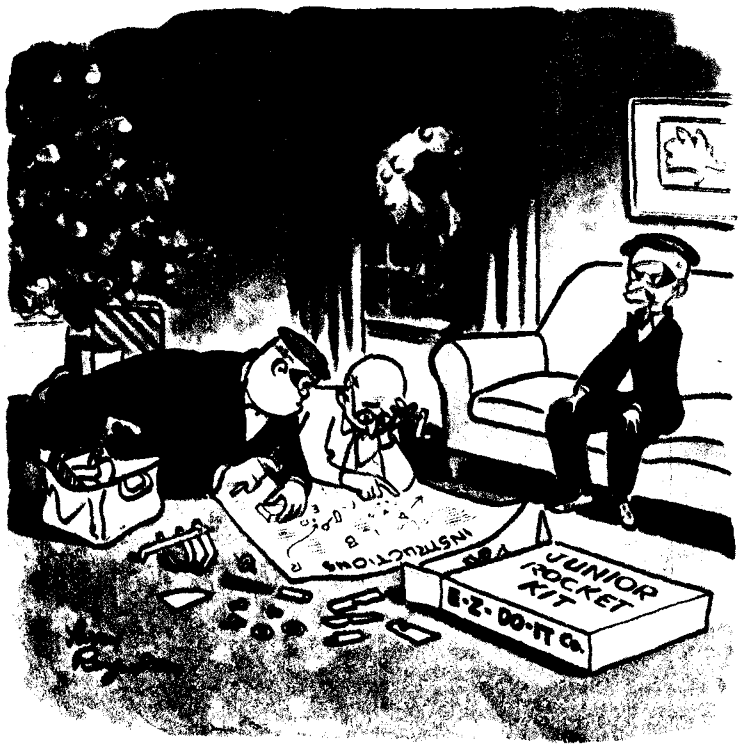
Now The Dutchman has a very interesting story, and it goes like this:

It seems that about eight or nine months back The Dutchman is mobbed up with a party of three very classy heavy guys who make quite a good thing of going around knocking off safes in small-town jugs, and post offices, and stores in small towns, and taking the money, or whatever else is valuable in these safes. This is once quite a popular custom in this country, although it dies out to some extent of late years because they improve the brand of safes so much it is a lot of bother knocking them off, but it comes back during the depression when there is no other way of making money, until it is a very prosperous business again. And of course this is very nice for old-time heavy guys, such as The Dutchman, because it gives them something to do in their old age.

ANYWAY, it seems that this party The Dutchman is with goes over into Pennsylvania one night on a tip from a friend and knocks off a safe in a factory office, and gets a pay roll amounting to maybe fifty G's. But it seems that while they are making their getaway in an automobile, the gendarmes take out after them, and there is a chase, during which there is considerable blasting back and forth.

Well, finally in this blasting, the three guys with The Dutchman get cooled off, and The Dutchman also gets shot up quite some, and he abandons the automobile, out on an open road, taking the money, which is in a gripsack, with him, and he somehow manages to escape the gendarmes by going

BUTCH



"Come on, will ya, Butch!"

COLLIER'S LARRY REYNOLDS

Give Zippo... the sure-fire Christmas Gift!

2 great lighters...all-new SLIM-LIGHTER and famous Regular Zippo!

World-famed Zippo now announces something truly new for your Christmas giving . . . the slender, graceful ZIPPO SLIM-LIGHTER . . . so new it wasn't even in existence last Christmas!

SLIM-LIGHTER is created in richly modern designs for every man and woman—for those who prefer a slim, lightweight lighter with all the famous Zippo qualities of easy action and sure lights. Easy to fill as the regular Zippo—and a filling lasts as long!

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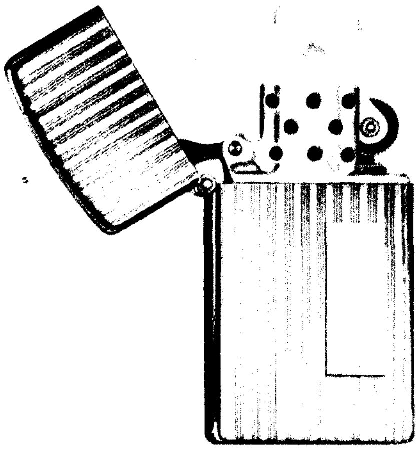
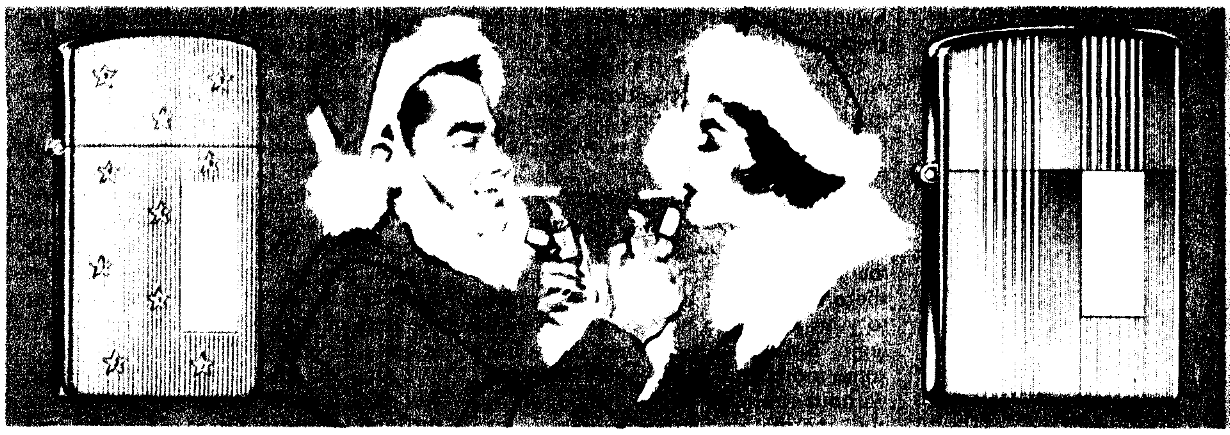
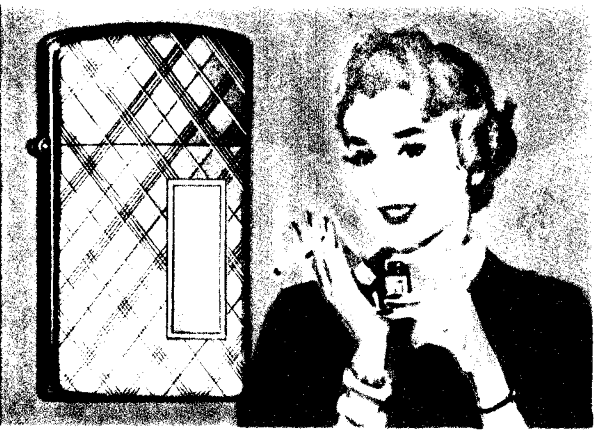


Brilliant high-polish chrome SLIM-LIGHTER, Ribbon design. $6

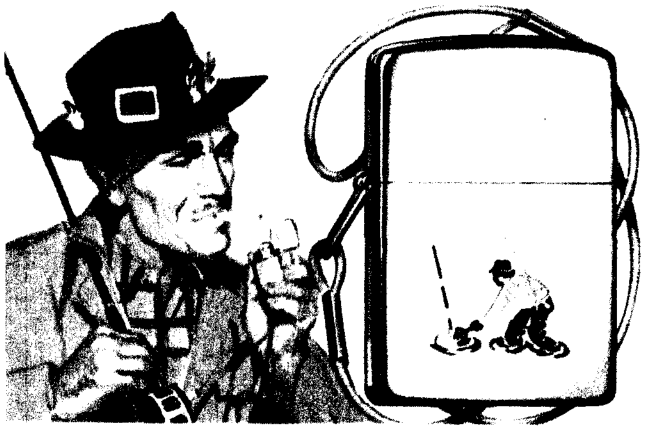


Exquisite 10-kt. gold-filled Star design SLIM-LIGHTER. $20 plus Fed. tax.

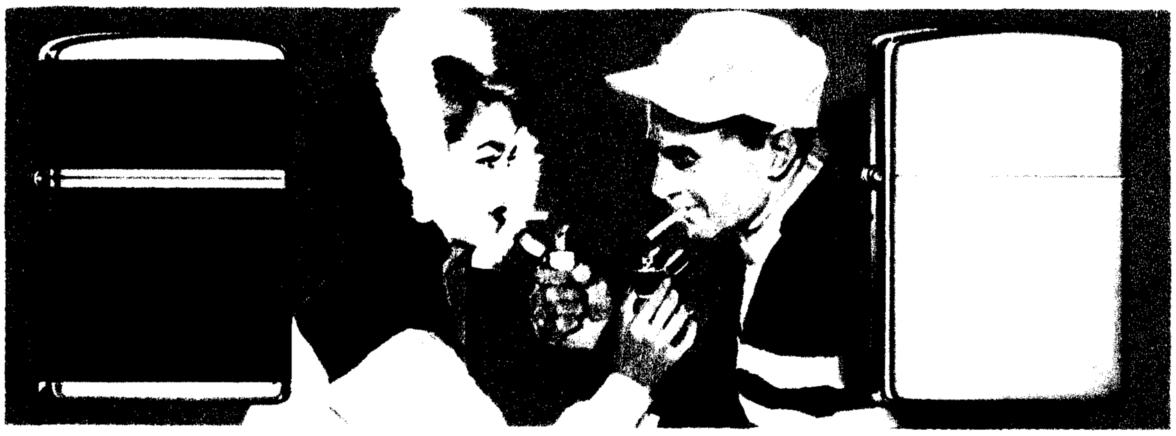
Beautifully glowing silver-filled regular Zippo. $11.50 plus Fed. tax.



Criss-Cross SLIM-LIGHTER . . . a rich new gift in high-polish chrome. $6

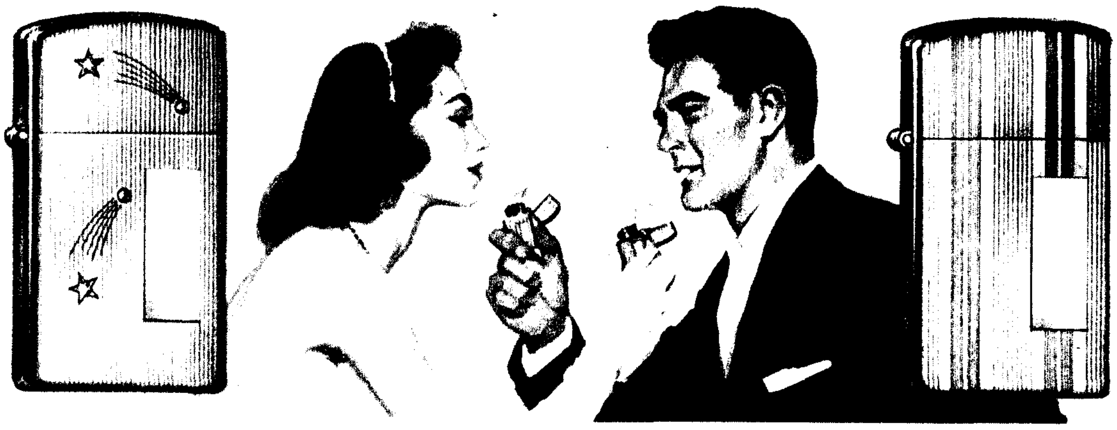


For sportsmen! New Loss-Proof regular Zippo. Choice of outdoors designs. $5



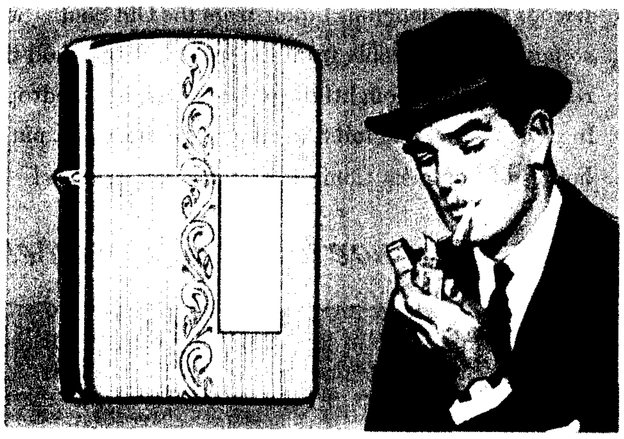
Leather-crafted Alligator regular Zippo. Choice of other rich, real leathers. $6

The famous regular Zippo that millions treasure! Two-tone chrome. $3.50



Exciting new silver-filled SLIM-LIGHTER with Comet design. $11.50 plus Fed. tax.

Silver-filled SLIM-LIGHTER, delicate Ribbon design. $11.50 plus Fed. tax.



Beautiful regular Zippo. Engine-turned design on 10-kt. gold-filled. $20 plus Fed. tax.

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a pleasure to give...and receive!

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across country, and hiding here and there.

But The Dutchman gets pretty well petered out, what with his wounds, and trying to lug the gripsack, and one night he comes to an old deserted barn, and he decides to stash the gripsack in this barn, because there is no chance he can keep lugging it around much longer. So he takes up a few boards in the floor of the barn, and digs a nice hole in the ground underneath and plants the gripsack there, figuring to come back some day and pick it up.

WELL, The Dutchman gets over into New Jersey one way and another, and lays up in a town by the name of New Brunswick until his wounds are healed, which requires considerable time as The Dutchman cannot take it nowadays as good as he can when he is younger.

Furthermore, even after The Dutchman recovers and gets to thinking of going after the stashed gripsack, he finds he is about half out of confidence, which is what happens to all guys when they commence getting old, and he figures that it may be a good idea to declare somebody else in to help him, and the first guy he thinks of is Blondy Swanson, because he knows Blondy Swanson is a very able citizen in every respect.

"Now, Blondy," The Dutchman says, "if you like my proposition, I am willing to cut you in for fifty per cent, and fifty per cent of fifty G's is by no means pretzels in these times."

"Well, Dutchman," Blondy says, "I will gladly assist you in this enterprise on the terms you state. It appeals to me as a legitimate proposition, because there is no doubt this dough is coming to you, and from now on I am strictly legit. But in the meantime, let us have some more rock candy and rye whisky, without the rock candy, while we discuss the matter further."

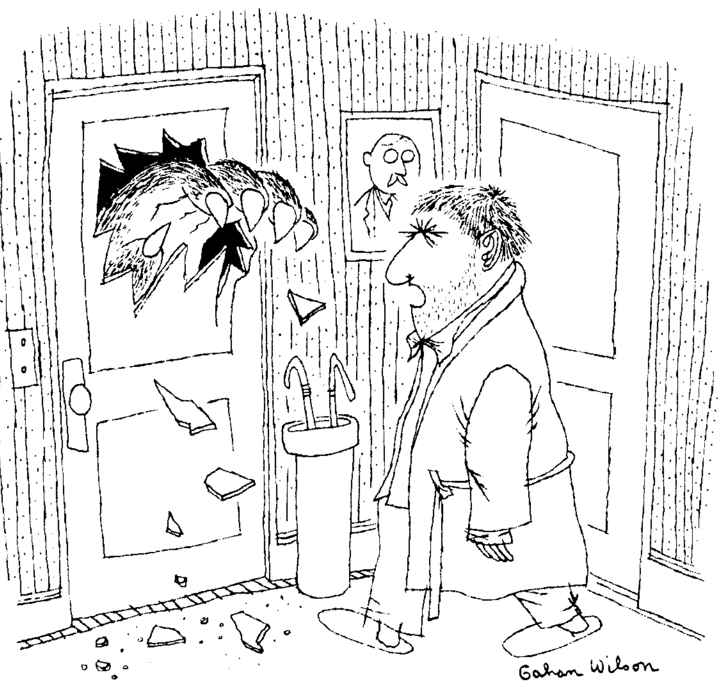
But it seems The Dutchman does not care for rock candy and rye whisky, even without the rock candy, so Blondy Swanson and me and Good Time Charley continue taking our doses, and Blondy keeps getting more enthusiastic about The Dutchman's proposition until finally I become enthusiastic myself, and I say I think I will go along as it is an opportunity to see new sections of the country, while Good Time Charley states that it will always be the great regret of his life that his business keeps him from going, but that he will provide us with an ample store of rock candy and rye whisky, without the rock candy, in case we run into any touches of the grippe.

Well, anyway, this is how I come to be riding around in an old can belonging to The Dutchman on a very cold Christmas Eve with The Dutchman and Blondy Swanson, although none of us happen to think of it being Christmas Eve until we notice that there seems to be holly wreaths in windows here and there as we go bouncing along the roads, and finally we pass a little church that is all lighted up, and somebody opens the door as we are passing, and we see a big Christmas tree inside the church, and it is a very pleasant sight, indeed, and in fact it makes me a little homesick, although of course the chances are I will not be seeing any Christmas trees even if I am home.

WE LEAVE Good Time Charley's along in mid-afternoon, with The Dutchman driving this old can of his, and all I seem to remember about the trip is going through a lot of little towns so fast they seem strung together, because most of the time I am dozing in the back seat.

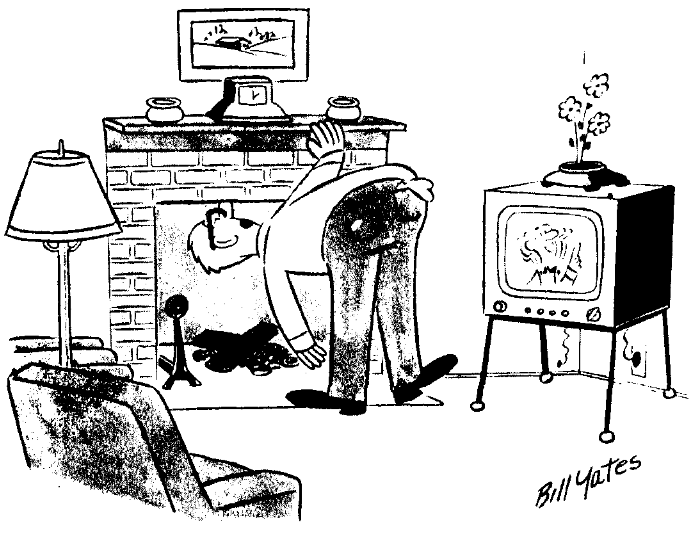
Blondy Swanson is riding in the front seat with The Dutchman and Blondy also cops a little snooze now and then as we are going along, but whenever he happens to wake up he pokes me awake, too, so we can take a dose of rock candy and rye whisky, without the rock candy. So in many respects it is quite an enjoyable journey.

I recollect the little church because we pass it right after we go busting through a pretty fair-sized town, and I hear The Dutchman say the old barn is now only a short distance away, and by this time it is dark, and colder than a deputy sheriff's heart, and there is snow on the ground, although it is clear overhead, and I am wishing I am back in Mindy's restaurant wrapping



"All right! I'm coming! I'm coming!"

COLLIER'S GAHAN WILSON



"That's a little better, honey. Try it a little farther north"

COLLIER'S BILL YATES

myself around a nice T-bone steak, when I hear Blondy Swanson ask The Dutchman if he is sure he knows where he is going, as this seems to be an untraveled road, and The Dutchman states as follows:

"Why," he says, "I know I am on the right road. I am following the big star you see up ahead of us, because I remember seeing this star always in front of me when I am going along this road before."

So we kept following the star, but it turns out that it is not a star at all, but a light shining from the window of a ramshackle old frame building pretty well off to one side of the road and on a rise of ground, and when The Dutchman sees this light, he is greatly nonplused, indeed, and speaks as follows:

"Well," he says, "this looks very much like my barn, but my barn does not call for a light in it. Let us investigate this matter before we go any farther."

So The Dutchman gets out of the old can, and slips up to one side of the building and peeks through the window, and then he comes back and motions for Blondy and me to also take a peek through this window, which is nothing but a square hole cut in the side of the building with wooden bars across it, but no windowpanes, and what we behold inside by the dim light of a lantern hung on a nail on a post is really most surprising.

THERE is no doubt whatever that we are looking at the inside of a very old barn, for there are several stalls for horses, or maybe cows, here and there, but somebody seems to be living in the barn, as we can see a table, and a couple of chairs, and a tin stove, in which there is a little fire, and on the floor in one corner what seems to be a sort of a bed.

Furthermore, there seems to be somebody lying on the bed and making quite a fuss in the way of groaning and crying and carrying on generally in a loud tone of voice, and there is no doubt that it is the voice of a doll, and anybody can tell that this doll is in some distress.

Well, here is a situation, indeed, and we move away from the barn to talk it over.

The Dutchman is greatly discouraged, because he gets to thinking that if this doll is living in the barn for any length of time, his plant may be discovered. He is willing to go away and wait awhile, but Blondy Swanson seems to be doing quite some thinking, and finally Blondy says like this:

"Why," Blondy says, "the doll in this barn seems to be sick and only a bounder and a cad will walk away from a sick doll, especially," Blondy says, "a sick doll who is a total stranger to him. In fact, it will take a very large heel to do such a thing. The idea is for us to go inside and see if we can do anything for this sick doll," Blondy says.

WELL, I say to Blondy Swanson that the chances are the doll's ever-loving husband, or somebody, is in town, or maybe over to the nearest neighbors digging up assistance, and will be back in a jiffy, and that this is no place for us to be found.

"No," Blondy says, "it cannot be as you state. The snow on the ground is anyway a day old. There are no tracks around the door of this old joint, going or coming, and it is a cinch if anybody knows there is a sick doll here, they will have plenty of time to get help before this. I am going inside and look things over," Blondy says.

Naturally, The Dutchman and I go too, because we do not wish to be left alone outside, and it is no trouble whatever to get into the barn, as the door is unlocked, and all we have to do is walk in. And when we walk in with Blondy Swanson leading the way, the doll on the bed on the floor half raises up to look at us, and although the light of the lantern is none too good, anybody can see that this doll is nobody but Miss Clarabelle Cobb, although personally I see some change in her since she is in Mr. Georgie White's Scandals.

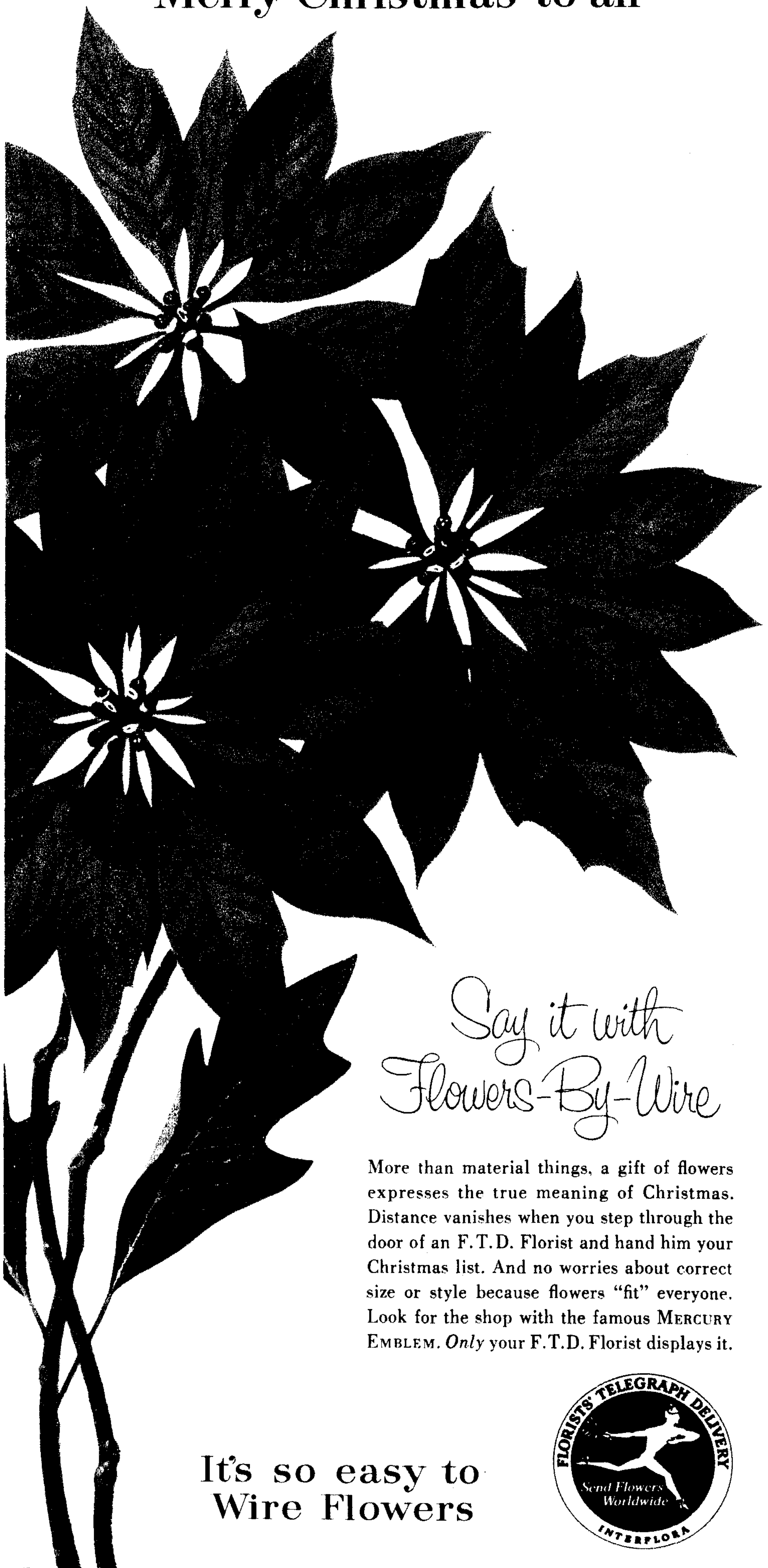
She stays half raised up on the bed looking at Blondy Swanson for as long as you can count ten, if you count fast, then she falls back and starts crying and carrying on again, and at this The Dutchman kneels down on the floor beside her to find out what is eating her.

All of a sudden The Dutchman jumps up and speaks to us as follows:

"Why," he says, "this is quite a delicate situation to be sure. In fact," he says, "I must request you guys to step outside. What we really need for this case is a doctor, but it is too late to send for one. However, I will endeavor to do the best I can under the circumstances."

(*Continued on page* 83)

"Merry Christmas to all"



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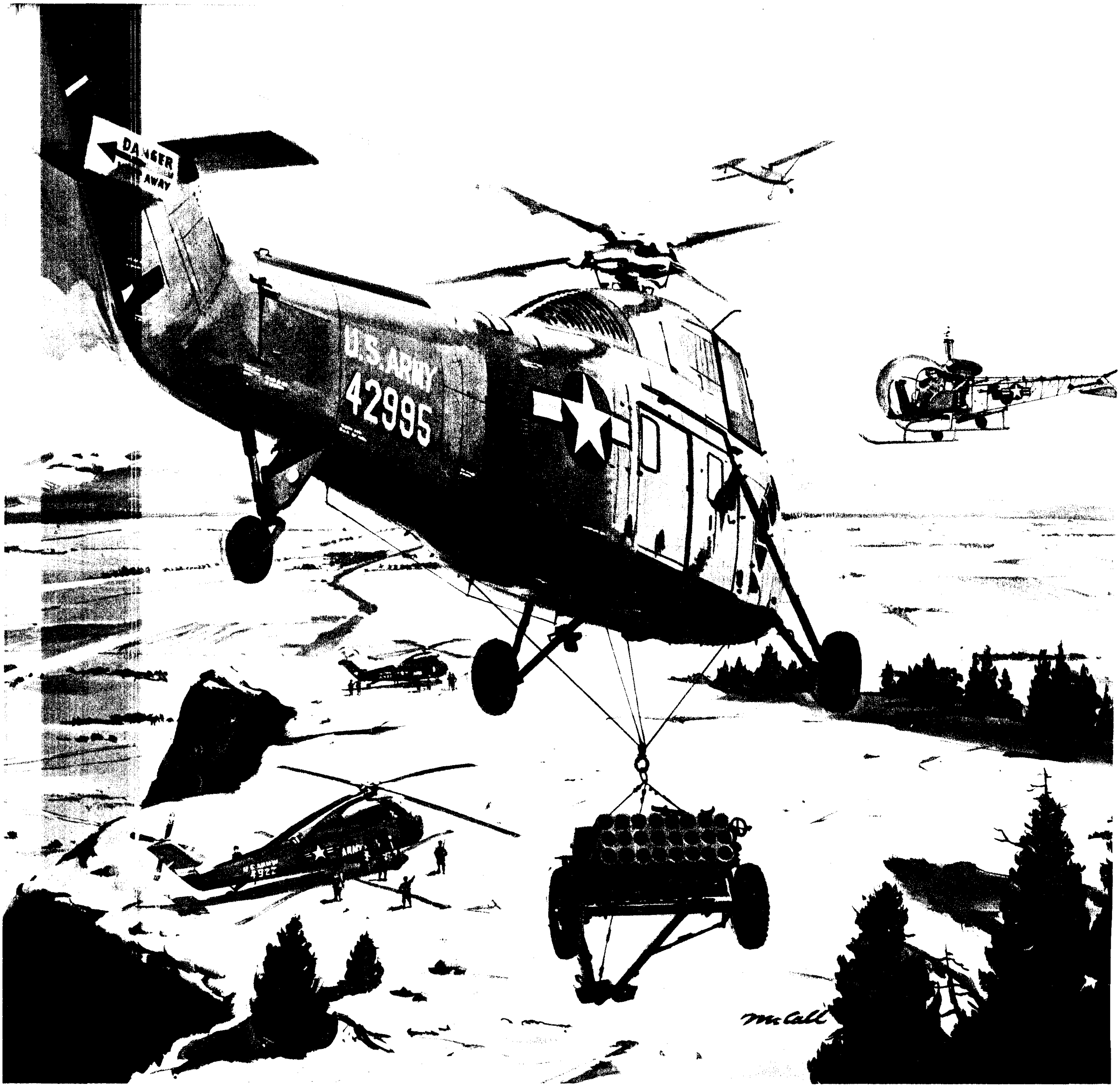


TRANSPORT HELICOPTERS leapfrog behind enemy lines, giving new mobility to tactics of the atomic-age Army. Big Sikorsky H-34s carry troops, rocket launchers, or other cargo. At right above are a Bell H-13E helicopter, and Cessna L-19, both small reconnaissance aircraft.

How Can America Continue to Have

Army Aircraft Second to None

Superiority in modern weapons is America's best hope for lasting peace. But these weapons—notably aircraft—are so complex that they take years to progress from the drafting board to service with the armed forces.

Today the U. S. Army, Air Force, Navy, and Marine Corps have aircraft second to none. This leadership was achieved by vigorous programs of research, development, and production extending over many years. Only if these programs proceed without interruption can America continue to excel in air strength.

Some idea of the importance of Army aviation is indicated on these pages. Today's Army must be mobile as never before to carry out modern battle tactics. Fast changing combat operations call for new techniques of reconnaissance and observation from the sky. Years of research and development lie behind specialized aircraft built to do these jobs. Tomorrow's aircraft, because of even greater requirements, will take still longer and cost still more. Yet if America is to remain free, U. S. military Air Power must continue to be superior to that of any potential aggressor.

How Yesterday's Research and Development is Paying Off Today

"Sky Cavalry"—new Army units to provide intelligence—have proved themselves in trial during recent maneuvers. Helicopters and small fixed-wing aircraft make up the core of "SkyCav" units, which seek information on enemy actions and relay the intelligence back, using airborne television as well as photo, radar, and radio facilities. Army aviation does a big job also in other observation and survey work, and in medical airlift, transport of men and supplies in combat zones, laying of telephone wire, and command and courier missions.

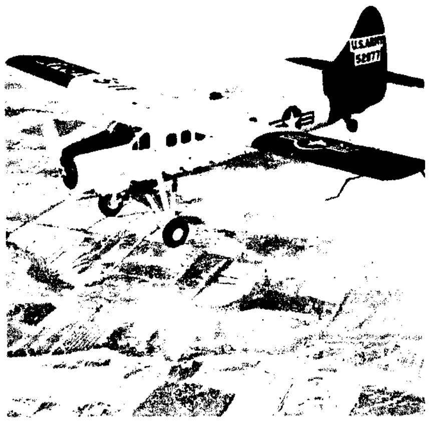
Most versatile of Army aircraft is the helicopter—the jack of all trades which can fly almost anywhere and needs no airfields. Helicopters came of age during Korean combat, saving countless lives, hauling men and cargo to win victory in battle. The Army's Sikorsky H-19 first flew in 1950, and was the only Army transport helicopter in the Korean war. Today the larger Sikorsky H-34 with twice the carrying capacity is serving the Army at home and overseas, paying off for all the years of research and development.

How Today's Research and Development Can Pay Off Tomorrow

Giant helicopters and other aircraft for tomorrow's Army aviation are today on drawing boards, in research test cells, or at flight test fields where their advanced capabilities are being proved. A new Sikorsky helicopter, the H-37, is an example of the advanced aircraft to play a major part in Army aviation in the future. The two-engined H-37—the size of many of today's airliners—is designed to carry 26 combat-ready soldiers, or about three tons of cargo. But as with every advanced and complex modern aircraft, it has taken a long time to get the H-37 through research and development to the production phase—in this instance about five years.

Only by uninterrupted programs of research, development, and production can America continue to have Army aircraft second to none.

TOMORROW'S HELICOPTERS such as this Sikorsky H-37 will pay off for all the years of research and development that lie behind it. The twin-engined H-37, largest Sikorsky helicopter, will carry a military payload of three tons.



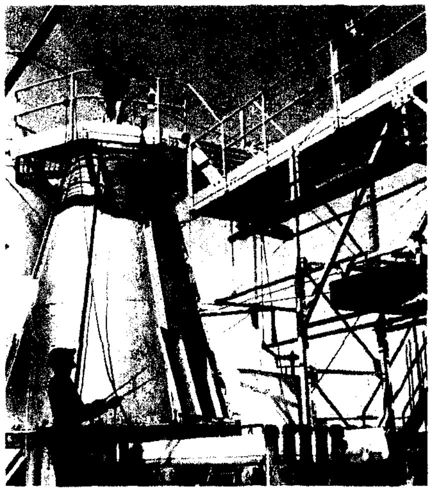
RUGGED, designed for short, unimproved runways, DeHavilland *U1-A Otter* carries 13 people, is Army's largest fixed-wing aircraft. Engine is famous Pratt & Whitney Aircraft Wasp.

SLEEK COURIER aircraft, the Army's twin-engined Beech L-23 cruises at about 200 miles per hour. Carrying six passengers, the L-23 is used primarily on command and liaison missions.

UTILITY HELICOPTERS like this Hiller H-23B can observe enemy activities, rescue and evacuate wounded, lay phone lines. They carry an observer or two litter patients plus the pilot.

CARGO can be carried by helicopters in a net or sling, or inside. Here a Vertol H-21 personnel and cargo carrier hauls ammunition. A Wright Cyclone engine powers the two rotors.

VERSATILITY of the Army's Sikorsky H-19 transport helicopters was proved in Korea combat. They saved lives, carried supplies and personnel. More than 1000 helicopters of this basic model have been built.



ENDLESS RESEARCH in engines, controls, blade design and other features increases helicopter performance, makes them more useful. Stamina of new rotor blades is proved at Sikorsky on this whirl test stand.

YOUNG MEN: Opportunities for interesting careers in Army Aviation are available for qualified young men. For full information, contact any Army recruiting office.

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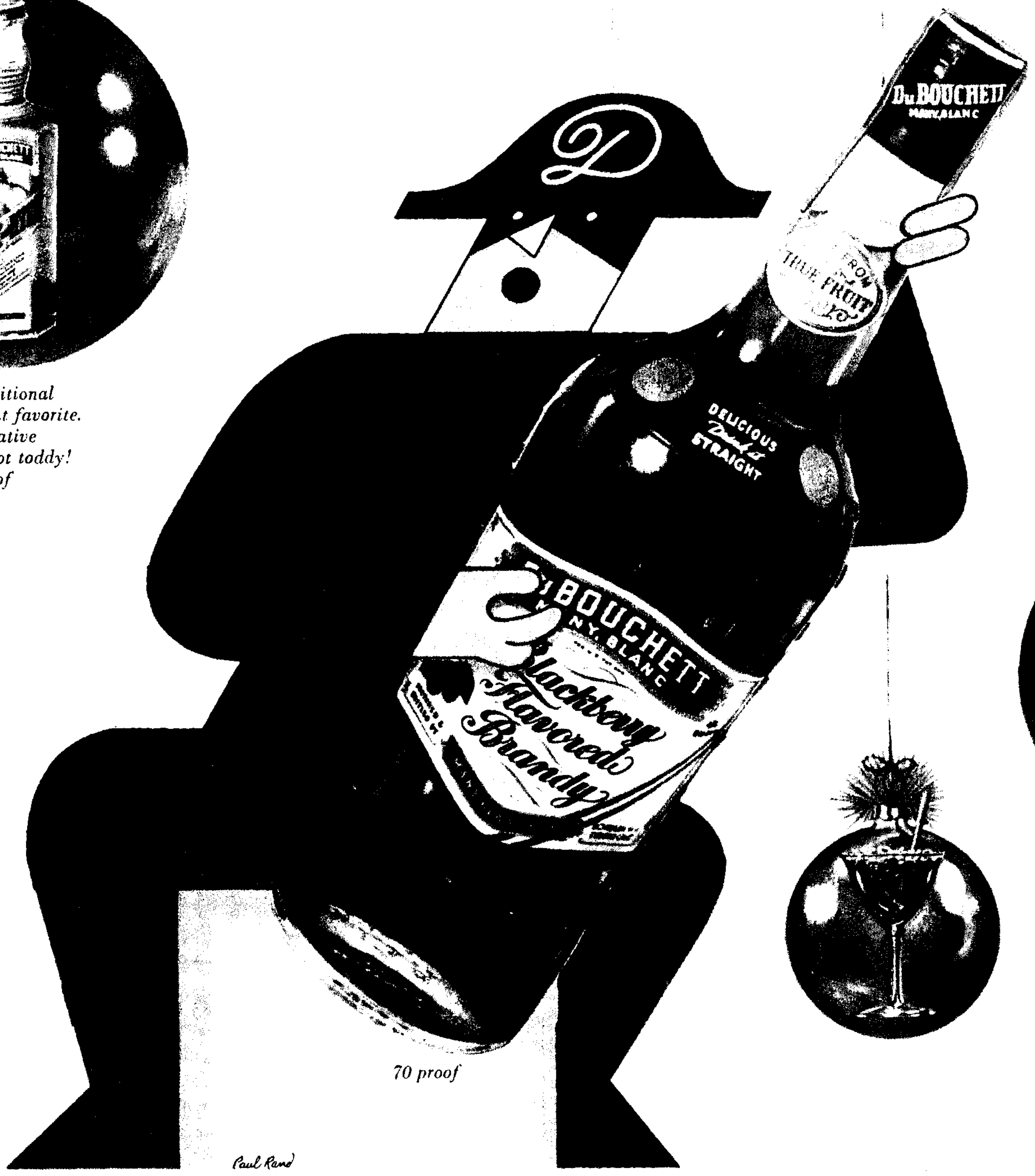
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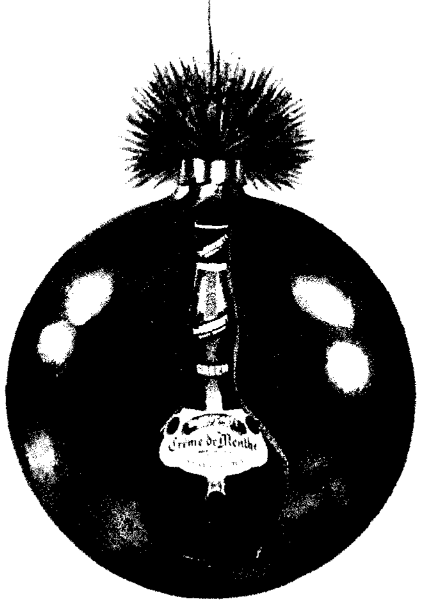

Creme de Menthe

Delightful straight drink. With crushed ice, makes a delectable frappe! 60 proof

MANY, BLANC & CO., SCHENLEY, PA.

(*Continued from page* 79) Then The Dutchman starts taking off his overcoat, and Blondy stands looking at him with such a strange expression on his kisser that The Dutchman laughs out loud, and says like this:

"Do not worry about anything, Blondy," The Dutchman says. "I am maybe a little out of practice since my old lady put her checks back in the rack, but she leaves eight kids alive and kicking, and I bring them all in except one, because we are seldom able to afford a croaker."

So Blondy Swanson and I step out of the barn and after awhile The Dutchman calls us and we go back into the barn to find he has a big fire going in the stove, and the place nice and warm.

MISS CLARABELLE COBB is now all quieted down, and is covered with The Dutchman's overcoat, and as we come in The Dutchman tiptoes over to her and pulls back the coat and what do we see but a baby with a noggin no bigger than a crab apple and a face as wrinkled as some old pappy guy's, and The Dutchman states that it is a boy, and a very healthy one, at that.

"Furthermore," The Dutchman says, "the mamma is doing as well as can be expected. She is as strong a doll as ever I see," he says, "and all we have to do now is send out a croaker when we go through town just to make sure there are no complications. But," The Dutchman says, "I guarantee the croaker will not have much to do."

Well, the old Dutchman is as proud of this baby as if it is his own, and I do not wish to hurt his feelings, so I say the baby is a darberoo, and a great credit to him in every respect, and also to Miss Clarabelle Cobb, while Blondy Swanson just stands there looking at it as if he never sees a baby before in his life, and is greatly astonished.

It seems that Miss Clarabelle Cobb is a very strong doll, just as The Dutchman states, and in about an hour she shows signs of being wide awake, and Blondy Swanson sits down on the floor beside her, and she talks to him quite a while in a low voice, and while they are talking The Dutchman pulls up the floor in another corner of the barn, and digs around underneath a few minutes, and finally comes up with a gripsack covered with dirt, and he opens this gripsack and shows me it is filled with lovely, large coarse banknotes.

Later Blondy Swanson tells The Dutchman and me the story of Miss Clarabelle Cobb, and parts of this story are rather sad. It seems that after Miss Clarabelle Cobb goes back to her old home in Akron, Ohio, she winds up marrying a young guy by the name of Joseph Hatcher, who is a bookkeeper by trade and has a pretty good job in Akron, so Miss Clarabelle Cobb and this Joseph Hatcher are as happy as anything together for quite a spell.

Then about a year before the night I am telling about, Joseph Hatcher is sent by his firm to these parts where we find Miss Clarabelle Cobb, to do the bookkeeping in a factory there, and one night a few months afterwards, when Joseph Hatcher is staying after hours in the factory office working on his books, a mob of wrong gees breaks into the joint, and sticks him up, and blows open the safe, taking away a large sum of money and leaving Joseph Hatcher tied up like a turkey.

When Joseph Hatcher is discovered in this predicament the next morning, what happens but the gendarmes put the sleeve on him, and place him in the poky, saying the chances are Joseph Hatcher is in and in with the safe blowers, and that he tips them off the dough is in the safe, and it seems that the guy who is especially fond of this idea is a guy by the name of Ambersham, who is manager of the factory, and a very hardhearted guy, at that.

And now, although this is eight or nine months back, there is Joseph Hatcher still in the poky awaiting trial, and it is 7 to 5 anywhere in town that the judge throws the book at him when he finally goes to bat, because it seems from what Miss Clarabelle Cobb tells Blondy Swanson that nearly everybody figures Joseph Hatcher is guilty.

But of course Miss Clarabelle Cobb does not put in with popular opinion about her ever-loving Joe, and she spends the next few months trying to spring him from the poky, but she has no potatoes, and no way of getting any potatoes, so things go from bad to worse with Miss Clarabelle Cobb.

Finally, she finds herself with no place to live in town, and she happens to run into this old barn, which is on an abandoned property owned by a doctor in town by the name of Kelton, and it seems that he is a kindhearted guy, and he gives her permission to use it any way she wishes. So Miss Clarabelle moves into the barn, and the chances are there is many a time when she wishes she is back in Mr. Georgie White's Scandals.

NOW The Dutchman listens to this story with great interest, especially the part about Joseph Hatcher being left tied up in the factory office, and finally The Dutchman states as follows:

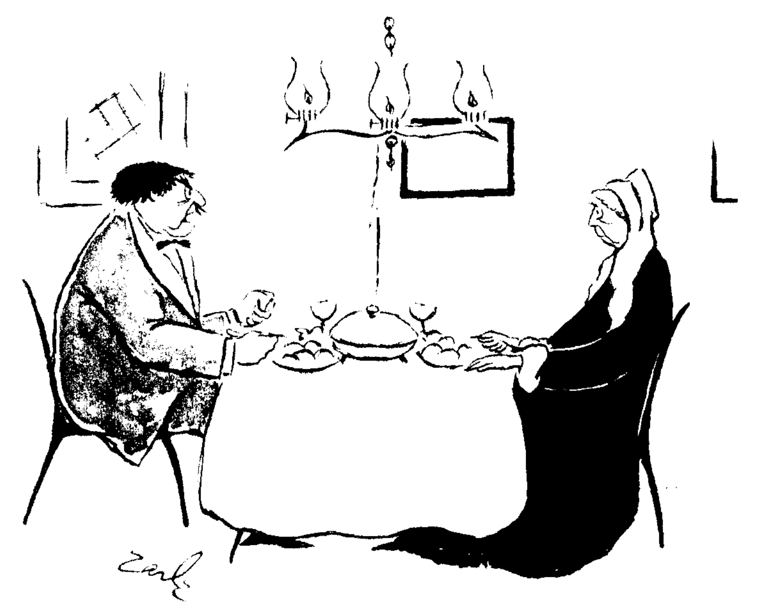
"Why, my goodness," The Dutchman says, "there is no doubt but what this is the very same young guy we are compelled to truss up the night we get this gripsack. As I recollect it, he wishes to battle for his employers' dough, and I personally tap him over the coco with a blackjack.

"But," he says, "he is by no means the guy who tips us off about the dough being there. As I remember it now, it is nobody but the guy whose name you mention in Miss Clarabelle Cobb's story. It is this guy Ambersham, the manager of the joint, and come to think of it, he is supposed to get his bit of this dough for his trouble, and it is only fair that I carry out this agreement as the executor of the estate of my late comrades, although," The Dutchman says, "I do not approve of his conduct toward this Joseph Hatcher. But," he says, "the first thing for us to do is get a doctor out here to Miss Clarabelle Cobb, and I judge the doctor for us to get is this Doc Kelton she speaks of."

So The Dutchman takes the gripsack and we get into the old can and head back the way we come, although before we go I see Blondy Swanson bend down over Miss Clarabelle Cobb, and while I do not wish this to go any farther, I will take a paralyzed oath I see him plant a small kiss on the baby's noggin, and I hear Miss Clarabelle Cobb speak as follows:

"I will name him for you, Blondy," she says. "By the way, Blondy, what is your right name?"

"Olaf," Blondy says.



"Do you know what I've become? The Man Who's Married to Whistler's Mother, that's what I've become!"

COLLIER'S EARLE LEVENSTEIN

It is now along in the early morning and not many citizens are stirring as we go through town again, with Blondy in the front seat again holding the gripsack on his lap so The Dutchman can drive, but finally we find a guy in an all-night lunch counter who knows where Doc Kelton lives, and this guy stands on the running board of the old can and guides us to a house in a side street, and after pounding on the door quite a spell, we roust the Doc out and Blondy goes inside to talk with him.

He is in there quite a spell, but when he comes out he says everything is okay, and that Doc Kelton will go at once to look after Miss Clarabelle Cobb, and take her to a hospital, and Blondy states that he leaves a couple of C's with the Doc to make sure Miss Clarabelle Cobb gets the best of care.

"Well," The Dutchman says, "we can afford a couple of C's out of what we have in this gripsack, but," he says, "I am still wondering if it is not my duty to look up this Ambersham, and give him his bit."

"Dutchman," Blondy says, "I fear I have some bad news for you. The gripsack is gone. This Doc Kelton strikes me as a right guy in every respect, especially," Blondy says, "as he states to me that he always half suspects there is a wrong rap in on Miss Clarabelle Cobb's ever-loving Joe, and that if it is not for this guy Ambersham agitating all the time other citizens may suspect the same thing, and it will not be so tough for Joe.

"So," Blondy says, "I tell Doc Kelton the whole story, about Ambersham and all, and I take the liberty of leaving the gripsack with him to be returned to the rightful owners, and Doc Kelton says if he does not have Miss Clarabelle Cobb's Joe out of the sneezer, and this Ambersham on the run out of town in twenty-four hours, I can call him a liar. But," Blondy says, "let us now proceed on our way, because I only have Doc Kelton's word that he will give us twelve hours' leeway before he does anything except attend to Miss Clarabelle Cobb, as I figure you need this much time to get out of sight, Dutchman."

Well, The Dutchman does not say anything about all this news for awhile, and seems to be thinking the situation over, and while he is thinking he is giving his old can a little more gas than he intends, and she is fairly popping along what seems to be the main drag of the town when a gendarme on a motorcycle comes up alongside us, and motions The Dutchman to pull over to the curb.

HE IS a nice-looking young gendarme, but he seems somewhat hostile as he gets off his motorcycle, and walks up to us very slow, and asks us where the fire is.

Naturally, we do not say anything in reply, which is the only thing to say to a gendarme under these circumstances; so he speaks as follows:

"What are you guys carrying in this old skillet, anyway?" he says. "Stand up, and let me look you guys over."

And then as we stand up, he peeks into the front and back of the car, and under our feet, and all he finds is a bottle which once holds some of Good Time Charley's rock candy and rye whisky, without the rye whisky, but which is now very empty, and he holds this bottle up, and sniffs at the nozzle, and asks what is formerly in this bottle, and I tell him the truth when I tell him it is once full of medicine, and The Dutchman and Blondy Swanson nod their heads in support of my statement. But the gendarme takes another sniff, and then he says like this:

"Oh," he says, very sarcastic, "wise guys, eh? Three wise guys, eh? Trying to kid somebody, eh? Medicine, eh?" he says. "Well, if it is not Christmas Day I will take you in and hold you just on suspicion. But I will be Santa Claus to you, and let you go ahead, wise guys."

And then after we get a few blocks away, The Dutchman speaks as follows:

"Yes," he says, "that is what we are: to be sure. We are wise guys. If we are not wise guys, we will still have the gripsack in this car for the copper to find. And if the copper finds the gripsack, he will wish to take us to the jailhouse for investigation, and if he wishes to take us there I fear he will not be alive at this time, and we will be in plenty of heat around and about, and personally," The Dutchman says, "I am sick and tired of heat."

And with this The Dutchman puts a large Betsy back in a holster under his left arm, and turns on the gas, and as the old can begins leaving the lights of the town behind, I ask Blondy if he happens to notice the name of this town.

"Yes," Blondy says, "I notice it on a signboard we just passed. It is Bethlehem, Pa." —DAMON RUNYON

Valley Forge: *Ragged and hungry, the Americans took up their weary vigil outside Philadelphia, where the British wintered in luxury. It was a time of torment—but once it ended Washington found himself leading a tough, triumphant army . . . victor over weather and redcoats alike*

The barefoot patriots

By OSCAR HANDLIN

Nothing happened there. There were no deeds of glory, none of those gallant charges or stubborn stands that thrill the imagination. Instead, there was only the dull suffering of 8.000 men waiting for a nation to come into being. Yet generations of Americans have not been wrong to make this the best-known shrine of their War for Independence.

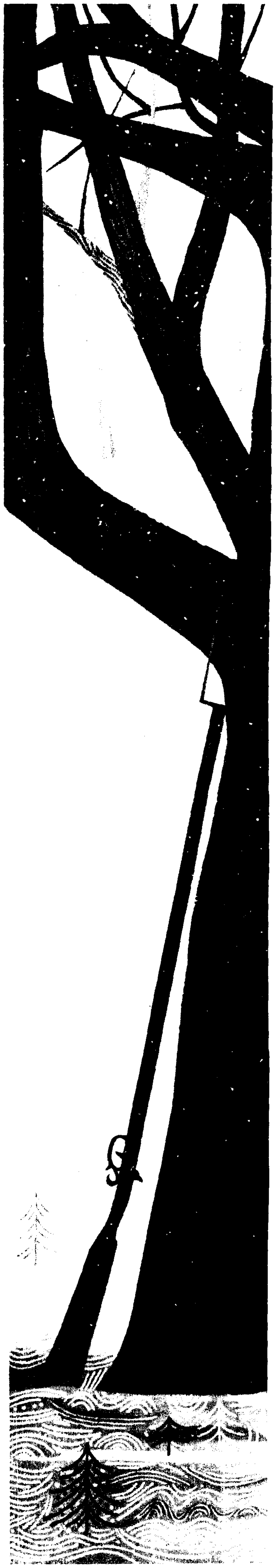
More than two years had passed since the outbreak of fighting at Lexington. Yet, as the summer of 1777 ended, the war was no nearer its end.

Across the marshes of New Jersey and the hills of eastern Pennsylvania, the two armies had feinted in desultory maneuver. There had been real fighting at Brandywine and at Germantown. But neither side sought a quick decision; each was content with limited gains. Meanwhile, the thoughts of the men turned more and more often to the dreaded winter.

General Sir William Howe's problem was the simpler. He stood at the head of a well-equipped army and had behind him the support of a great imperial power. Confident that it was only a matter of time before the rebels submitted, he indeed often let himself worry lest they be too harshly treated to be thereafter loyal subjects. Conviction and convenience alike persuaded him to spend the winter snugly in Philadelphia. In an earlier war he had fought on the side of the Americans in the campaign that had taken Quebec from France and he had learned to value them as people. He had no desire for a punitive conquest.

The man's tastes confirmed the general's judgments. Howe, now approaching his fiftieth birthday, had already earned his military reputation and saw no reason to risk it in pursuit of a ragged foe across the dark winter countryside. Instead, he set up winter quarters in Philadelphia, where he could take his dram in the company of congenial comrades and enjoy the attentions of the ladies.

His army gladly followed his lead. The officers busied themselves



ILLUSTRATED BY THOMAS VROMAN

Thomas Vroman

organizing a gay season. A succession of balls brought out the fashionable beauty of the town; the provincial girls thrilled to the courtly polish of the Englishmen. An amateur theater and a well-patronized gambling house provided entertainment for the young men. Meanwhile 300 "young ladies" arrived by ship to supply the army with facilities for amusement.

The climax came in May, 1778, when Howe, having asked to be relieved, departed for England. His grateful subordinates expressed their esteem in a farewell party and appropriately enough gave it the form of a *meschianza*, a medley of chivalric games. Costumed as knights and bearing fanciful banners, the royal officers galloped furiously about in their play, while the natives looked on in amazement.

Outside the English lines, the American army passed through a winter of an altogether different sort. At the approach of the enemy in September, 1777, the Continental Congress had hastened westward to the town of York. Hundreds of patriots followed. But as the weeks passed, security returned. The military situation seemed noticeably better after the victory at Saratoga. And the British were no immediate threat. Civilians were free to attend to their own concerns and now and then a party created a splash of gaiety in the dull provisional capital.

But the army could not withdraw. Turning the possibilities over in his mind, its commander knew there was no easy escape for the men he led.

Washington had been in command for more than two years now; and his achievements were briefly described. He had kept his army in being. He had suffered defeat more often than he had enjoyed victory and been more often pursued than pursuer. Whatever others might say, he could not help but question himself. Was he good enough for the task at hand?

Outwardly, he still presented the appearance of serene dignity that his countrymen had learned to respect. He bore his forty-five years with grace; and his tall, powerful body seemed made for a leader of men. Of his patriotism, bravery and devotion to the cause, there was no question.

His inner doubts were of another order. When the war had come, he had been a retired colonel; what he knew of war had been learned many years before as a young subordinate officer. Aware of his own limitations, he had been reluctant to take the place offered him; and had accepted primarily because there was no one better qualified. He was painfully conscious of his errors of judgment. Yet, humbly, he was resolved to continue on the course duty dictated. And as he thought of the approaching winter he weighed the possibilities in the light of that duty.

Schuylkill
River
Valley
Arne

Valley Forge, a war-torn village lying between two streams, was picked as winter quarters because it offered natural defensive advantages. Washington stayed at first in a tent near Valley Creek, then moved up to the small house beside the Schuylkill

His ill-equipped men desperately needed suitable winter quarters after the exhausting months of march and countermarch. In the councils of war some of his staff argued reasonably enough for a withdrawal to Lancaster or Reading or even to some more distant city, where they could more readily find the necessities of life. Washington, however, did not wish to move too far from Philadelphia. If he did, he feared, the king's men would dominate the whole of eastern Pennsylvania and they would thus drive an ominous wedge between the northern and southern states. If only he could remain where he was, he would be prepared to move either north or south. He would also confine the British to Philadelphia, limit their influence, and demonstrate to the country and to the world that an American army in being still represented a united nation.

Only 18 miles from Philadelphia, in a cluster of hills, Washington hit upon the site of his winter quarters. He had passed earlier that year through Valley Forge, a ruined hamlet where Valley Creek joined the Schuylkill River. There the Americans took up their quarters in the middle of December. There they remained until the following June.

Yet when the period of trial was over, it was they who entered Philadelphia proudly as conquerors, while their enemies who had enjoyed the winter in the city withdrew in retreat.

The first weeks at Valley Forge were busy and relatively happy ones. The jobs at hand were patently necessary: first of all to build shelter against the advancing winter. The site was good and wood in plenty was available. Long lines of roughhewn cabins went up, each designed to house a dozen men. Kept busy, the Americans worked earnestly, "like a family of beavers," wrote Thomas Paine, who was there, "some carrying logs, others mud and the rest fastening them together."

The pressure of this first task relieved, the full difficulties of the situation suddenly unfolded.

The army that drifted over the hills to Valley Forge in December had been patched together from many elements. On paper it was 11,800 strong. In reality there were no more than 8,000 men in the ranks. A few militia units still remained, but many more had ended their service or had simply gone off without leave. As winter closed in, it seemed useless to sit idly in camp, when work remained to be done on the farm.

The temptation to desert grew as the conditions of life deteriorated. Officers and men alike were inexperienced in the problems of camp existence. They had come from homes on the farm or in the towns where space was plentiful. Now they were hemmed in within a constricted triangle, no more than three miles long in any direction. The cabins—almost a thousand of them—ran in two lines along the hillside, each a few feet from its neighbor. This was their world.

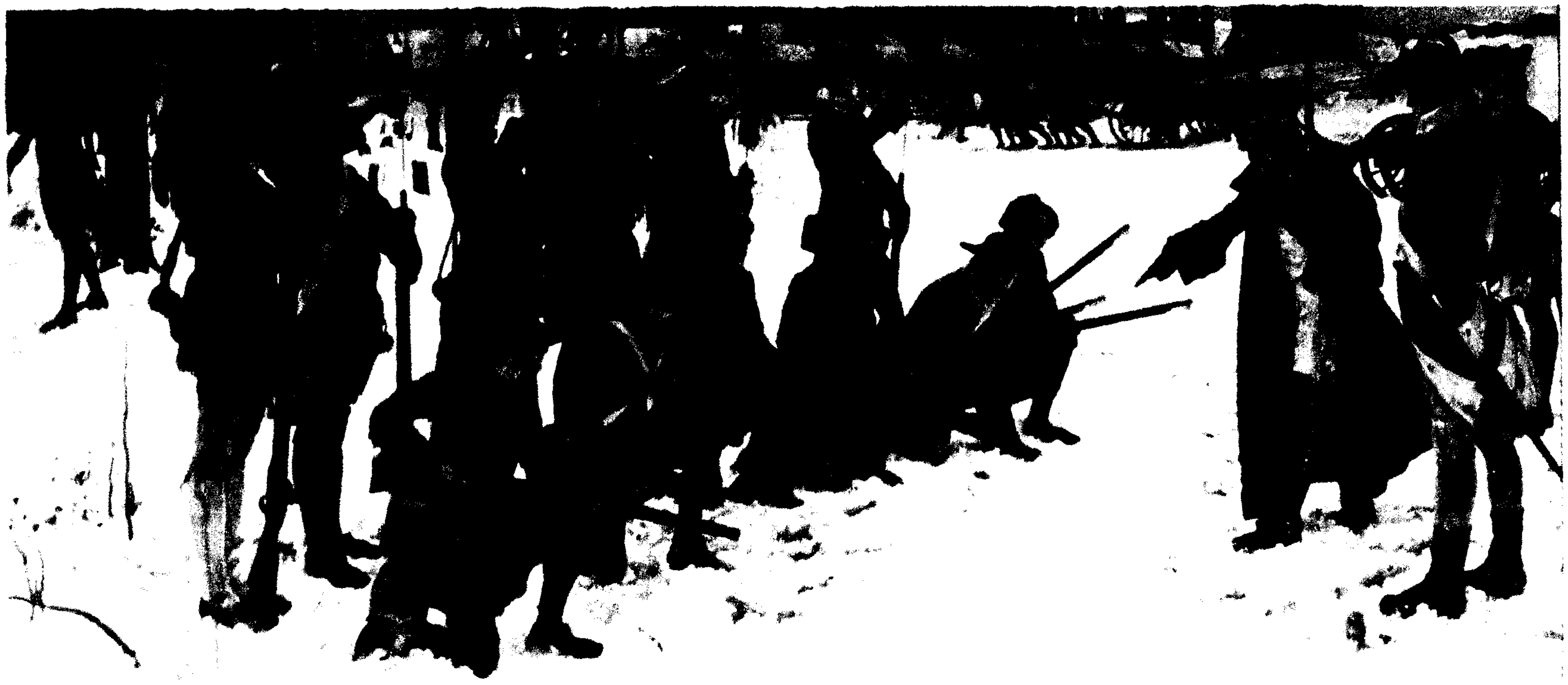
The huts that were their homes quickly lost all charm. At best they were crowded. Sixteen feet by fourteen and a little over six feet high, they could tolerably accommodate 12 soldiers asleep in the three-tiered bunks in each corner. But during the day, the men could scarcely move about. There was no incentive to tidiness. The dim winter light, filtering through the oiled-paper windows, passed across the clutter of gear and vermin-infested rubbish to be lost in the haze of smoke that rose from the endlessly burning log fires. The constant drip of thawing snow through the straw roofs spread an uncomfortable dampness through the room. The floors were the cold earth itself, and some of the houses, built with few tools and no nails, were partly underground, adding to the dampness. The average cabin, said Lafayette, was "no gayer than a dungeon."

Within the huts there was nothing to do. Bored, the men quarreled and found themselves strangers to one another, Yankees against Yorkers against Virginians, against the foreigners from Ireland and the Continent. It was better to seek the quiet of the outdoors.

Only almost at once, it appeared, there was no clothing. The summer's uniforms, often patched and darned, were now falling apart. The garments pilfered by the "whores and rogues" who had marched with the army were now sadly missed. And there were no replacements.

"One-half of our troops are without breeches, shoes and stockings," wrote General Nathanael Greene anxiously, "and some thousands without blankets." What blankets were available were often used as clothing. General Washington's heart sank when he passed a row of huts and saw a soldier dashing through the February cold, without a stitch of clothing to his back save for the blanket wrapped around him. "The men were literally naked," wrote Baron Friedrich von Steuben, "some of them in the fullest extent of the word." All too often he saw officers "mounting guard in a sort of dressing gown made of an old blanket or woolen bed

STATE CAPITOL, HARRISBURG, PA



The brightest spot in a dreary winter was the arrival of Baron von Steuben, who almost singlehanded whipped the army into a fighting force. Painted by Edwin A. Abbey

cover." The Chevalier De Pontgibaud, a volunteer from France, was amazed to notice "soldiers wearing cotton nightcaps under their hats, and some having for cloaks or greatcoats coarse woolen blankets." He was more amazed still when he learned they were officers and generals.

Soldiers detailed to guard duty in the biting cold first collected all the clothing their 11 hut-mates could spare and then gingerly stood on their hats to keep their ill-clad feet out of the snow. "I have seen the soldiers turned out to do their duty in such poor condition," wrote Colonel William Shepard of Massachusetts, "that notwithstanding all the hardheartedness I am naturally possessed of, I could not refrain from tears."

Even to get away was difficult. General John Sullivan's discouraged officers who wished to give up their commissions had to send, rather than carry, their resignations, because, Sullivan said, "they were so naked they were ashamed to be seen." Often as the night's frost crept into the huts and added to the grinding discomfort, the men without blankets were unable to sleep and crouched around the fire as the hours went by, wondering what prospects the dismal dawn held for them.

It was an awful moment when General Washington learned that a British foraging party was in the area, and ordered his men out to attack—only to discover that the patriot soldiers were unable to leave their encampment for lack of clothing. He thought bitterly of the memorial from the Pennsylvania Assembly, complaining about the army's retirement to winter quarters when they could be out campaigning.

"I can assure those gentlemen," Washington wrote angrily to Congress, "that it is a much easier and less distressing thing to draw remonstrances in a comfortable room by a good fireside, than to occupy a cold, bleak hill, and sleep under frost and snow without clothes or blankets. However, although they seem to have little feeling for the naked and distressed soldiers, I feel superabundantly for them, and from my soul I pity those miseries which it is neither in my power to relieve or prevent."

The want of materials had made the situation desperate. Already the commander in chief had summed it all up: "Our sick naked, our well naked, our unfortunate men in captivity naked!"

Naked—and hungry. All the services of supply had broken down and food was as short as clothing. It was difficult to locate all the needed commodities and more difficult still to get the producers to accept payment in depreciated continental currency. There were no wagons; or if there were wagons, no teamsters. And if all were assembled, it still took painfully long to move goods to camp.

There was not enough hay or grain to feed the horses; 500 died of starvation. Twice a week burial details went out to remove the corpses. In the absence of horses the shivering men improvised light carriages and hitched themselves in teams to haul the wood and provisions.

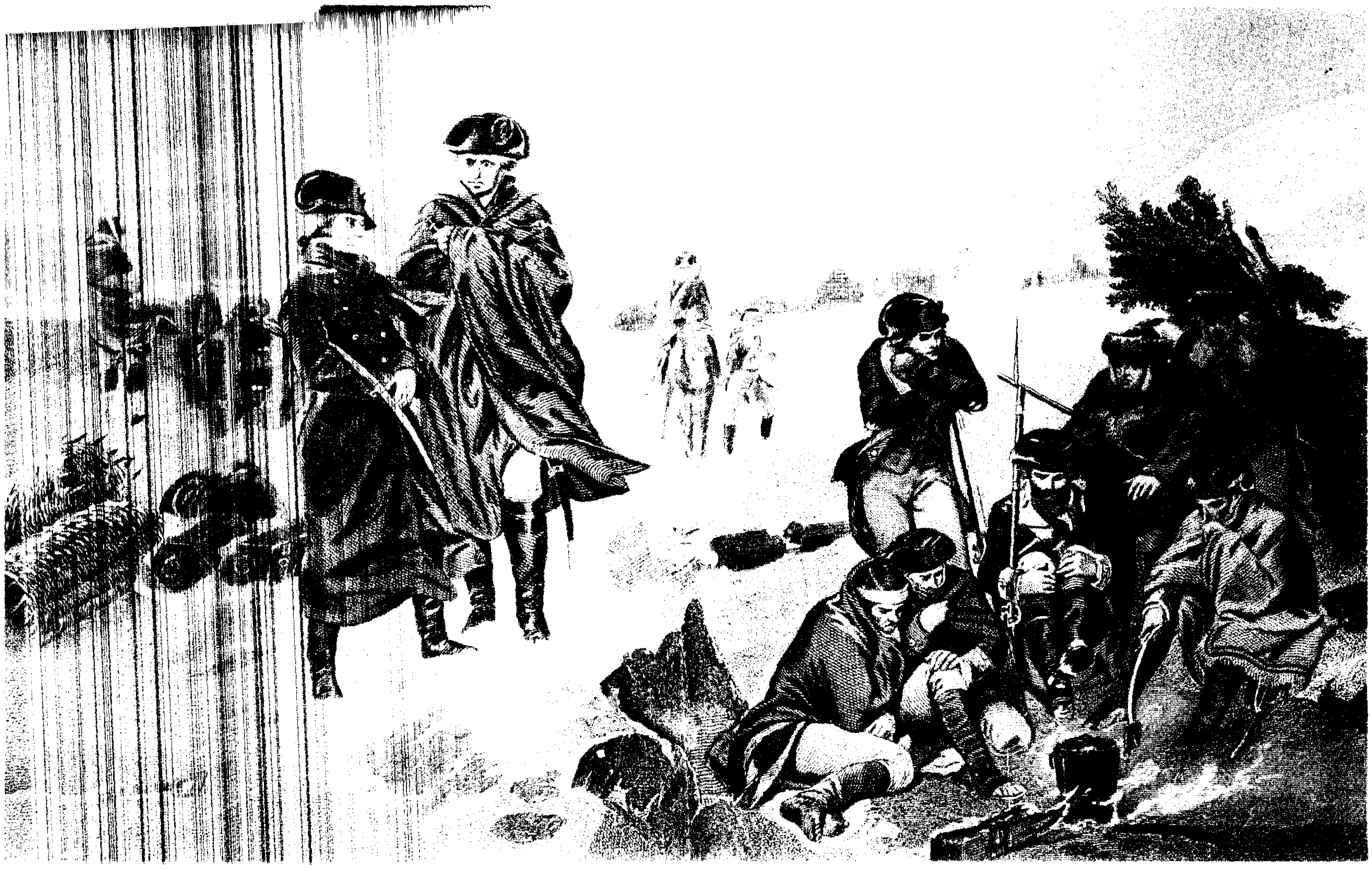
There were times therefore, Washington told Congress, when the army had "not a single hoof of any kind to slaughter and no more than 25 barrels of flour!" Regulations provided that each man was to have a daily allotment of a pound and a half of flour or bread and a pound of meat or fish, among other foods. But for days on end, the soldiers were issued nothing but water and fire-cake—a mixture of flour and water, cooked into a hard biscuit. "Fire-cake and water for breakfast!" cried out Dr. Albigence Waldo, military surgeon. "Fire-cake and water for dinner! Fire-cake and water for supper! The Lord send that our Commissary for purchases may have to live on fire-cake and water!"

Some mornings not even that was available; and the men awoke shivering in the dawn to find only a draught of cold water for breakfast. A week before Christmas some men had nothing to eat at all.

Under such circumstances, Washington indicated, a general mutiny would scarcely have been surprising. Yet the common soldiers bore both hunger and cold with amazing good grace, and the brief rebellion in two brigades over the food shortage, early in the winter, quickly blew over. Occasional outbursts of violence in the camp also subsided without damaging aftereffects. In March, 1778, a unit of Pennsylvania Germans thought fit to observe Saint Patrick's Day by erecting a ludicrous image which was immediately—and violently—resented by the Irishmen in the army. Feelings ran high against the Protestant New Englanders, who were mistakenly held responsible, and there was danger of real trouble. Then General Washington hurried up and soothed offended sensibilities. He was himself, he proclaimed, an ardent admirer of Saint Patrick, and to prove it he ordered an extra ration of whisky for the whole encampment.

More than once, humor saved the day at Valley Forge. Surgeon Waldo made a note of the usual greeting exchanged by soldiers who met in the driving rain: "Good morning, Brother Soldier; how are you?" "All wet, I thank'ee. Hope you are so." Baron von Steuben threw a party to which all were invited; the one qualification for attendance was—torn pants. When the soldiers commented on the food shortage, it was usually with the half-humorous chant, "No meat, no meat, no meat," or the sharper variation, "No bread, no meat, no soldier," or still another, "No pay, no clothes, no provisions, no rum."

But conditions in the encampment were really no laughing matter. The haggard men grew ill and weak. "Their feet and legs froze," said Lafayette, "until they became black and it was necessary to amputate them." Consumption and pneumonia flew through the encampment, and



BETTMANN ARCHIVE

With their commanding general and the Marquis de Lafayette (left) standing nearby, barefoot, blanket-clad soldiers huddle by a fire during the winter at Valley Forge

worse, "camp fever"—typhus—and occasionally smallpox. A general hospital was set up at Bethlehem, not far away—and promptly housed a typhus epidemic of its own. "Not an orderly man or nurse escaped, and but a few of the surgeons," said one observer. The sick sprawled in pole beds with no mattresses, or perhaps in the hay on which the previous occupants had died. Often there were no coverings. The death rate at the hospitals was staggering. Of 1,500 patients at one hospital, 500 died. Forty men from one unit were sent to Bethlehem; three survived.

Martha Washington, who early joined her husband at Valley Forge, sewed for the soldiers every morning, with the other officers' wives, then spent her afternoons visiting the sick in the hospitals. But there were few hands to minister to the multitudes who needed help.

In the camp, the men no longer cared about personal appearance. Disheveled, their faces encrusted with dirt, their beards unshaven, they lounged around the fires. In the flickering day-dream shapes among the shadows they could make out the joys they had left at home, "a charming wife—pretty children—good beds—good food" and they turned in disgust from the evening soup full of "dead leaves and dirt."

To what end? Even if victory should someday come, did that justify present sufferings? "I shall soone be no more!" exclaimed a lad, "and all the reward I shall get will be—'Poor Will is dead!' "

To all these difficulties, the commander was fully sensitive. His own quarters were hardly more commodious than those of his men. For almost a month, he lived in a tent until his army had shelter. Then he moved into a small farmhouse, which he shared with his staff. In the cramped rooms, he ate and slept and carried on the business of his office.

Even after his wife came to join him in February, 1778, there was little privacy, and numerous petty annoyances added to the difficulty of making decisions. His food was that of the common soldier. His teeth bothered him; with no dentist available, he tinkered unhappily with his own plates and stoically bore the discomfort and pain. Often his errant thoughts wandered back to the pleasant life of Mount Vernon; but then the memory of the bloody footprints left in the snow by the shoeless troops drew his mind back to the numerous problems at hand.

There was trouble with Congress. Inexperienced and safely removed from the scene of the suffering, the civilians could not understand why the food and clothing should not be there, once the orders were on paper. Some suspected that the officers wished only to stuff and clothe themselves in luxury. The Pennsylvania Council recommended frugality to the men at Valley Forge and advised them not to dream of parading in "fine beaver hats, gold lace, silk stockings and cambric." Yet Washington never wavered in the belief that the civilian ought to be superior to the military authority. Only reluctantly, and then infrequently, did he yield to the temptation to use force, to confiscate the badly needed food without compensation. More often, he argued and cajoled and threatened, and very slowly, very inadequately and very late began to see supplies come in.

There was trouble, too, in the officer corps. There was a continuing scramble for rank. To make matters more complicated, a procession of European officers had begun to move across the Atlantic, often clutching contracts that promised them lofty positions and salaries to match.

Such a one was Thomas Conway, an Irishman who had risen to a colonelcy in the French service. He had genuine abilities for command, but his taste ran more to intrigue. Through the winter he buzzed about, stirring up little cliques and making his virtues known to the Congressmen. Among the native patriots, Conway was particularly resented, and there was danger the whole officer corps would be disrupted.

Washington was usually generous in these matters, but he suspected that the Irishman was hatching a plot that would put the whole army under the control of General Horatio Gates, the hero of Saratoga. Gates himself had slighted Washington by not informing him of the victory at Saratoga. No doubt Gates would have been willing enough to assume the mantle of command if it somehow slipped off Washington's shoulders.

Oh, January was a busy month for the idle and the gossip-loving. There was a great coming and going of emissaries, a passing around of letters, and many a confidence spurting out over the hot bowls of rum. Washington, "wearied almost to death" with the care of his army, found this nagging intrigue puffed up to the dimensions of a major crisis.

Abruptly, he deflated all the brave whisperers by bringing the matter out into the open. Letters to Congress, to Conway and to Gates forced them to take a stand; and suddenly it appeared they all agreed it was unthinkable that anyone could command but Washington. Indeed, the little tempest only clarified Washington's conception of his own role. He was the one national officer who represented the whole people in their unity of purpose. To act for them was his burden and his duty.

When the first signs of spring appeared, Washington had already begun to act. "Contrary to expectations," the troops had not mutinied; tenacious loyalty held them in the service, and their commander was determined to make them an army worthy of that loyalty.

He could think back, by now, to many a battlefield when these fine men, after the first volleys, had been at a loss. What more could one expect? Their only preparation had been the annual training day in the militia when they had gathered to burn powder without purpose, to march without order, and to feast and drink on the village green.

It was not enough that some of them were good shots, familiar with firearms from boyhood. They had also to learn to act as a group.

A flow of orders issued from the farmhouse; and a succession of courts-martial showed the seriousness of the business. There was to be a regular schedule, with reveille at daybreak. The sutlers peddling liquor and the women visiting friends were to cease drifting about through the camp. No one was to leave without a pass. In the least detail there was to be order and discipline. for there was work to be done.

On February 23d, Washington had welcomed to Valley Forge a distinguished veteran of the army of Frederick the Great. To Baron von Steuben, Washington assigned the task of training the troops.

The choice was fortunate. In the middle of March, Von Steuben began to drill a chosen group of 100 men. He knew a little English, having labored through Robinson Crusoe on his way over to America. But his few studied phrases he reserved for moments of high excitement. Ordinarily he kept an interpreter by his side and gave commands in a curious mixture of French and German. The miracle was, the commands were obeyed. Shortly the picked guard were stepping across the soggy field, a model for the admiration of their fellows. The men were told off as instructors and soon the whole camp was busy with purposeful practice.

With gratification, Washington observed the work of the baron. The commander in chief noted also the other hands applied to the same task. Henry Knox, for instance, who had left a bookseller's peaceful life to become chief of the artillery services, was inspiring his men with a tough devotion to their precious guns. Everywhere, indeed, as the days grew longer, the warming sunshine brought a thaw—in frozen hopes as in the frozen ground. A spirit of purposeful preparation spread through the encampment.

With renewed confidence, the general's thoughts turned toward the future, now suddenly viewed in an optimistic light. Still preoccupied with details of supply and organization, as the spring passed his heart lifted while he watched the forging of the instrument of his ultimate victory.

It was almost a joke at headquarters, in June, when a peace officer came from George III's ministers. Well, at last the tyrant knew with whom he was dealing! He had sent over the Earl of Carlisle to conciliate. The French had agreed to an alliance with the new American nation, and now a worried Parliament had repealed the obnoxious laws that had touched off the revolt and had thus satisfied every grievance the colonists had expressed before 1776.

Only now the Americans were no longer fighting to set right stale grievances. At that very moment, Washington was preparing to take the offensive, just as the British were preparing to withdraw to New York. The British evacuation of Philadelphia was a tacit admission that the occupation of the American capital had been a failure—and that failure was due in large part to the winter-long presence outside the city of the ragged, dogged patriot troops, who had helped keep the British locked up in the capital, and immobilized.

Years later, the men who had lived through that harsh winter would find that Valley Forge had somehow added iron to their souls. Washington himself never forgot; nor did the younger men around him. Among these were four whose later careers showed the lasting marks of these sufferings.

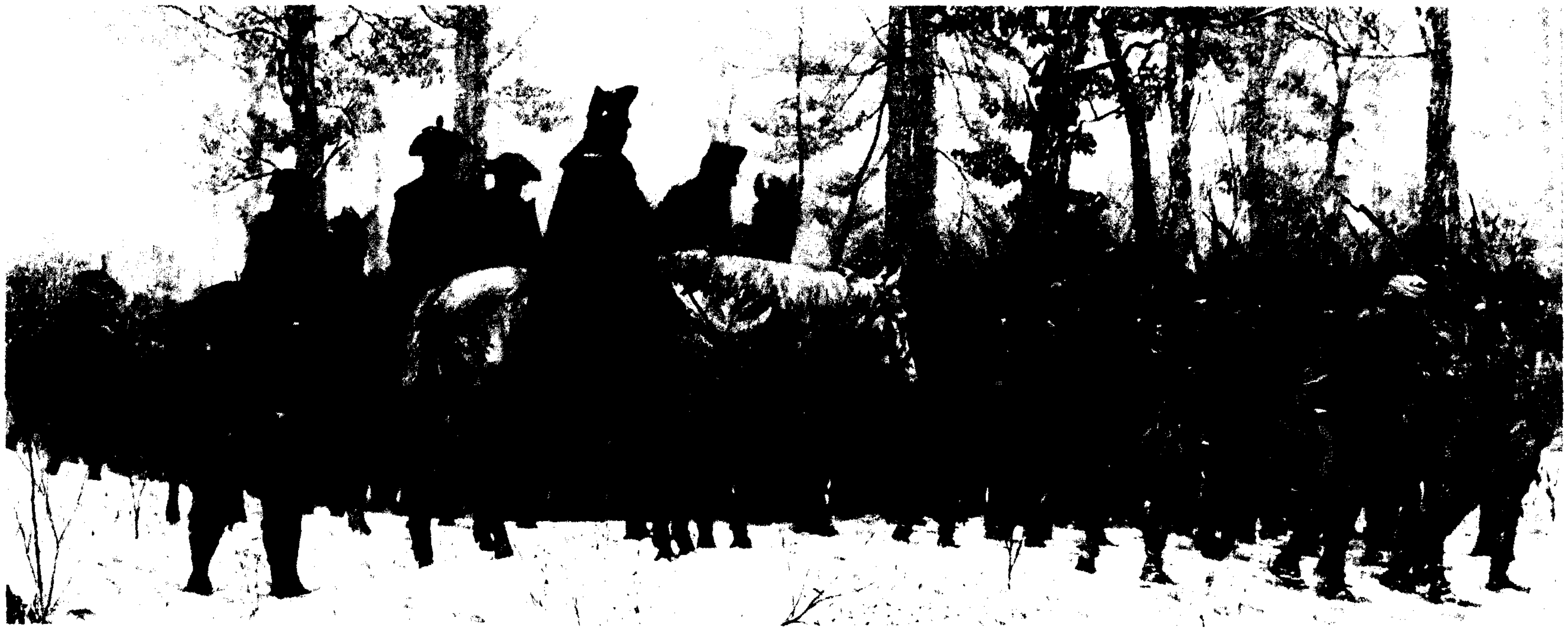
There was that Frenchman already mentioned, just twenty years old and scion of an aristocratic family, who put the luxuries of home behind him to fight for liberty in a distant land. The wound in his leg would always remind him the United States was also his country; and when he left, the Marquis de Lafayette would strive to find the same ideals of freedom in another revolution across the ocean.

There was a West Indian of the same age. Washington sent him off from Valley Forge on a desperate, futile mission to round up a few regiments that might add strength to the army. He returned disappointed but not disheartened. Twelve years later, as Secretary of the Treasury, Alexander Hamilton would lay the foundations for the economic growth of the new nation.

In Stirling's division was a major, younger still, who had fought through the battles of the summer and fall and now shared the frozen potatoes of his men. Decades later, James Monroe would enunciate the basic doctrines of American foreign policy.

The oldest of the four—a full twenty-two—was called "Silver Heels" for his prowess as a racer. In time John Marshall would preside over the Supreme Court of the United States, and, in a long line of decisions would consolidate the constitutional powers of the national government.

John Marshall summed it up for them all when he wrote later, that at Valley Forge, he "was confirmed in the habit of considering America as my country, and Congress as my government." Here, these men, and thousands of their comrades, gained an awareness of the meaning of their nationality. They were fighting to become a nation of free men and not a realm of subjects. That cause was pregnant with meaning for all mankind. And that cause justified the sacrifices at Valley Forge. THE END



VALLEY FORGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

General Washington and his staff watch grimly on a wintry day at the Pennsylvania encampment as the tattered little army parades past. This painting is by W. L. Trego

By JAMES J. HAGGERTY, JR.

The Collier Trophy Winner

It's the U.S. Air Force's "Big Stick"—the giant B-52, our first intercontinental jet bomber

Its eight mighty jet engines roaring, the big droop-winged Strategic Air Command B-52 Stratofortress bomber rolled down the runway at Eglin Air Force Base, Florida, lifted easily and headed toward the Gulf of Mexico. About an hour and a half out of Eglin, it rendezvoused with a KC-135 aerial tanker and "inhaled" through a projecting boom a load of high-octane fuel. All night long the 200-ton bomber ranged over the southern United States.

When the Stratofortress landed again at Eglin the following morning, it had been aloft for more than 17 hours and had covered almost 8,500 miles—the longest B-52 flight yet made by an SAC crew and a tremendous demonstration of the potential of the Air Force's "Big Stick."

The flight was not a stunt; it was a regular SAC "profile" mission, so called because the altitudes, speeds and distances flown correspond exactly to an M-day (mobilization day) raid already plotted on SAC's books. Other SAC crews are flying similar profiles every day; they have already been assigned overseas targets to hit if war comes.

It is the range capability of the B-52 that is significant. In 1955, when Boeing Airplane Company delivered the first B-52s to an SAC wing at Castle Air Force Base, California, the USAF put in operational service for the first time a jet bomber able to strike targets deep in Europe and Asia from North America and return to friendly bases.

The importance of this step in building a retaliatory air force was underscored recently when a committee of 20 representatives of all phases of aviation voted to award the coveted Collier Trophy to the B-52, its builders and its users. The trophy, one of aviation's highest awards, will be given jointly to William M. Allen, president of Boeing Airplane Company, his associates in the company, and General Nathan F. Twining, Chief of Staff of the U.S. Air Force, for development, production and introduction to operational service of the B-52, "a powerful weapon of peace."

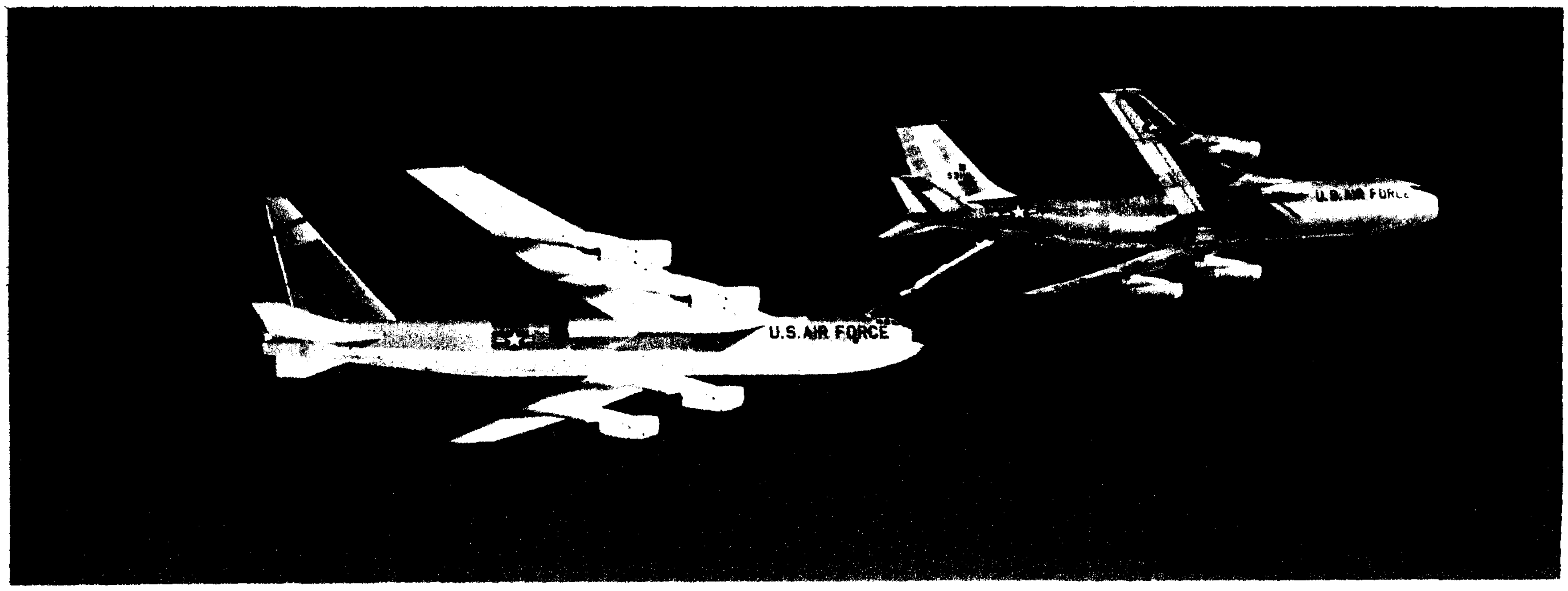
The Collier Trophy, donated in 1911 by the late Robert J. Collier, editor and son of the founder of Collier's magazine, is awarded annually for "the greatest achievement in aviation in America, the value of which has been demonstrated by actual use during the preceding year." It is scheduled to be presented to Allen and Twining at a dinner in Washington, D.C., on December 17th, when the aviation industry will celebrate the 53d anniversary of man's first powered flight, made by Orville and Wilbur Wright at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina.

The B-52 has been described by an SAC officer as "the most important plane in the Air Force inventory." Although it weighs more than twice as much as the largest airliner in commercial service, it performs like a fighter and has a top speed of "more than 650 miles per hour."

Its extraordinary performance stems in part from the eight powerful jets, which turn out close to 100,000 pounds of thrust. The engine is the J-57, built by Pratt & Whitney Aircraft Division of United Aircraft Corporation. (United Aircraft's vice-president for engineering, Leonard S. Hobbs, received the 1952 Collier Trophy for development of the J-57.)

Since the first delivery to Castle AFB last summer, Boeing has turned out enough of the big bombers to equip completely the Castle wing (45 planes plus spares) and to start activation of a second wing at Loring AFB, Maine. Additional wings at other, still secret locations will be formed as fast as the B-52s roll off Boeing's production lines at Seattle, Washington, and Wichita, Kansas.

Above: Boeing Airplane Company president William M. Allen, as developer of B-52, will share award with General Nathan F. Twining, Air Force Chief of Staff, who put bomber into service. Below: Eight-jet B-52 is refueled in air by KC-135 (right), the military version of Boeing's new jet airliner 707. B-52 exceeds 650-mph speeds, handles like fighter



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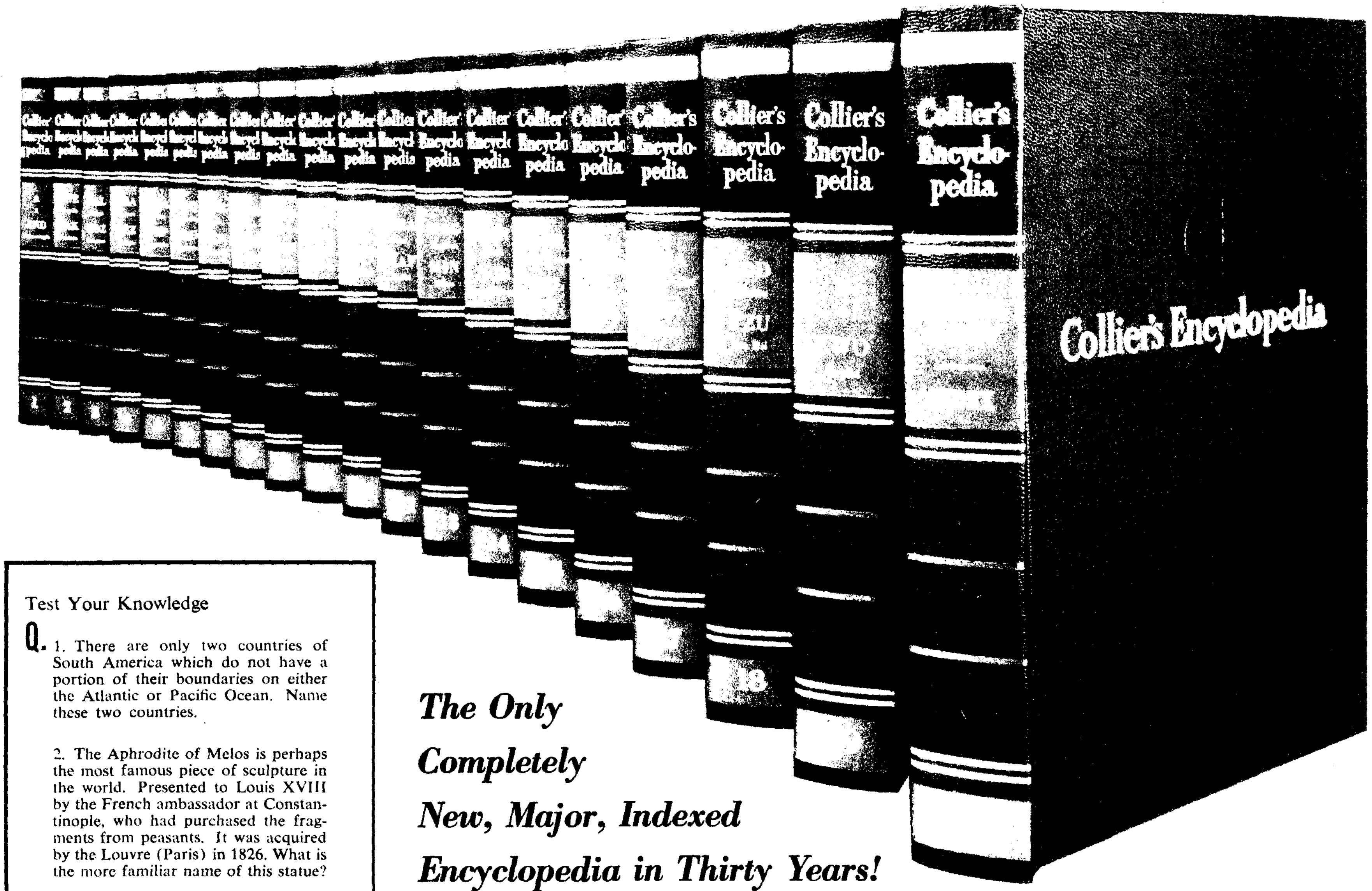

Test Your Knowledge

Q. 1. There are only two countries of South America which do not have a portion of their boundaries on either the Atlantic or Pacific Ocean. Name these two countries.

2. The Aphrodite of Melos is perhaps the most famous piece of sculpture in the world. Presented to Louis XVIII by the French ambassador at Constantinople, who had purchased the fragments from peasants. It was acquired by the Louvre (Paris) in 1826. What is the more familiar name of this statue?

3. While a student of Oberlin College, Charles Martin Hall formulated an electrolytic method of producing large amounts of a now vital material. It is used in cooking utensils, furniture, shingles, and building facings. It is essential in airplanes, and automobiles. It is a fine insulating material and a useful wrapper for foods. It is used in paints and incendiary bombs. It is used for a great variety of purposes where lightness, strength, and durability are desired. Name this material.

4. What is the name of the largest of sea birds? Its wing span has been measured at over eleven feet. This bird is mentioned often in the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner."

A. 1. Bolivia and Paraguay. 2. Venus de Milo. 3. Aluminum. 4. Albatross.

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By LUKE SHORT

DOOM CLIFF

The stage line was overrun with thieves and killers, and Gannon was determined to clean it up—though the job would surely take him to the brink of death

Beginning a new three-part serial

WILL GANNON sat with his back against the log wall and watched the stagecoach driver get drunk. Outside, the blizzard they had bucked throughout the afternoon was tearing at the eaves of the stage station. Gannon's tin plate of cold, greasy food lay untouched before him; he leaned against the wall with a relaxed numbness, long legs stretched under the trestle table, and watched his fellow passengers toy with the supper the stationmaster's daughter had served them.

Across the lamplit room the stage driver, his buffalo coat open, was propped against the plank bar. Less than a half hour before, the bottle beside him had been full. It was two-thirds empty now and Gannon, knowing the rough country that lay east of the Rock Creek Station, felt a slow anger stir within him.

Beside Gannon the express messenger, a small, red-faced man, was eating the wretched food and occasionally glancing at the driver. Now, at the foot of the table, a grim-lipped man past middle age got up, put his hand on the shoulder of the boy beside him, and skirted the bench to approach the messenger.

"You been watching the new driver?" the man demanded.

"I have, Mr. Dickert," the messenger replied.

"He's got close to a bottle in him," Dickert said in a tone of outrage.

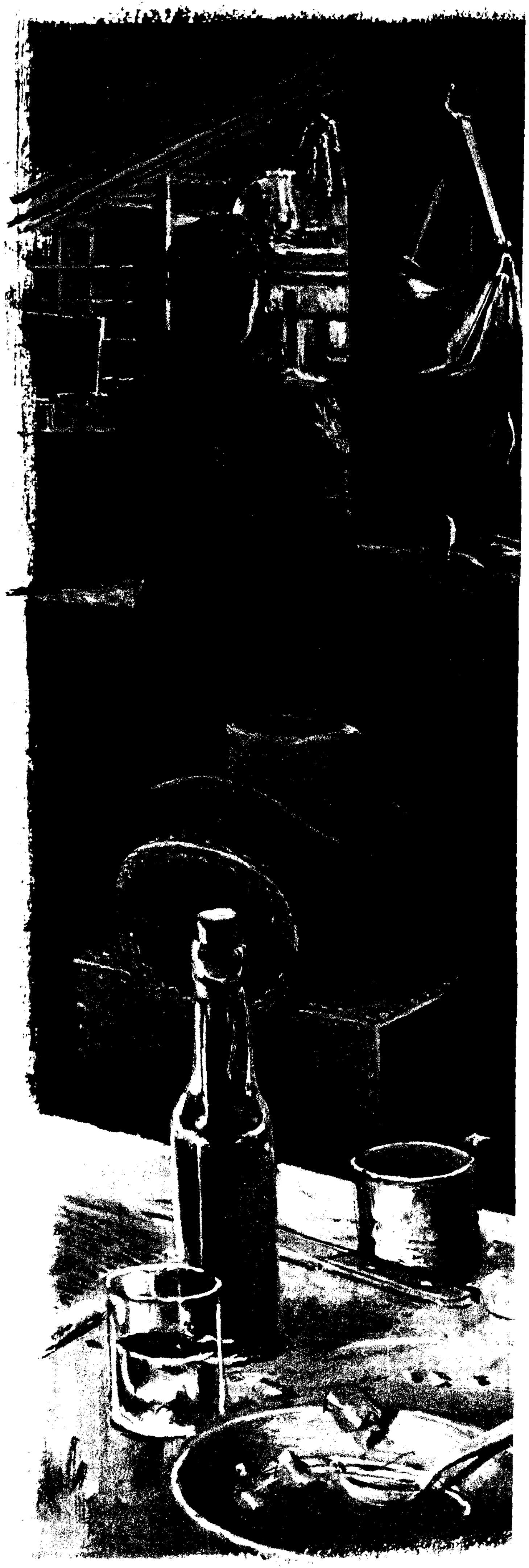
The messenger shrugged. "His business," he said.

"I won't ride with him, and I won't lay over in this sty," Dickert said angrily. "I want you to do something."

The messenger looked squarely at him. "You find us another driver and we'll talk," he said flatly. "The best thing to do is eat up and get out of here before he drinks any more."

The older man returned to his bench, his back stiff with anger. The messenger looked fleetingly at Will Gannon, shrugged and went back to his food. Reluctantly, Gannon came to the decision he had been considering.

Slowly he rose and rounded the table, heading for the bar. He was a tall man, made taller by thick black gray-shot hair parted deeply on the side, and only the closest observer would have detected the slight limp in his stride. He was wearing a corduroy coat and a rough-knit, neck-high



Gannon sank his left fist into the stage driver's midriff and then drew back his right for a savage blow to the jaw

ILLUSTRATED BY LOUIS S. GLANZMAN

sweater. His long face, not lately shaven, held a reserve bordering on taciturnity.

He halted at the bar beside the driver. "Still trying to drink it all, Harvey?"

The driver stared at him drunkenly and then, recognizing him, said, "No affair of yours any more, Gannon."

"I thought I'd blacklisted you."

"You run the Carson City division and let Maydet run this one." He groped for his gloves and whip, found them, and straightened up. "Stand away," he said disdainfully and pushed away from the bar, raising his left arm to brush Gannon aside. Will pivoted under the arm and sank his left fist into the driver's midriff. As the man's head jerked forward in an involuntary jackknife of his body, Gannon looped a savage blow to his bearded jaw. The driver's head rapped back against the wall and slowly he slipped down to a sitting position. Then, all balance gone, he rolled over on his side.

AT THAT moment Bates Boley, the stationmaster, came in from outside, slamming the plank door behind him. His ragged coat and battered hat were powdered with snow; tiny icicles clung to his matted mustache and beard. "Ready to go, folks," he said, and only then noticed the fallen driver.

There was utter silence in the room as Gannon picked up the driver's whip and gauntlets and walked back toward the bench to pick up his coat and hat. He was putting on his coat before the first passenger spoke. "How do we get out of here?"

Will looked over the dozen passengers. Some were already muffled to the ears in coats and scarfs. He read shock, dismay and anger in their faces. "I'll drive," he announced flatly.

Now Mr. Dickert rose from beside the boy and came up to Gannon. "You ever drive a stage before?"

"Two years on Butterfield, a year on Midland. Until last week I was Midland's division agent at Carson City."

Bates Boley found his voice now. "You a company man?" he asked.

Gannon looked at him coldly. "Not any more. If I was, you'd be out of a job."

He turned to look at the express messenger, a flat challenge in his dark eyes. But the messenger, still seated, said in a noncommittal voice, "I've heard of you."

"Then we'll be going, gentlemen." He tossed a dollar on the table for whisky and his supper, crossed the room and opened the door. Outside, the wind pushed against him, and the lantern that he took from a nail on the log wall guttered wildly.

Bates Boley scurried past him and was holding the reins of the six teams when Gannon approached and handed him the lantern. Gannon stood silently watching the express messenger count his fares as they filed into the curtained coach. Finished, the messenger climbed onto the box, and only then did Gannon step up beside him.

Boley handed up the reins, saying sourly, "I hope you know what you're doing. Just remember, I don't like it."

"That will be filed with the general superintendent," Gannon said dryly. He shook out his whip, kicked off the brake and shouted his teams into motion, heading for the break in the black timber that was the stage route east. The timber gave some protection from the wind, and the stage was strangely soundless except for the creaking and for the cheerful harness jangle.

Once the quality of the new driver was proved, the express messenger relaxed and tried to engage Gannon in conversation. Gannon spoke to the man only briefly, however, his thoughts occupied with the incident that had occurred in Boley's station. Perhaps he shouldn't have hit Harvey, he thought, but it had seemed necessary. A year ago he had dismissed Harvey from his division for overturning a messenger coach while dead drunk and then, following company regulations, had blacklisted him. Now Harvey had turned up on Midland's Louisburg division.

The incident, Gannon thought, only underlined what he had learned from a hundred passengers he had quizzed: west of Salt Lake the Midland had a reputation for being the finest stage line in America; east of Salt Lake it was the worst. Report had it that the schedule was a consistent shambles and sixty days' mail was backed up. Indians and white riffraff preyed on the line, and added to this was the difficult mountainous terrain.

BEFORE daylight they were out of the snow but not the timber. They changed teams at a swing station where the stocktender worked by lantern light; and afterward, as dawn broke, Gannon saw they were into the drab, bare, foothill country. It was full daylight when they reached the next swing station, a single log building joined by a barn and corral.

The moment the stage came to a halt Gannon knew something was wrong. The corral was empty, in itself a warning; and the building was dark, yet the door was open. Reaching down on the boot he brought up a rifle and only then did the express messenger beside him come alive. "Where's Keefe?" the messenger asked.

Gannon swung down, not bothering to answer. He walked across the hard-packed dirt, heading for the open door, his rifle ready. Suddenly, rounding the corner of the building at a dead run, rifle in hand, came a young man. At sight of Gannon and the express messenger he hauled up, chest heaving. He might have been nineteen, but the anger in his thin-lipped, tense face was mature enough, Gannon saw.

"I'm new," Gannon said. "Isn't this our swing station?"

"It was, up to this morning," the stocktender said bitterly. "I don't know what the hell it is now."

"What's wrong, Keefe?" the express messenger asked.

"You see any horses here? You see anything that looks like a team change?" No answer was necessary, and now the young man tiredly knelt on one knee and scrubbed his sweating face with his sleeve. "They hit me like this two-three times a year."

"Who? Indians?" Gannon asked.

The stocktender eyed him bitterly. "Sunday-school teachers, for all I know! All I know is they're horse thieves."

Gannon felt a sudden pity for the stocktender. For forty dollars a month, paid quarterly, he lived a solitary, dangerous existence under the moral obligation to keep his bit of stage line functioning. He was at the mercy of any passing band of renegades, and this plains area and the mountains behind it housed half the riffraff of the West.

Now the stocktender rose, eying Gannon's teams. He totally ignored the passengers as he said, "You got twelve miles to Lennor's station, with a long stretch of blow sand." He looked at the messenger. "Pass the word on to Maydet that I'll stick until he gets somebody to take over here."

"Who's Maydet?" Gannon asked.

"Division superintendent at Louisburg. He better get someone in a week, or I'll throw the key in the water bucket and ride out."

"On what?" Gannon asked.

The stocktender grinned. "All right, walk out."

Gannon turned then to look at his teams. The deep snow, the cold and the uncertain footing had left them tired, but since there was no relief they must be used. He and the express messenger climbed back into the box and he whipped the reluctant teams into motion.

There was only another hour of grass before they hit stretches of blow sand on the level prairie. To spare his weary teams, Gannon ordered all passengers to walk. In the worst spots he directed the passengers to push the stage through the axle-deep sand.

BY NOON the monotony of the prairie, combined with the exertion of the morning, had put the messenger and most of the passengers to sleep. Patiently Gannon nursed the exhausted teams along, and presently he saw the buildings ahead that marked Lennor's station.

Approaching it, he saw the neat white-painted frame house with a kind of surprised recollection. In a country where even logs had to be freighted, this house was built of milled lumber, hauled from a mill far to the east. The log barns were trim and the corrals were of cedar posts, stout and straight. Lennor's, Gannon supposed, would be elected as a layover for a good half of the weary passengers.

A stern-faced, gray-haired man in rough work clothes greeted the passengers as they climbed out, while a stocktender began to unhook the teams. Gannon waited until the passengers filed into the house before he climbed down and walked to the porch where the sober-faced man was waiting.

"You're new," the man said. "I'm Lennor. Where's Harvey?"

"At Boley's. Too drunk to drive," Gannon said.

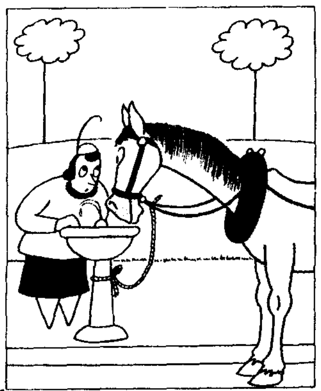
Lennor shook his head. "I didn't think that was possible," he said sourly. He looked at Gannon with mild curiosity, as if wondering how a substitute driver could materialize at Boley's. Gannon knew, however, that this was no concern of Lennor's, and he brushed past him and stepped inside.

The big common room was a pleasant place, with a puncheon floor, a long table with benches, a big-barreled stove and dark walnut furniture. In one corner, under the stairs, he saw a neat stack of more than a dozen bulging mail sacks.

It's the Law!

By Dick Hyman

In Detroit, Michigan, it is illegal for a man to scowl at his wife.

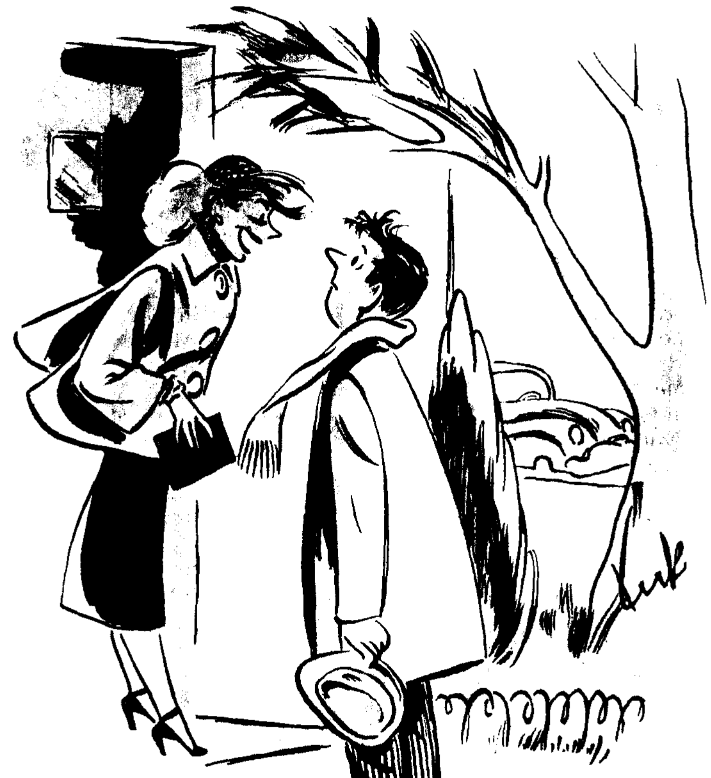


In Norwood, Ohio, a town ordinance makes it unlawful to tie your horse to a drinking fountain.

In Augusta, Maine, it is against the law to stroll down the street playing your violin.

In Minnesota, you cannot cut your friend's or neighbor's hair without a license.

Has your state or town some curious law or ordinance? If so, send it care of It's the Law!, to Collier's, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, New York. For each contribution accepted and published, the editors will forward a payment of $5. No contribution can be returned.



"I like you. . . . Start saving up for another date"

COLLIER'S KIRK

The passengers were seating themselves at the long table, and Will took a corner place on the bench with his back to the kitchen. A plain, gray-haired woman, whom Gannon took to be Lennor's wife, began serving up coffee while the passengers loaded their plates from the platters of elk steaks and hot biscuits. Gannon helped himself and was eating hungrily when a slender arm holding a big coffeepot reached over his shoulder and filled his pint cup.

"You're the new driver," a pleasant voice said.

Gannon looked around and saw a girl standing behind him, a beginning smile on her face. She was about twenty, and the first thing Gannon noticed about her were the thick dark eyebrows over pale-green eyes. A mass of shiny chestnut hair was brushed cleanly away from her temples and gathered by a ribbon at the nape of her neck. Her gray dress was darned and patched but spotlessly clean, and there was a faint dusting of freckles across the bridge of her small nose. Her lips were full and, as her smile faded under Gannon's cool appraisal, they set in a sober self-assurance.

"Emergency only," Gannon said.

Now the girl came around the corner of the table so that he did not have to crane his neck to see her. He supposed she was Lennor's daughter. She asked matter-of-factly, "Did Mrs. Soderstrom give you garden seed for me?"

"I don't know any Mrs. Soderstrom, and I have no garden seed," Will said. "Was I supposed to have some?"

"Harvey said he'd remind her."

"Try another driver," Will said dryly. "Still, I doubt if you'll have any better luck." He pointed to the sacks of mail under the stairs. "If they can't remember to pick up mail sacks, they can't remember to pick up your garden seed."

The girl blushed. "We show every westbound driver those sacks."

"Quit feeding them until they move them."

The girl looked at him levelly and then said, "Why don't you tell that to the division agent instead of scolding innocent people?"

"Why don't I?" Will said indifferently. He returned to his food, thinking that the girl was right. The drivers in this division were apparently more concerned about running errands for the station women than they were about moving U.S. Mail. But it was no concern of his now, he thought. Once he had delivered his coach at Louisburg, the end of the division, he was through with staging.

FINISHED, he got up and went out onto the veranda. Across the road a pair of dismounted riders were talking to Lennor. One of them, a tall burly man, had seen Gannon come out and was watching him. The man's full face was not lately shaven, yet Gannon could see the knife scar that ran along his jaw. A semicircle of black mustache gave him an oddly Oriental look, which was accentuated by his black, arrogant eyes.

His companion, dressed in a castoff Army overcoat, lazily leaned against his horse; he was watching Gannon too.

Now Lennor said something to the big man and then looked at Gannon, and all three men moved away from the horses toward the veranda. Gannon regarded them idly as they came up to him.

The big man said, "What happened to Harvey?"

Gannon had the vague impression that the man's voice held some authority. "He was drunk."

"How drunk?"

"About a bottle drunk."

The big man turned and said to his companion, "Hear that, Rich?"

Rich had derisive dark eyes that burned like a banked fire. His lean, unshaven face held a dormant vicious-

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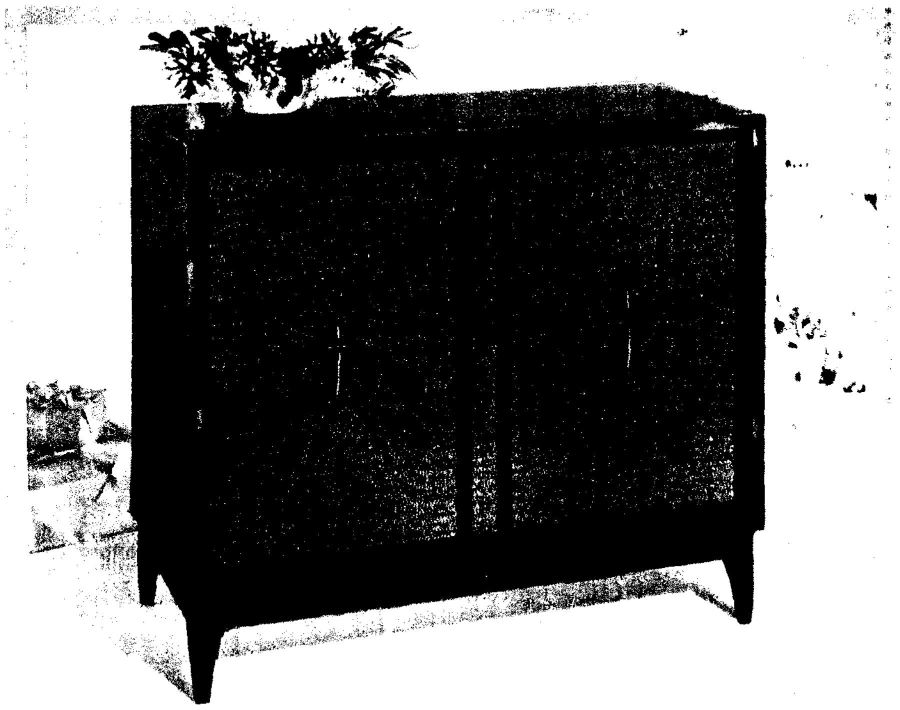

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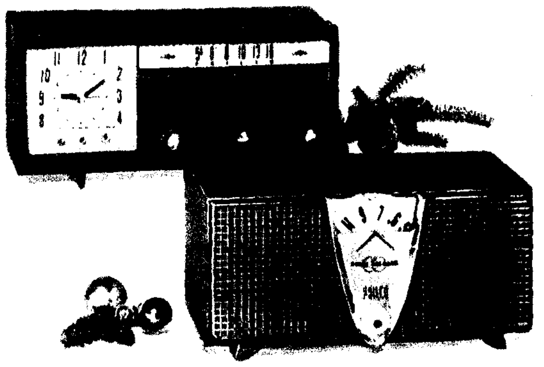

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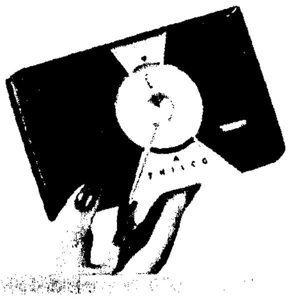

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ness, and now he observed jeeringly, "Who would that worry?"

"Me," Gannon said quietly.

The big man said then, "You drove, Lennor tells me. Couldn't Harvey make the box?"

"Not after I hit him."

The big man's mouth slacked sideways in a sour smile, but there was no humor in his eyes. "I'll take your ticket," he said. "You've gone as far as you'll go on the Midland."

Gannon glared at him. "Who's talking?"

"Lou Maydet, division superintendent." He nodded toward his companion and added, "This is Rich Cleff. He works for me."

"You can take up a ticket," Gannon said, "but you can't take up a pass."

Maydet's expression altered. "You with the line?"

Gannon nodded.

"Prove it," Cleff said gently.

"Not to you," Will said.

A swift flick of anger came in Cleff's eyes. "Don't get tough, friend," he said softly.

Gannon knew Cleff was wondering what company rank this stranger held and whether it was wise to annoy him further. He decided to remain on the offensive, and he said to Maydet, "Your first swing station west was raided last night. The stocktender said if you haven't replaced him in a week he'll be gone."

Lou Maydet scowled. "Keefe? What happened?"

"They cleaned him out, down to his saddle horse, even."

Maydet swore and looked fleetingly at Cleff. Gannon was watching him when he heard footsteps behind him. He turned and saw the girl looking at him. There was mischief in her green eyes, but she said unsmilingly, "There's your man. Complain to him."

Will felt a swift irritation. The girl had refused to take his mild bullying and had neatly turned the tables on him. He saw Maydet look from the girl to him. "What complaint?" Maydet asked.

"Why don't you move your mail?" Gannon asked quietly.

"Why do you care?" Cleff asked.

"I don't," Gannon said. "I'm just curious. Midland's mail contract with the government is what feeds you. Keep this up and the government will cancel."

PASSENGERS began to file out just then and Maydet touched Cleff's arm and nodded his head toward the coach. Slowly, with a sidelong look at Gannon, Cleff turned, and both men started across the road.

Gannon looked at the girl. "I didn't think you'd do it," she said.

"That squares us," Gannon said. "I didn't think you would either." He touched his hat and went down the steps, heading toward the coach.

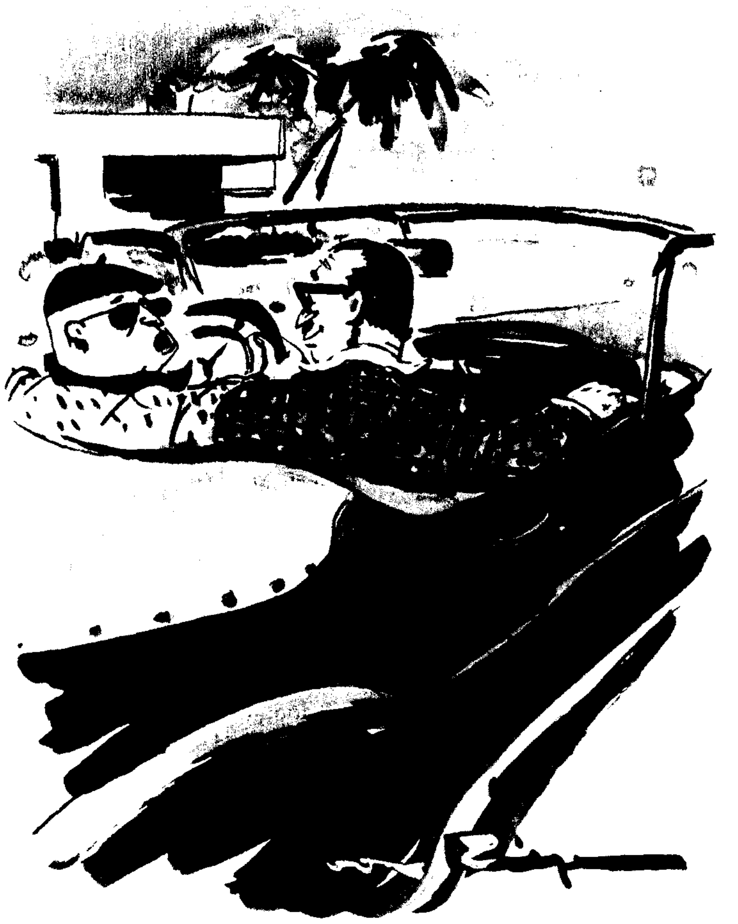
He nodded good-by to Lennor, who said, "That was none of my doing. I tried to tell him you'd done the line a favor."

"It doesn't matter," Gannon said over his shoulder and moved on toward the coach.

Rich Cleff was in the box, Gannon noted, alongside the express messenger, and Maydet sat on the top seat behind them. Why, he's going east, Gannon thought with surprise. The next station west was without teams and without feed, its horses stolen, and yet Lou Maydet was not bothering about it.

Four of the passengers had elected to stay over, and so Gannon had a seat inside the coach. He had barely pulled his coat around him before he was sleeping. . . .

It was evening of the next day when the stage pulled into Louisburg. This



"I don't think he's really a genius. He just fools people by making the right decisions all the time"

COLLIER'S

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

Give the Jewel Decanter by **Calvert**

Calvert
RESERVE

Nothing finer in American taste

The Jewel Decanter by Calvert sparkles with a look of unmistakable luxury—as rich and flawless as the whiskey itself. This year, you'll be prouder than ever to give Calvert—a gift worthy of the most particular men on your list.

CALVERT DISTILLERS CO., N. Y. C. AMERICAN BLENDED WHISKEY. 86.8 PROOF. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.

was the closest thing to a town since Salt Lake, yet it held only a handful of log buildings. The largest, a two-story affair, was the hotel across the road from a long log building, a combination store and saloon, at which the stage pulled up. Ahead were the blacksmith shops, stables and corrals. A couple of bulky warehouses flanked the hotel, and there was a tangle of freight and immigrant wagons beyond the store. Louisburg, Gannon remembered as he stepped out of the stage, was not only a home station of the Midland but a terminus of other stage lines to the east and south. He had heard embittered travelers tell of days spent in this wretched collection of hovels while they awaited passage west on the Midland.

MOST of the passengers headed at once for the hotel, but Gannon went into the lamplit saloon. A score of men—immigrants, escort troops, miners and travelers—lined the bar. A half-dozen men stood around the faro table at the rear, and a large poker game was in progress at the round front table.

Gannon went up to the bar and ordered whisky. He was aware of a man coming up to the bar beside him, but he paid no attention until he heard the man say, "Smelled any 'Paches lately?"

From the dim recesses of memory Gannon identified the phrase and he turned. An unshaven, roughly dressed young man, his poker hand still in his grimy fist, stood waiting, a smile on his face. Slowly Gannon extended his hand, smiling too. "Hutch!" he said warmly, and the two shook hands. "You're a long way from Arizona."

"Not far enough, Will. How've you been?"

The two men regarded each other with open affection. Hutch Forney had been a Butterfield driver when Gannon had worked for the Southern Line. They had helped in the grueling task of keeping the desert route open; they had shared a hundred campfires and as many bottles of whisky. Hutch had been the born improvident—happy-go-lucky, always generous, totally reckless and blindly loyal—and in his cheerful lean face Gannon saw no indication that he had changed. When the Butterfield Line was closed down and its equipment moved to the north, Gannon had come north. Hutch had drifted to Tucson and out of Gannon's life.

"Heard you've got a Nevada division," Hutch said.

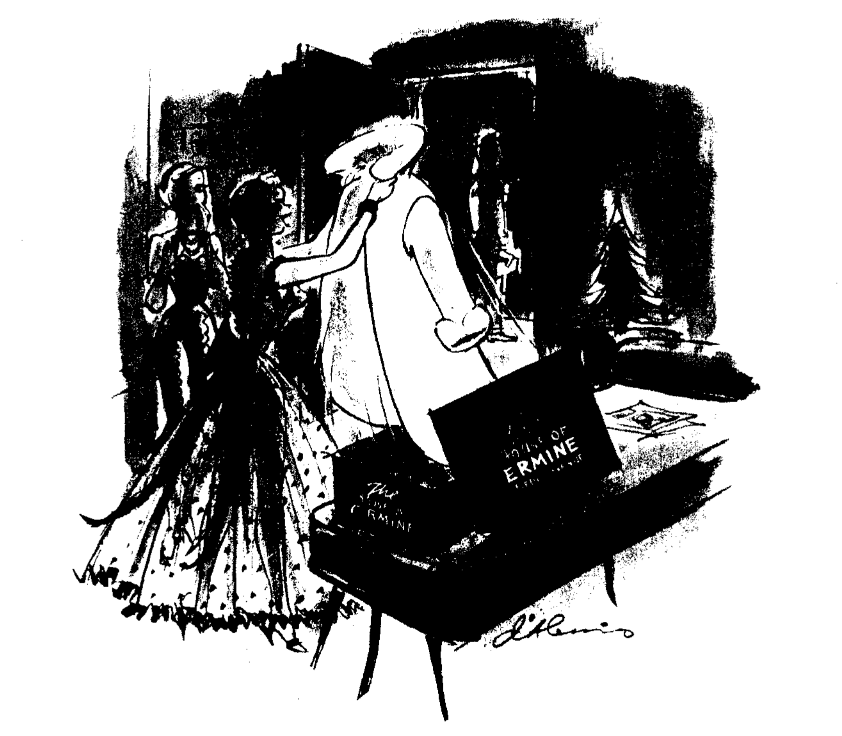
"Where'd you hear that?"

"Oh, I work for the line too." Hutch grimaced. "I've got the Helper Creek Station west. A real lonesome place, even with a wife."

"Wife?" Gannon asked. "Any children?"

Hutch laughed. "One. Half Papago, half Irish." A kind of defiance lay behind the laughter in Hutch's eyes, and Gannon knew the story. Papagos were Arizona Indians, and in that womanless country Hutch had probably picked up with a pretty Indian girl. Too loyal to desert her and too restless to stay put, Hutch had probably brought her into this alien and hard land, where he would sire half-breed children who would be totally rootless. For a fleeting moment Gannon felt pity for him.

Hutch tossed off his drink. Carefully he wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and said, "When you run out of luck just come to old Hutch. He's got more than he can use." He paused and then asked, "You be around?" At Gannon's nod, Hutch winked and went back to the poker game.



"Ah! Just what I dreamed of—a white Christmas!"

COLLIER'S GREGORY D'ALESSIO

Gannon downed his drink and left the bar. As he crossed the road and entered the hotel there was a sadness in him. He was glad he had been sleeping through the team change at Helper Creek so that he had been spared the sight of Hutch's home and family. He could imagine its cheerless squalor, which Hutch even now was trying to escape.

GANNON went into the hotel dining room and saw that, although it was late, there were still several men eating. There was a lone diner seated with his back to the door. The set of the man's back and the bristling shock of close-cropped gray hair seemed familiar to Gannon and suddenly he stopped, feeling fleeting annoyance and a desire to leave before the man saw him. Then he resigned himself and walked over to the table.

"How are you, Mr. Olderson?" he said when he reached the man's side.

The man looked up, and for a moment there was disbelief in his square face. Then he smiled and rose, holding out his hand. "Will Gannon! Have I got the wrong station and the wrong town?"

Gannon smiled. "No. Still, I can't blame you for wondering."

Olderson gestured toward the bench and they both sat down. Gannon saw that the older man was regarding him curiously. He knew that Olderson had not achieved the general superintendency of Midland by being polite, and that the older man was shocked, disturbed and curious.

"I'm sort of off the reservation," Gannon said.

"Twelve hundred miles or so," Olderson said pleasantly. "Any trouble come up, Will?"

"I quit. I wrote you a letter a week for three months."

"I didn't get them."

"I can understand that, after seeing the way the mail's backed up in this division."

Olderson grimaced. "True enough. Haven't we treated you right, Will?"

Gannon nodded. "You know you have. It's nothing to do with you or the line, Mr. Olderson."

The older man looked steadily at him. "I think I have the right to know."

"So you do," Gannon said after a pause. He took a deep breath and said tonelessly, "Marian left me. She decided she'd rather live with a San Francisco shipowner than be a stage-line division agent's wife."

Both pain and sympathy were reflected in Olderson's eyes. There was embarrassment, too, and he looked down at his plate. Then he said, "I'm sorry to hear that, Will."

Gannon acknowledged his words in bleak silence.

A look of understanding came into Olderson's face. "A change of scenery, is that it?"

"Something like that."

"What will you do?"

"I've been shot up once and discharged. Maybe they'll have me back."

At the same moment they both became aware of a young man approaching their table. Gannon recognized him as the companion of Mr. Dickert, the passenger who had challenged him at Boley's station.

The lad stopped beside Olderson. "You sent for me, sir?" he said.

Olderson looked at him blankly. "I don't recollect doing so, my boy."

A look of puzzlement came into the boy's face. "I was in our room when a man knocked on the door and said you wanted to see me."

"When was this?" Gannon said abruptly.

"Just now."

Gannon rose, asking, "Which room is yours?"

"Five."

Gannon hurried out of the dining room into the lobby, and he took the stairs two at a time. When he found Room No. 5 he did not knock, but pushed open the door.

ON THE floor lay Mr. Dickert. He was sprawled on his back and the whole of his shirt front was bloody. He had, Gannon saw, been expertly knifed, probably as he opened the door. His shirttail was out and the waistband of his trousers had been cut. At a glance Gannon knew that the murderer, in his haste to get Dickert's money belt before young Dickert could reappear, had slashed the belt.

Gannon stepped to the open window and leaned out. The roof of the kitchen shed was only about four feet below the window.

When he turned, Olderson and young Dickert were standing just inside the doorway. For a moment Gannon believed the boy would faint; his face drained of blood and he closed his eyes. Ganon went to him swiftly and helped him out into the corridor.

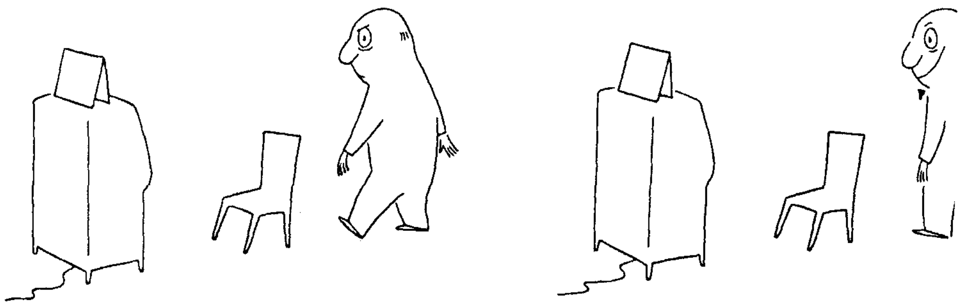
"Is—is he dead?" the boy asked in a whisper.

"I'm afraid so," Gannon said.

Olderson came out of the room then, and Will saw the smoldering rage in the older man's eyes. Olderson said gently, "I'm sorry, lad. You were decoyed out of the room so that this man could be murdered and robbed. Was he your father?"

The right channel

BY TON SMITS



"My uncle," the boy said.

"And he was carrying a sum of money in a money belt?"

The boy only nodded.

Olderson sighed. "Come," he said, and led the boy down the hall to his own room. "Will you have them send up some whisky, Will?" he called over his shoulder. "I think it would help him. I'll stay."

DOWNSTAIRS, Will told the desk clerk what had happened, and asked for whisky to be sent up to Mr. Olderson. Afterward, he stood irresolute in the middle of the lobby, feeling a helpless rage. A man had just been savagely murdered, yet what was there to do about it? Who would hunt down the killer, since there was no law officer to receive the report of the murder? Beyond that, who in this whole town would concern himself with the death of a total stranger? No one would miss the dead man except a bewildered and helpless boy.

Suddenly remembering that he had not eaten the meal he had come here for, Gannon went into the dining room and ordered supper. As he ate, he pondered the elder Dickert's murder and the circumstances surrounding it. He was finishing his coffee when Olderson came in and sat down on the bench beside him.

"I think the whisky knocked him out," Olderson said grimly. "It's shameful, shameful! This filthy shantytown should be burned to the ground."

"Including your office and stages, Mr. Olderson?"

The older man looked sharply at him. "What do you mean by that?"

"That murder was planned on your stage line."

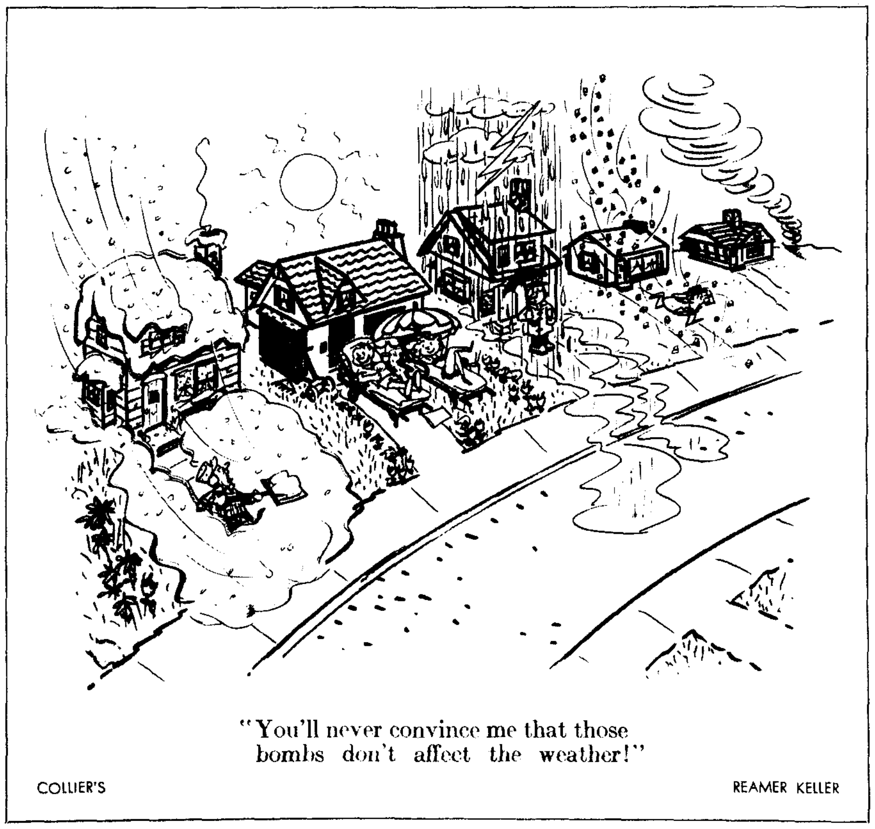
"How do you figure that?" Olderson asked.

"Young Dickert was asked for by name. Who'd know his name unless they saw the passenger list? No man planning murder is fool enough to leave a trail by asking to see a hotel register."

When Olderson did not reply, Gannon went on: "Why was murder necessary? A stranger could have held Dickert up, demanded his money and left. He didn't though. Which proves Dickert had seen this man, so Dickert had to be killed."

Olderson was silent a moment. Then he said, "A passenger, you think?"

Gannon only shrugged. "One of them, maybe. I'd guess there were two men involved. One *had* to be a stranger, the one who asked young Dickert to go find you—otherwise the boy would have recognized him. Meanwhile, someone else—a man the older Dickert knew—murdered him for his money." He paused. "It was all planned on your stage line."


"You'll never convince me that those bombs don't affect the weather!"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

Olderson looked down at his stubby hands. "The guilt doesn't end there, Will. Lou Maydet is our division superintendent. This is his town. Nothing happens here that he or his crew don't know of." He paused and then said wryly, "We're back in the Middle Ages, when we murder and rob any traveler who can't defend himself."

Gannon nodded, sharing some of Olderson's righteous wrath. Abruptly, then, Olderson looked at him and asked quietly, "Have you run far enough, Will?"

Will looked at him, puzzled as to his meaning.

"A man can always try to run from things he doesn't like to remember," Olderson said, "but I've never heard of it working out. Have you run far enough?"

Will felt the color coming into his face and he said stiffly, "That would be my business, wouldn't it?"

"No. It's mine," Olderson said, almost roughly. "If you've run far enough, stay here. I need you. I need a new division superintendent to replace Maydet. Mail is backed up sixty days. What stock hasn't been stolen is half starved. Most of our layover stations serve garbage, and we have no schedule. After tonight, it seems that we don't even stop at murder."

Listening to him, considering this, Will thought of what lay ahead of him. Olderson was right; he was running from something, but that something was in his mind and always would be, wherever he ran. If he had failed with a wife, did it mean that he would also fail with a job? Was that part of what he was running from?

Olderson interrupted his thoughts. "Think it over, Will."

"You've done my thinking for me," Will said wryly. "I'll take it."

AT SIX next morning Gannon and Olderson left the hotel and headed for Lou Maydet's general store, which also housed the stage station.

Just inside the low-ceilinged log building, to the left, was a boarded-up section with a counter, which was the post office. There was a matching counter on the right, and against the window was a small enclosure behind a crude railing. This was the stage office.

Maydet, still unshaven, his hair uncombed, sat sideways in a swivel chair beside a roll-top desk, his feet atop the desk. Cleff lounged on the rail, his back to the door. Maydet was giving orders to two roughly dressed men standing inside the enclosure. Gannon observed this crew with a rising distaste and then glanced about the store. Goods of all kinds were piled helter-skelter on the counters, in the corners and even hung from the ceiling.

Olderson stepped purposefully toward the enclosure, Gannon a step behind him. At sight of Olderson, Maydet broke off his conversation with the two men and tilted his head toward the gate, a gesture of dismissal. Cleff looked over his shoulder and rose as the two men passed him, but Maydet, his feet still on the desk, only nodded and said indifferently, "Morning, Mr. Olderson."

Olderson pushed past Cleff and stood beside the desk, looking down at his division superintendent. "Maydet, I want your books, your inventory of company property, all cash and keys turned over to me by this afternoon," he said flatly.

Maydet regarded Olderson impassively for a moment. Then he said, "Why?"

"You are dismissed as division superintendent as of today."

GANNON, glancing at Cleff, saw a look of wild disbelief in the man's eyes, quickly replaced by anger.

Maydet slowly lifted his feet off the desk and placed them wide apart on the floor. "If you mean that, Mr. Olderson, you can get your stage station out of my store by this afternoon. You can get your horses out of my corrals, your feed out of my barns, your crew out of my bunkhouse, and your cook and food out of my kitchen. You can also get yourself out of my town."

"I'll get myself out of your town when you've accounted for all company property and all United States Mail," Olderson said grimly. "As for moving that property, I'm prepared to lease what we occupy. If we do lease, all Midland property will be under the direction of the new division superintendent."

Maydet glanced briefly at Gannon. "That him behind you?" he asked.

"That's right. Will Gannon is the name," Olderson said.

Maydet leaned back in his chair, scowling. "Seems like a man should have more notice than this."

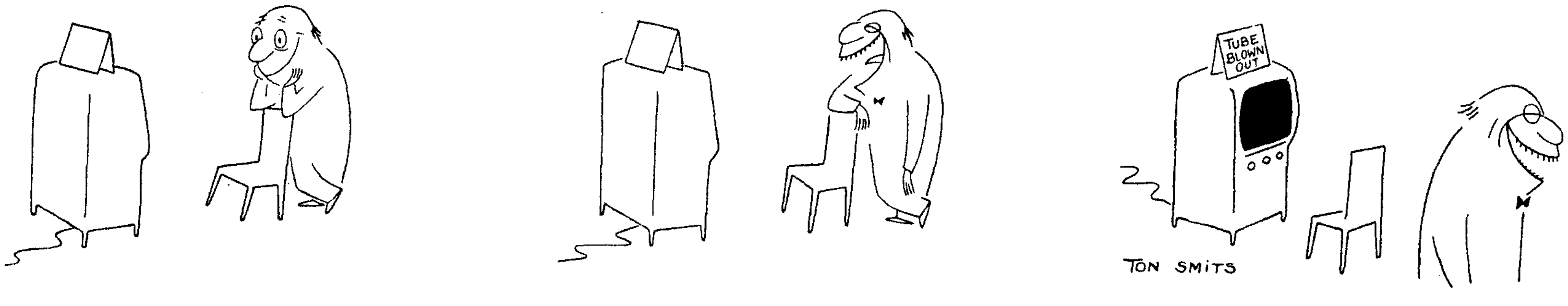
"Maydet, did you know a man was murdered in his hotel room last night?" Olderson asked sharply.

"I heard," Maydet said, almost with indifference. "That's why they make pistols, so a man can't do that to you."

"You just called this your town," Olderson said. "Is there no law in it?"

"With a dozen stages and a hundred riders in and out of here every day, how am I to watch the bad ones?" Maydet's scowl deepened. "Is that why you're getting rid of me?"

"That decided it," Olderson said. "That and the fact that you can't run a stage line, Maydet. You can't move people safely. You can't move mail at all. You can't protect your stock or



your employees. You can't even feed them."

"And Gannon can?"

"Yes, he can," Gannon put in quietly.

"And how do you propose to start?" Maydet asked.

"By paying off every man who works for the line in Louisburg," Gannon said. He saw the malice in Maydet's eyes and he knew that he had perhaps unnecessarily added to the man's humiliation. Still, he wanted no misunderstanding.

OLDERSON said then, "We're not discussing my choice of superintendent, Maydet. I know all our space here is leased from you, simply because you were here first and it was easier to lease than to build. Still, we're prepared to build if we have to. Would you like to hear my terms?"

Maydet said nothing, as if to imply that he did not care.

"We'll continue to lease all property on the same terms as before, everything to remain the same except your salary, which won't exist. We'll staff this home station ourselves. This is to be a landlord-tenant agreement, nothing more."

Maydet shrugged and stared musingly at the floor. Will knew what was warring in the man's mind. Midland was paying Maydet a good sum of money yearly for the facilities they used, money he did not want to lose. Yet his pride was edging him to tell Olderson that he could take his stage, offices and corrals elsewhere.

Olderson got out a heavy gold watch from his vest pocket and looked at it. "If you're willing to deal," he said, "then let's write up a new contract that omits your salary but leases your property." He snapped the watch case shut. "I have a funeral to attend at ten o'clock."

Maydet sighed heavily and then shrugged again. "Take a chair," he said. . . .

Leaving Olderson to his business, Gannon left the store, his thoughts already turning to the problems ahead of him. He had declared his intention of firing all of Maydet's stage-line employees and replacing them with his own. At the moment he did not know a single man in Louisburg who could work for him. On impulse, then, remembering Hutch, he headed for the saloon and went inside, inquiring of the bartender if Hutch Forney were still around.

"He took off after the game broke up last night," the bartender said, and Gannon decided to send for Hutch by the first westbound stage driver.

Outside, he took out his pipe and reached in his pocket for tobacco. Then, remembering that he had left the tobacco in his room, he started for the hotel. Angling across the street, he noticed Rich Cleff standing on the walk in front of Maydet's store, watching him. Once in the hotel lobby, Will moved over to the window and saw Cleff heading for the saloon. He knew the bartender would mention that he had asked after Hutch, and that Cleff would draw his own conclusions. From now on, Will knew, his every action would be watched by Cleff and reported to Maydet. He further knew he must never forget Maydet's boast that this was his town.

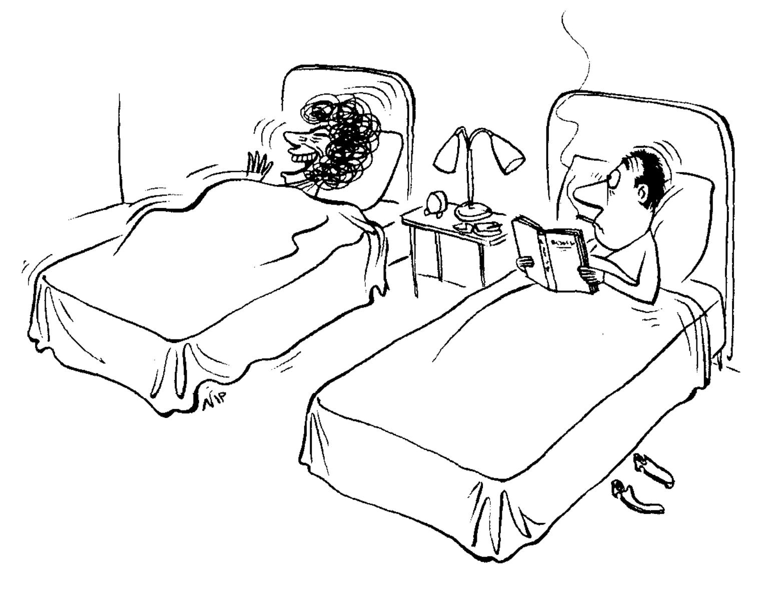
OVER the years Gannon had learned to read men who opposed him, mentally tagging them as nothing much to bother with or as real trouble. Cleff was real trouble, Gannon judged; he sensed the danger in Cleff as he could sense it in a bad horse or a treacherous dog. Cleff would be reckless, a fighter, a man of deep hatreds and savage pride. He had seen his boss demoted and humiliated and, even now, Gannon knew Cleff would cheerfully kill him. Only Maydet checked him. Much of his own future lay in Maydet's temper, Gannon thought. And Cleff, the executioner, was the man to watch as a gauge of that temper.

Turning now, he headed toward the stairs and then saw young Dickert sitting in one of the lobby chairs. The boy smiled and nodded at him.

Gannon stopped, saying, "Anything you need?"

Immediately the boy got to his feet. "No, sir, I'm fine, Mr. Gannon."

Gannon wondered where the lad had picked up his name, and now he studied



"Oooh! Your feet are like ice!"

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

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him. He guessed him to be around sixteen, and someone had taught him manners. He was slight and thin, but there was a set to his jaw that implied he was in a hurry to become a man.

Gannon said, "How are you fixed for money?"

Young Dickert blushed faintly. "Mr. Olderson saw to that, sir," he said. "He's taken care of my stage fare."

"To where?"

"To the railroad up north, and to Indiana."

"Your family's there?"

"Not close family, sir."

Gannon scowled. "What do you plan to do back there?"

"I—I don't rightly know, sir. Maybe one of my uncle's friends can find something for me."

"You like the idea of going back?"

The boy considered this question, frowning. "It's about the only place I know," he answered simply.

"Want to work for me, here?" Gannon asked. "I'll tell you what you'll do and you think about it." He explained then that this was a home station, one of the largest, and would be the division superintendent's headquarters. There would be a division agent who would have charge of all property and stock. He would buy hay and grain, hire the drivers, stocktenders, blacksmiths and carpenters. In view of the size of the station, and the fact that it would be the superintendent's headquarters too, the division agent would need help in bookkeeping, ticket sales, inventory and mail sorting. So would the superintendent. Dickert's pay would be seventy-five dollars a month.

"Is Mr. Olderson the division superintendent?" Dickert asked.

"I am," Gannon said.

A fleeting look of pleasure touched the boy's face, and Gannon said, "You think about it. I'll see you after the funeral. By the way, I don't know your first name."

"It's Bert, Mr. Gannon."

Gannon nodded pleasantly and turned away. Then he stopped and went back to young Dickert. "Bert, I was asleep most of the time after we left Lennor's station yesterday. Did the new driver and the big man with him talk much to your uncle?"

Bert nodded. "Does that mean anything?"

"Probably not," Gannon said mildly, and headed for the stairs. On the other hand, he was thinking, it might mean a lot. Travelers talked, and in talking they revealed their degree of prosperity. Maybe Uncle Al, yesterday afternoon, had talked himself into his grave.

AFTER the funeral Gannon got his answer from young Dickert. He would stay. Gannon turned him over to Olderson, who was returning for an interrupted session of inventory check with Maydet. Leaving the two at Maydet's store, Gannon went down to the blacksmith's shop to talk to the head stocktender for the station.

Gannon found the man, who went only by the name of Rufe, in the long wagon sheds housing the idle coaches and those in for repair. He was a small man, so dirty that Will could smell the stable stench about him, and he looked up indifferently as Gannon approached.

"I'm Will Gannon, the new division superintendent," Gannon announced abruptly. "Make up a messenger coach right away and pull it up before Maydet's store. Throw in five sacks of corn to be put off at the Dry Creek Station. Then start thirty head of horses for the Dry Creek Station and tell the men I'll join them later in the day."

As he talked, he saw the disbelief mounting in Rufe's eyes, and when he finished, Rufe turned his head aside and spat. "Maydet's my boss, and that'll have to be in writing," he said.

It may as well start here, Gannon thought. He reached out and caught the man's filthy shirt in his fist. Then, with his other hand, he clouted Rufe's jaw with a force that sent him sprawling in the dirt. "Either I'm your boss or you've got no boss," Gannon said softly; "and I won't put it in writing."

THE truculence was gone from Rufe's eyes as he got up, rubbing his jaw. He held his sullen silence as Gannon went on, "When you're finished with that, start a load of hay and grain for Dry Creek."

Rufe asked solemnly, "Do I clear this with Maydet?"

"So far as you're concerned there *is* no Maydet. Pass that word around to the company help." When Rufe nodded, Gannon said, "Now show me the saddle horses." He turned and went out, with Rufe behind him.

"Making any progress?"

COLLIER'S WALT WETTERBERG

At one of the many corrals, Rufe stopped and Will looked at the dozen or so horses. In a moment he said, "Cut out that big chestnut and tie him in front of Maydet's."

"That's Maydet's horse," Rufe said.

Gannon looked at him. "His or the company's?"

"The company's."

"Tie him in front of Maydet's," Gannon repeated.

Back at the hotel Gannon packed the few belongings he would need and then hoisted his saddle, with his rifle and saddle scabbard, picked up his valise and went downstairs. After arranging for the storage of his valise, he stepped out again into the raw morning. The messenger coach had just arrived, and as he made his way across the street among the idling crowd, he saw the chestnut horse at Maydet's tie rail.

Moving all these people west more quickly was his problem now, and he wished impatiently for Hutch. More coaches would have to be put on or ordered and more stock purchased. Men like Rufe would have to be disciplined or replaced and only Hutch could advise him. Yet, first things must come first, and relieving the Dry Creek Station was the most immediate need, he knew.

Approaching the chestnut, he reached out and gently scratched the horse's neck and nose. Glancing up, he saw Cleff on the porch of Maydet's store, watching him. Will saddled up then, and ducked under the tie rail. As he approached Cleff, he saw the wicked malice in the man's eyes. He halted and asked softly, "Any objections?"

"No objections," Cleff answered.

Gannon nodded toward the chestnut. "Did I make a mistake?"

"When you do, you'll know it," Cleff answered and moved on down the plank walk.

Inside the store, Gannon saw that Olderson was still talking with Maydet. Gannon motioned the older man over. "When do you get out of here, Mr. Olderson?" he asked.

Olderson sighed. "Not soon, Will. Maydet's accounts don't exist. I'll have to wait for a copy of our inventory to get here from Salt Lake. He's fighting every item, and without it I'm helpless. Why do you ask?"

Gannon told him then what he had done already to relieve the emergency at Dry Creek Station and of his wish to talk with Hutch about which men to keep and which to replace. Sending for Hutch would leave Hutch's Helper Creek Station unattended, so he was going to Hutch instead. Could Olderson, with Dickert's help, hold down the Louisburg end until he could see Hutch and straighten out the affairs in this easternmost point of the three divisions?

Olderson nodded. "I'll stay until you're back, Will. Take all the time you need."

"Fine," Gannon said, and went out to his horse.

THE messenger coach passed him three miles out on the prairie; in another half hour Gannon picked up the thirty horses headed for Dry Creek being loose-herded by two stocktenders. Gannon took up the swing position to the windward side of the horses, out of the dust, and settled his chestnut into the mile-eating pace of the herd.

His thoughts turned now to Hutch, and Hutch's position with the company. Gannon knew that his old friend, much as he liked him, was too reckless and fiddle-footed for the job of division agent for Division One, to replace Maydet. Rather, he would have to rely on Hutch's recommendations. As soon as the affairs of Division One were in order, he would move on to the other two between Rock Creek and Salt Lake, but the affairs here were the most urgent.

The horse herd reached Hutch's Helper Creek swing station in midafternoon. Gannon reined aside toward Hutch's sod-roofed log shack. As he dismounted and started for the house a woman, unmistakably Indian, stepped into the doorway. She was young and once had been pretty, but now her looks were lost. There was a naked youngster on her hip and she was pregnant, Gannon saw. She regarded him in the watchful silence.

"Hutch in, Mrs. Forney?" Gannon asked.

"He's hunting," the woman said.

Gannon scowled. "Who's making up for the eastbound?"

"He got a man to come in," Mrs. Forney said. She inclined her head toward the sod barn and its adjoining corrals, where a third man was talking to the two stocktenders. Gannon felt a swift irritation. Hutch had spent last night playing poker, which meant he had not made the change for the eastbound yesterday. Today he was out hunting. Gannon knew he might have to spend hours waiting for him.

He came to a sudden decision. "I'm going on to Lennor's, Mrs. Forney," he said. "Tell Hutch to come over there when he gets in. Tell him the division superintendent sent for him."

THE eastbound coach passed them in late afternoon, and Gannon noted that even the top seats were loaded. It was almost dark when they saw the lights at Lennor's.

Gannon sent one of his riders ahead to prepare Lennor for their coming, and when they finally drove the horse herd onto the station property, Lennor had the corral gate open and a lantern hanging above the watering trough against the barn.

Gannon was unsaddling his horse when Lennor came up to him. "I hear you're the new super," Lennor said. His stern face held an expression of satisfaction.

"That's right."

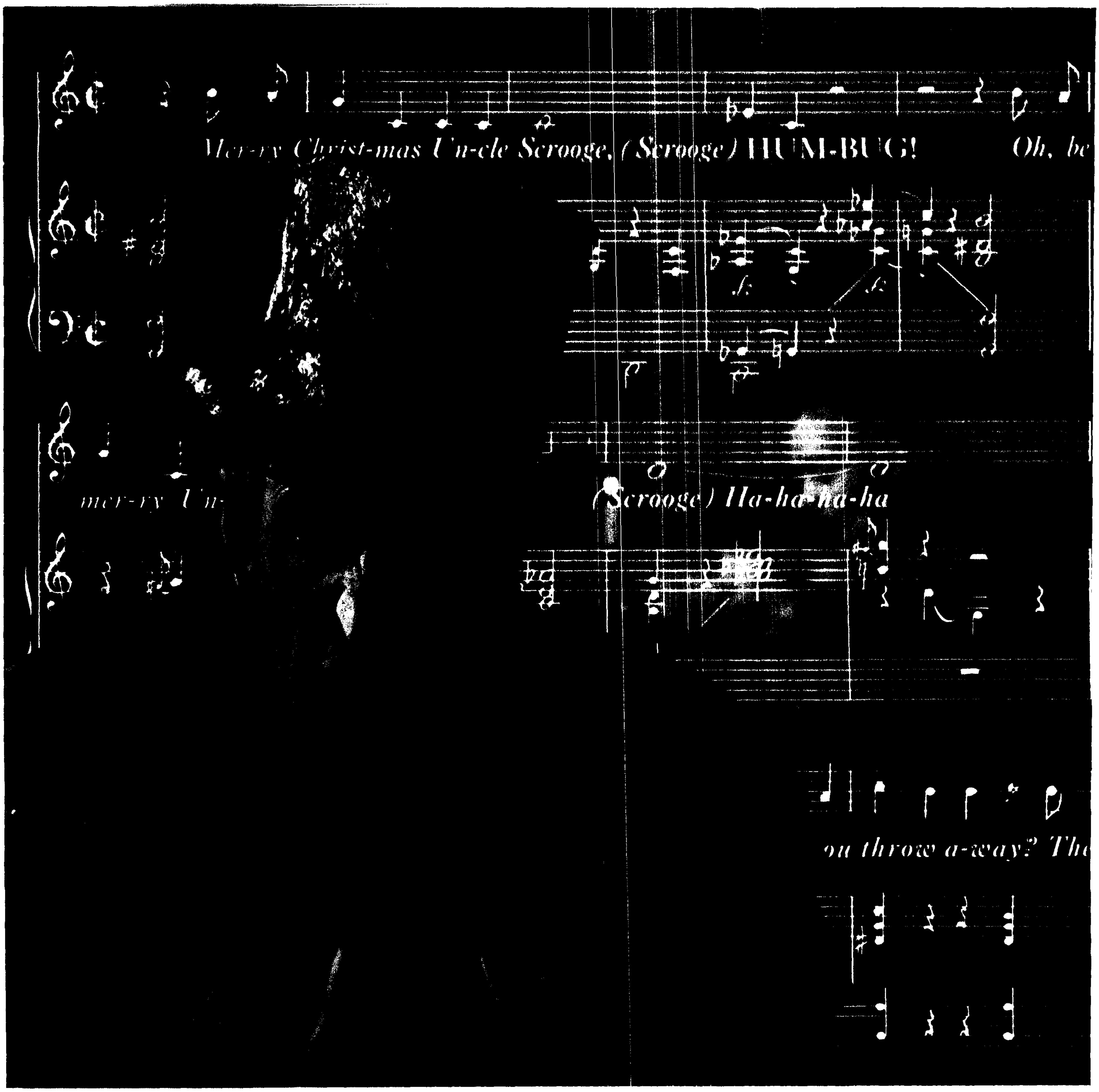
"Maybe things'll be different now."

"They'll either be better or worse, but they won't be the same," Gannon said. He turned his horse into the corral and together he and Lennor headed for the house, leaving the stocktenders to feed the horses.

Crossing the road, Gannon thought how warm and welcome this place would seem to a weary traveler, with its clean white paint, its soft lamplight. Stepping inside ahead of Lennor, he saw that the room was empty.

"Supper's in the kitchen. Easier on the womenfolks," Lennor said. He led the way into the big kitchen, where the girl Gannon had met his last time through was standing over a big iron range. She looked up and greeted him unsmilingly, and then Lennor introduced Gannon to his wife, who was setting places at the kitchen table. He did not bother to introduce the girl, Gannon noticed. Lennor's wife was a big-boned, plain woman, clean, unpretty and as

(*Continued on page* 104)


Mer-ry Christ-mas Un-cle Scrooge, (Scrooge) HUM-BUG! Oh, be
mer-ry Un-
(Scrooge) Ha-ha-ha-ha
ou throw a-way? Th

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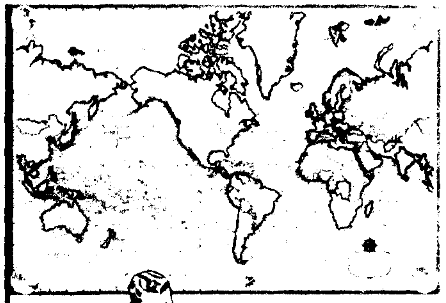

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(*Continued from page* 101) stern-faced as her husband.

Gannon was washing up at the basin on the bench beside the back door when the two stocktenders rounded the house. They were, he knew, as dirty and as hungry as he was.

Inside, Lennor had gone about his business, leaving the women to serve the meal—or rather, the girl, for Mrs. Lennor sat in a chair in the corner and watched the three men wolf down their meal. Gannon remembered his last meeting with the girl which, he now conceded, had been unpleasant for them both.

The stocktenders bolted their food and then went to the bunkhouse. "Do you mind my pipe?" Gannon asked Mrs. Lennor.

"No, Mr. Gannon," she said. Then she rose, looked at the girl and said, "It's your bedtime, Carrie."

"I'll just tidy up," Carrie said.

Mrs. Lennor left the room and Gannon packed and lighted his pipe, watching the girl's swift and capable movements. "Did my pipe chase her out?" he asked idly.

"No, the men were gone," Carrie answered over her shoulder. "She won't leave me alone with men."

"What am I?" Gannon asked dryly.

"You're the new division superintendent. You're different."

"What's the matter with men?" Gannon asked.

"Oh, everything, according to her. There's no such thing as a good man."

Gannon thought of Marian then, and he said, "Or a good woman. Which is it that troubles your mother?"

Slowly Carrie turned from the stove and Gannon saw she was angry. "Do you mean does she trust me? Probably not. Does she trust you? Probably not. But now we work for you. We must accept your rough remarks."

Gannon felt himself blushing. "No offense intended," he said.

"But some taken," Carrie said tartly. She moved quickly over to the table and began clearing it, ignoring him.

GANNON smoked his pipe in silence, watching her, wanting to be pleasant and yet not wanting to seem to apologize. Presently he asked, "Does your father feel about men and you the same way your mother does?"

Carrie said quietly, without looking at him, "He is not my father and she is not my mother. Yes, they both feel that way about men and me."

Gannon frowned. "How do you come to be here?"

Carrie spoke almost tonelessly. "My family was with an immigrant train that was attacked by Indians east of Louisburg. Both Mother and Father were killed. When the train stopped here to water the stock, I asked the Lennors for work. They looked like good people and they are."

"But this is a dull place for a girl," Gannon observed.

Carrie poured some water from the bucket into the dishpan and then looked at him, her green eyes reflective. "Not always. You're meeting different people every day. The whole world goes past you."

"While you stand still."

Carrie sighed faintly. "Yes, there's that." She started to say more and then stopped. Lennor entered the kitchen, Gannon's blanket roll under his arm.

"You won't need these tonight, but I thought you might want some of your gear," he said. "Your room's upstairs and to the right."

Gannon thanked him and rose, walking over to the stove next to Carrie. He lifted the stove lid and knocked out his pipe and was at once aware of the scent of Carrie's hair and the clean smell of soap. He turned away, disturbed.

Lennor had gone out now, and Gannon picked up his blanket roll. Halting, he looked at Carrie. "If the name isn't Lennor, what is it?"

"Carrie Bentall."

"Then good night, Carrie."

UPSTAIRS, he found the lamp lighted in his small room. He shucked out of his coat and boots, blew out the lamp and lay down. Someone, probably Lennor, was prowling the barn lot with a lantern, for a faint light flickered briefly on the batten ceiling.

The scent he had caught of Carrie's hair in the kitchen still seemed to linger, and he wondered why it should bother him. He knew then that it was because of its strangeness; he had not been even close to a woman in the three months since Marian left him. Memory of her, unwelcome as it was, came unbidden now and the image of her shaped in his mind: small and dark and restless, a creature of moods and passion, with a slashing temper and little patience. When had it gone wrong? he wondered. Why did she leave?

He supposed she had met this man on one of her many trips to San Francisco where, to soothe her restlessness, he had allowed her to go. The last time, she had overstayed her promised date of return, and the following day the letter told him why. She was leaving him to live with a man she would not name, she wrote, and she did not care a damn for the conventions. There was no sense in Will's trying to seek her out. If he brought her back, she would kill herself. The letter was written in hysteria, Gannon judged, but there was no mistaking her feelings.

Quiet investigation by one of his friends in the San Francisco office of the company revealed that Marian was living with a man who owned several coastal schooners, and Gannon had made no effort to see her or to persuade her to return. She had found a man who would give her something he could not; she had deserted him for this man. Without any doubt she was fickle, selfish, wrongheaded and wronghearted, but he had loved her as he would never love another woman.

When the very rooms in which he lived became intolerable to him because they reminded him of her, he had left, knowing that never again would any woman be in a position to hurt him as Marian had.

He lay now staring at the ceiling, his body wanting sleep, his mind refusing it. Then he realized that he could dimly see the outline of the battens above him and he scowled in the darkness, wondering at the source of light. He wondered, too, at the racket the horses were kicking up. Rising, he looked out the window. Across the road, flames were licking under the eaves of the hay barn.

By the light of the fire, Gannon could dimly make out the figure of a man at the far side of the corral, waving a coat in an effort to stampede the milling, terrified horses in the corral.

Moving swiftly, Gannon reached out for his gun hanging in its holster on the back of the chair. He raised the window, aimed at the moving figure and fired. On the heel of his shot came the flatter, louder report of a rifle fired from downstairs.

Gannon kept moving. Ignoring his boots, he climbed out onto the porch roof, rammed the gun in his waistband, swung over the edge of the roof and dropped four feet to the ground. He was running as he landed.

THE horses were in panic. He could hear them pawing and kicking at the corral as they milled and fought one another.

Running desperately now, ignoring the bite of the stones under his feet, Gannon dodged around a wagon and reached the corral gate. He drew back the bar and heaved the gate open, at the same time wheeling flat against the corral, out of the way of the terror-stricken horses stampeding past him.

Turning, he saw that Lennor too, rifle in hand, had flattened against the corral a few feet away. Then the corral was empty, and Gannon turned to look at the blazing barn. Lennor, however, did not pause to watch; he circled

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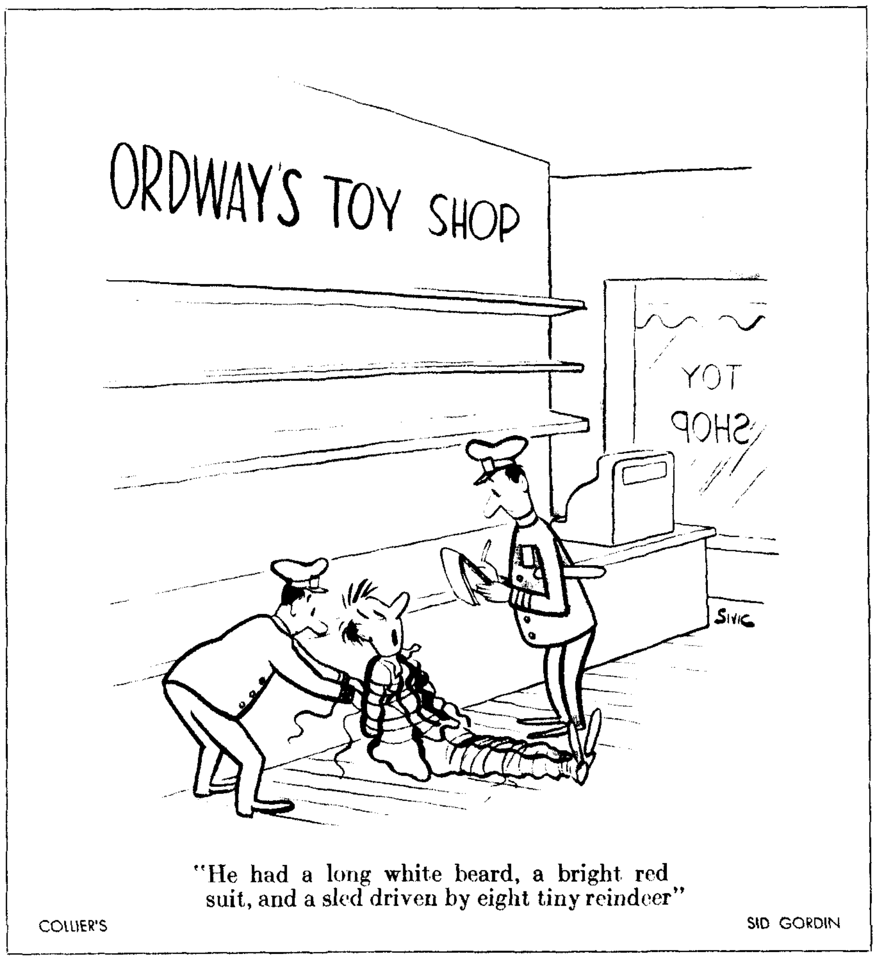

"He had a long white beard, a bright red suit, and a sled driven by eight tiny reindeer"

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past the open gate and Gannon, knowing where Lennor was going, fell in behind him. At the far corner of the corral lay a man, face down in the dirt, his hands still clutching his coat.

Gannon knelt and turned the man over. The shot had caught him in the chest and he must have died instantly. The dirt was wet with his blood.

Gannon glanced up at Lennor and was surprised to see a look of sick anguish in the man's face. "May God forgive me," Lennor said quietly. "I have taken a man's life."

Watching him, Gannon knew that Lennor's remorse was real and he said quietly, "He was dead before you shot, Lennor."

The older man looked at him searchingly. "I shot from my bedroom," Gannon went on. "I saw my shot turn him and he was falling as you shot." This was not true, for Gannon knew he had missed the man. But besides wishing to spare Lennor, he saw how this would work for him.

Working with the two stocktenders, they managed to move most of Lennor's gear out of the burning barn into the lot.

Lennor had so spaced his other buildings that none of them were threatened by the fire. Nevertheless, Will posted a stocktender on the roof of the low wagon shed and the old stables, to keep watch.

When all was saved that could be saved, Will went back to the dead man.

"Know him?" he asked Lennor.

Lennor shook his head. One of the stocktenders came up and Will repeated his question. "Name's Ahearn," the stocktender said.

"Does he work for Maydet?"

The man nodded. "Odd jobs and such."

This, then, was Maydet's first move, and it could have been crippling if the horses had been lost. As it was, Will thought, the loose horses would graze close by and could easily be rounded up in the morning, and Lennor's barn could be replaced at nominal cost. Maydet had failed to hurt them, and his man had been killed. Will considered this with grim pleasure. Maydet would learn that any move against the line brought savage retaliation.

CARRIE was up at first light, and from her tiny room off the kitchen she saw the stocktenders leave the bunkhouse on their way to round up the stampeded horses. She had watched the fire from the porch with Mrs. Lennor and now, in the solitude of the kitchen, she thought over the night's happenings.

There was Gannon, the new superintendent, who had killed a man and afterward slept calmly. He was surly enough, Carrie judged, and a man who seemed to like his own gray thoughts. Somehow the unexpected sharp turns of his speech made her uneasy, and she wondered what it was in his manner that made her feel he held her in contempt.

The Lennors had had their breakfast and gone to their chores by the time Gannon came into the kitchen. "Morning, Carrie," he said, and sat down. His black hair had been combed with water and, as she served him, Carrie noted streaks of gray in it. Turning back to the stove, she heard the front door open and someone approaching. Glancing up, she saw Hutch Forney, a pleasant grin on his handsome face, come to a halt in the doorway. He was about to speak when he saw Gannon sitting there, and Carrie saw the look of surprise on his face.

"Will!" Hutch said slowly, in quiet amazement. "I thought you were headed east." Hutch came into the room, saying belatedly, "Morning, Carrie." He stopped beside Gannon.

"I sent for you," Will said.

"You sent for me?" Hutch echoed, wonderingly. "Maydet sent word to come over."

Gannon said dryly, "If you'd tend your station, Hutch, you'd know what's happening. I left word with your wife that the division super wanted you."

It took only a second for Hutch to understand, and then he blushed. "You're the new division super, then."

Gannon merely nodded.

Carrie quickly set a place for Hutch, and, as she served him, she glanced over at Gannon with a new curiosity. Where and how had he known Hutch Forney, the improvident squaw man who ran a swing station east?

Gannon looked up at her. "Did Lennor lose much in the fire, Carrie?" he asked.

"No, but another man did."

Hutch looked puzzled and glanced quickly at Gannon.

"She means that one of Maydet's crew was killed last night," Gannon said, "a man named Ahearn."

BRIEFLY he told Hutch of last night's fire. Carrie noted that he spoke almost casually of downing Ahearn with a shot from the upstairs window.

"So Maydet's already paying you off," Hutch said.

"We'll talk about that later," Gannon said flatly. "Let's talk about you now, Hutch."

"What about me?" Hutch demanded.

"The line pays you swing-station people for two reasons—you're handy and you're reliable. When you get unreliable, we change."

"You're talking about me?" Hutch asked.

"I am. If we wanted a half-breed to feed and shape up our stock and mend our harnesses, we'd hire him, not you."

Carrie looked at Hutch. She saw that his neck was red, and he was looking down at his plate.

"I know for certain that in the last three days you've only stopped at your place to pick up or leave a gun, Hutch," Gannon went on. "What'll it be?"

Hutch said softly, "You stopped by my place, Will—what did you see?"

Gannon frowned. "Your wife and child."

"That's what I mean," Hutch said. "Would *you* like to stay home with them?"

"Whose fault is that?" Gannon said.

"Mine, but I don't have to like it."

"And I don't like it the other way," Gannon said. "Dog it any more, Hutch, and you're through. What'll it be?"

Carrie felt her body tense. Gannon's rough words were calculated to anger Hutch, and she knew Hutch Forney had a reputation for both temper and violent action.

THE two men gazed at each other a long moment, and then Gannon said softly, "I want an answer now."

Hutch said thinly, "I'm still working for you."

Gannon nodded, satisfied, then said idly, "Maybe as a horse buyer. That'll keep you away from home." He rose from the table. "Finish up. You'll ride with me today," he said, and left the room.

Carrie found she'd been holding her breath. She looked quickly at Hutch, a kind of angry bewilderment in her. In a matter of seconds Gannon had turned from a hard, relentless man who must win his point, into a man who, having won it, could be easy and generous.

Hutch saw her watching him. The anger had not entirely faded from his eyes. "He can push a man," Hutch said softly

"Some men," Carrie corrected him angrily.

"No, any man," Hutch said.

—LUKE SHORT

(This is the first of three parts)

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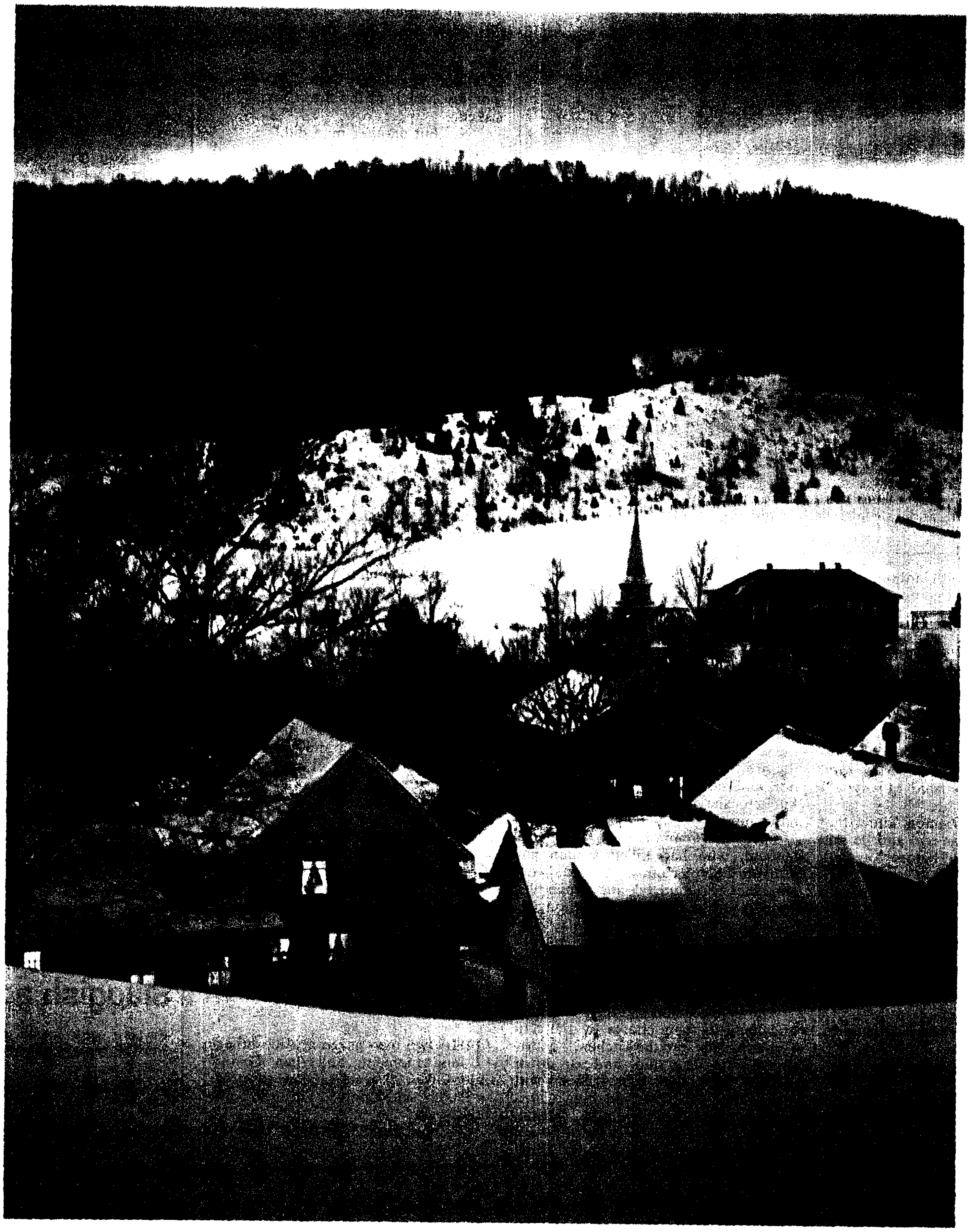

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